APRIL, 1924

[illegible] LIBRARY.

25 CENTS

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

WITH the May issue McCLURE'S MAGAZINE returns to its original size—7 x 10 inches.

¶ During the last seven months the news-stand sale of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has increased over 90 per cent.

Features of this Issue:

Delightful Anecdotes from the Daily Life of

Theodore Roosevelt's Grandchildren

By LAURETTA FANCHER

Mayor Dever of Chicago Enforces Prohibition

By NEIL McCULLOUGH CLARK

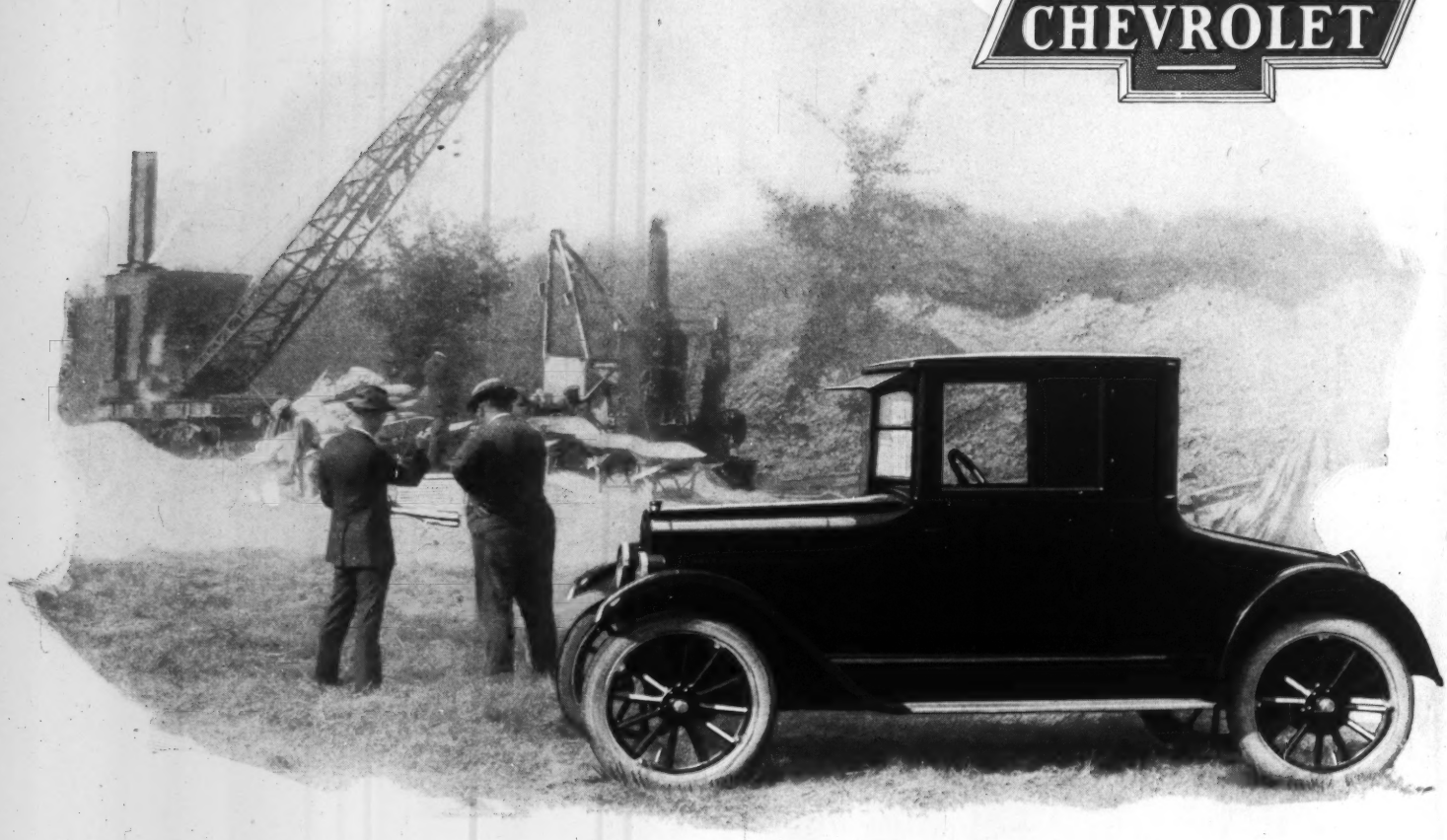
Bulton's Revenge

By H. C. McNEILE

Author of "Bulldog Drummond," and "The Black Gang"

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET



Superior Utility Coupé

$640

f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

SUPERIOR Roadster - -	$490
SUPERIOR Touring - -	495
SUPERIOR Utility Coupe -	640
SUPERIOR 4-Pass. Coupe -	725
SUPERIOR Sedan - -	795
SUPERIOR Commercial Chassis	395
SUPERIOR Light Delivery -	495
Utility Express Truck Chassis	550

Fisher Bodies on closed models

First Aid to Business

The popularity of this car has at all times taxed our large productive capacity.

It meets completely the requirements of most business and professional workers.

The quality of this Chevrolet model is high and along strictly practical lines. The design, construction and finish of the body pleases discriminating motorists, and the economy of operation averages lowest for this type of car.

The mammoth rear compartment is of constant value to all who must carry luggage, equipment, samples, etc.

The best salesmen of this car are the people who use it daily. Ask any Chevrolet dealer, or talk to owners anywhere.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

Division of General Motors Corporation

In Canada—Chevrolet Motor Company of Canada, Limited
Oshawa, Ontario

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.

Chevrolet Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

Can Success Like This Be An Accident?

"THE fellows who used to work with me while I was plugging along at $25 a week are convinced that I either had a 'pull' or just 'fell into a good thing'—that my $9,000 a year position is a sheer accident.

"When I told them I had found an easy way to earn big money as a salesman, they laughed at me and called it a 'harebrained idea.' They told me 'salesmen are born, not made.' But I decided to see my harebrained idea 'through.' I was sick of slaving for a pittance.

"I started studying the secrets of master salesmanship as taught by the National Salesmen's Training Association — and almost before I knew it I had confidence to tackle my first selling position. And why not? I had mastered the very secrets of selling used by the most successful salesmen.

"My earnings during the past month were $750. I now have better than a $9,000 a year position—with lots more room to grow. I can state positively that my sudden success was not an accident. It came because I knew how to sell scientifically. And how simple it is to sell when you know how. My regret is that I did not know these secrets ten years ago."—Ellis Sumner Cook, Manufacturers Agent, 20 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Employers

Are invited to write to the Employment Dept. of the N. S. T. A. We can put you in touch with just the men you need. No charge for this service to you or our members. Employers are also cordially invited to request details about the N. S. T. A. Group Plan of instruction for entire sales forces. Synopsis and charts sent without obligation.

If you want to get out of the wage-earning class, if you want to make good money without loss of time—then do as Mr. Cook and thousands of others have done.

Why Not Make More Money?

The secrets of salesmanship which Mr. Cook learned are available to you. There are certain ways to approach prospects, to stimulate interest, to overcome objections, and to close sales. Every move in selling is governed by certain rules. Once you know these success is yours.

Success Like This Yours

Adam Horneber, Bay City, Mich., writes: "I have increased my earning power 500 per cent since I secured your training in the Science of Selling."

Lewis A. Tinnes, Minneapolis, Minn., writes: "When I finished your training I left my job at $160 a month and took a job as salesman. The first month I made over $600 and I expect to go higher yet."

N. D. Miller, 1705 S. Clark Street, Chicago, says: "I place the credit for my success where it rightfully belongs. I owe my present position wholly to the N. S. T. A. In July, 1919, I studied your selling secrets and in September you secured me the position which I now hold. I am earning in excess of $100 a week."

Bear in mind that these stories of real success—the kind that is waiting you in this field of unlimited money-making opportunities—are but a few of thousands on file. You will find scores of them in our literature.

Valuable Book Free

No matter what you may now think, it is only a thought. Get the facts! See for yourself how you can easily duplicate any of these stories of success. NOW and no other time is the minute to mail the coupon below. Our big free book, "Modern Salesmanship," will be mailed promptly. And there's no obligation.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION

Dept. 81-D 53 W. Jackson Blvd

CHICAGO, ILL.

WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST SALESMANSHIP TRAINING INSTITUTION
NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 81-D, 53 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Send me FREE your book "Modern Salesmanship," and proof that I can become a Master Salesman.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Age.....Occupation.....

Volume 56 Number 4

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

MOODY B. GATES
President

E. H. B. WATSON
Vice-President

CHARLES B. LONGYEAR
Secretary

S. S. McCLURE
Chairman of the Board

Contents *for* April, 1924

PAGE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S GRANDCHILDREN ..... *Lauretta Fancher* 7
Theodore III, Gracie, Quentin and Sonny—An Intimate Picture of the Personalities of the Younger Generation at Oyster Bay

BULTON'S REVENGE ..... *H. C. McNeile* 13
A Gripping Drama of Love Sacrificed to a Woman's Perfidy and a Man's Too Feeble Faith

MAYOR DEVER AND PROHIBITION ..... *Neil McCullough Clark* 19
How Chicago's Chief Executive is Waging Relentless War on Local Lawlessness

HOW I SAILED ACROSS THE ATLANTIC ALONE ..... *Alain Gerbault* 26
The Final Days of the Lone Navigator's Transatlantic Voyage are Spent in Battling with Terrific Storms that Threaten to Wreck His Tiny Vessel

A CASE IN POINT ..... *Edmund Snell* 33
Alan Ferring Again Triumphs Over the Leader of the "Moving Finger" in the Third Adventure of the "Knotted Cord" series

THE PLEXUS KID ..... *E. Whitman Chambers* 39
A Tale of the Prize Ring and of a Spindling Youth who Became World Champion for a Day

OLD NICK'S PROTÉGÉ ..... *Major "Tom" Vigors* 48
Another Real-Life Story of Aerial Adventure—a Thrilling Fall from the Clouds into the Heart of London

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY ..... *Douglas Walshe* 53
A White Man Discovers that Being King in the African Bush has Its Disadvantages as well as Its Prerogatives

TWO ARABIAN KNIGHTS (*Serial*) ..... *Donald McGibeny* 60
Surrounded by Hostile Faces in a Hostile Land, Pete and His Pal Plunge Deep into Adventure and Romance

HOW HERSHEY PAYS BACK HIS CHOCOLATE MILLIONS *Edward Mott Woolley* 78
The Full Story of a Remarkable Philanthropy

FINANCIAL PROBLEMS 92

Published monthly. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 19, 1917, at the Post Office at New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Canada. Copyright, 1924, by McClure Publishing Company, New York. Copyrighted at Stationers Hall, London, Eng. London Office: 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, All dramatic, moving picture and other reproduction rights reserved.

Subscription terms: In the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and American Possessions, $3.00 per year. In all other countries in the Postal Union, $3.50 per year. An order blank with the magazine is notice that your subscription has expired.

McClure's assumes no responsibility for the loss of manuscripts submitted, but all due care will be taken to insure return of those with which postage is enclosed.

McCLURE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 76-88 Lafayette Street, New York

Some Forthcoming Features in McCLURE'S Magazine for May

The Rise and Fall of a Gambling God

By Alice Ziska

The amazing story of Monte Carlo; of Camille Blanc—until lately its ruler—of the romantic careers of the Princes of Monaco; and of Sir Basil Zaharoff, Europe's "mystery man," now said to control the Monte Carlo gambling casino.

Theodore Roosevelt's Grandchildren

By Lauretta Fancher

Concluding anecdotes concerning the children of T. R. the second, as told by their governess.

New Wonders of Aerial Photography

By Corley McDarment

How the Army Air Service makes extraordinary maps and surveys of inaccessible regions by camera from the sky.

The Facts About the German Children

By S. Miles Bouton

An American correspondent in Germany reports actual conditions of malnutrition and starvation as he has observed them among the present generation of Teutons.

The Menace and Promise of the Colorado River

By Neil McCullough Clark

Visiting the neighborhood of the proposed Boulder Canyon dam, Mr. Clark has been able to describe at first hand a vast project for hydro-electric development in the Northwest, which it is hoped may throw open new areas to reclamation and lift the menace of flood from the fertile region of the Imperial Valley.

Lincoln and the Convention of 1860

By Addison G. Procter

The story of one of the most critical years in American history and of the dramatic political events that followed, as recalled by a participant in that famous convention.

© Walter Scott Shinn

The three "Teddys"— a particularly happy moment in the lives of the three "T. R.'s," if the camera can be trusted to register accurately the emotions

VOLUME 56
No. 4

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
S. S. McCLURE, *Editor*
KENNETH W. PAYNE, *Managing Editor*

APRIL
1924

Theodore Roosevelt's Grandchildren

Delightful Glimpses of the Young Folks' Life and Ways in the Home of T. R. the Second

By Lauretta Fancher

ARE they bright? Are they interesting? Do you think they are like their grandfather? What kind of children are they, anyway? These are the questions that people ask, when they know that I have had as pupils some of the grandchildren of Theodore Roosevelt. Questions like these I was asking myself, before that first day of school. T. R.'s grandchildren—what would they be?

It happened that I had just finished reading "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters To His Children," with its glimpses of family life, of Ted's sports and Quentin's snakes, of amateur theatricals and pillow fights and birthdays, of pig stories and picture letters. What an unspoiled childhood they had—Alice, Ted and Kermit, Ethel, Archie, Quentin, names that were household words in America—what simplicity, democracy, naturalness. But that was a generation ago. Before the war. Before the peace. It is not so easy in this period of turmoil, of unstable family life, to bring up children to be real human beings. The third generation—would they be members of to-day's sophisticated childhood? Were they Roosevelts in anything but name?

My questions were soon answered. I found a group of children with familiar names among them—Grace, Teddy, Cornelius and Quentin—who believe in fairies and write poetry, yet make their own gifts and earn the money which they spend, often at the five-and-ten-cent store; children so refreshing in their simplicity, so keen in their love of nature and sports, so versatile, so absorbingly interesting, that I was reminded again and again of that other group of Roosevelt children of a generation ago. Comparisons, in this case, became obvious. They were forced upon me by myriad similarities.

"Young Ted's" family spend their winters in Washington, but the first warm days see their return to Council Rock, the historic place at Oyster Bay.

Council Rock is not a show place. No Long Island "cottage" with ten bathrooms and a landscaped garden. It is homey-looking. The large lawn is unspoiled by flower beds or set decorations; trees of many varieties shade the slopes, and the lower half is planted with vegetables. One summer several sheep spent their days grazing before the entrance, to the children's great delight. There were sheep, you remember, on the White House lawn in those other days. Back of the house—a frame house, painted white, with wide porches—the woods rise steeply from the garden; everywhere squirrels run happily about, and birds build their nests in the vines and trees. From the windows of the house on the hill, the children look down on the bay, the mill pond, and the houses of the village, half hidden in the trees. Here they romp over the lawn in overalls and sandals, with Caesar, the police dog.

There are plenty of small friends and cousins to play with them. Very near is the residence of Doctor and Mrs. Derby, while Kermit and Archie Roosevelt, with their families, maintain summer homes near the village.

Three years ago, when the family was spending the winter at Oyster Bay, during Colonel Roosevelt's term at Albany, small Teddy and his cousin, Richard Derby, Jr., each then six years old, began school.

"T. R." printed Teddy in large straggling letters on his book, all unconscious of the world-wide significance of those initials.

"Theodore Roosevelt the third. That's what they call me," he announced simply.

"Who was the second?"

He hesitated. "I don't know. Father?"

"Yes. And the first?"

"Grandfather?"

It was a question. To the small T. R. the present generation is all absorbing.

"Do you remember your grandfather?"

"Oh, certainly! There he is!"

The small boy pointed to the framed photograph which always stands in his room. It is a familiar pose. Leaning forward in his chair, seemingly just ready to speak, the keen eyes of the great American look down at his small grandson.

"He took us to see the pigs!" went on Teddy, in his excited fashion. "The cunning little pigs at Sagamore. Do you remember, Richard? And a yellow dog went along. A *tewwibly* yellow dog," he finished impressively.

T. R. the third is a distinct personality. Quick of speech, active in body, his alert mind seizes each new fact presented, his imagination plays about it eagerly.

Copyright, 1924, by Lauretta Fancher

© *Walter Scott Shinn*

Gracie, Teddy III and small Cornelius, children of T. R., Jr. The picture was taken in Roosevelt's lifetime

"This blackboard is a little wrinkled," he remarked regretfully. "It is not new. But that's all right. We don't stay smooth when we get old, do we?"

Philosophically, the six-year-old accepted the blackboard that had not "stayed smooth," and went on with his work.

The two cousins had their school in Teddy's room. It was an easy place to teach. Wide windows to the woods, simple furnishings, low shelves for books and toys, the photograph on the chiffonier, on one wall a large painting of the Panama Canal in process of construction with Roosevelt viewing the work, on another the last words of Theodore Roosevelt—the renowned speech on 100% Americanism. His own handwriting etched on copper and mounted. Hear those ringing words: "We have room for but one Flag."

It is stimulating to have children whose minds seize ideas with wonder and avidity, who halfway through an explanation cry, "I see! I see!" to whom knowledge is joy. Two desks, two blackboards, and two small figures working earnestly.

"Oh! Oh!" Teddy would cry, when a new idea was presented, but Richard would sit very still, eyes wide with wonder, reflecting.

"I never knew that!" he would say.

One morning Richard appeared for school in great excitement.

"I want to tell you something," he announced, grinning happily. "I have a little baby sister!"

"Yes," replied Teddy, "I heard. That makes three for you, Richard. You will have to get one more to have as many as we have!"

Eager, quick as a flash, impetuous, these are the words that leap to the tongue in describing these children bearing a famous name. They are all keen, enthusiastic, interested in life, reaching out for knowledge, demanding more and more. Teddy and Gracie each boast a decided and unmistakable grin, while Richard's smile was truly Rooseveltian.

The children's attitude toward their grandfather is simple. He was a brave man, and they must be like him. At a party one afternoon, during a game, Teddy hid in a closet whose lock suddenly sprang, making him a prisoner. He pounded on the door to no avail. Every one thought it was part of the fun. At last his plight was discovered.

Small "Teddy" Emulates "T. R." and Washington

"I THINK you will have to take off the lock," came the small voice, muffled through the door. He was right. It was fully half an hour before the six-year-old was released, hot and disheveled.

"You were brave, Teddy," we told him, and his small face wrinkled into a grin.

The following day he accidentally broke a mirror in his mother's bedroom.

"But I went straight to mother and told her," he reported.

"I am glad that you did not tell a lie."

"Oh, yes," replied Teddy happily, "I'm getting to be a good deal like grandfather and George Washington!"

His Grandmother Roosevelt was greatly amused at this story.

Another refreshing incident occurred one morning in the playroom, where the children were showing me their toys after school.

"Do you know how we happened to have Teddy bears?" inquired Teddy, making a fuzzy brown bear turn somersaults.

"How was it?"

"Well, you see, the toy men didn't know what kind of toy to make. They had made every kind they could think of and they wanted something new. And then one of them happened to remember that grandfather was a hunter of bears. So—they made a little bear—and named him after grandfather! You see," with delicious naiveté, "they called him Teddy, too!"

"I have a very big white Teddy bear that grandfather bought for me," said Richard gravely. "It has electric lights in its eyes. Mother is saving it for me. I want to always keep it very nicely because grandfather gave it to me."

The friendship between Richard and Teddy was beautifully significant. Readers of the "Letters" will recall that Ted and Ethel were great pals. Isn't it fitting that their sons should go fishing and swimming together, should romp and play and picnic—at Oyster Bay?

Though almost of an age, Richard was larger and would have made a splendid specimen of manhood. Teddy is slight rather than robust in build, but his ruddy cheeks and lips, his flashing dark-blue eyes, are evidences of perfect health. The two made an interesting contrast, Richard's sweet deliberateness and Teddy's impetuosity.

The sudden death of this cousin, last October, was a sad shock to the children. Mrs. Derby told them, gently, that "Richard has gone to be with grandfather." But they knew what that meant. Richard was dead. They had seen death—in their pets, in squirrels and birds. Richard would never come bounding in to play with them again.

"They cry," confided Signorina Nam, the delightful Italian governess. "They feel so bad. They love Richard."

The story of Richard's eight short years is a chapter by itself.

Signorina enters into the lives of the children with all the intensity of her native temperament, and is, in turn, beloved by them.

"I cannot leave this family," she told me, almost tearfully. "I feel I ought to go back to Italy, to my father, but I cannot go"—flinging up her hands—"I cannot pull myself away!"

She went on to speak of Teddy.

"Oh, that child!" she exclaimed. "He is not afraid of anything! He knows no fear! He rides a big, big horse and goes—oh, so fast! Like the wind he goes. I am afraid when I see him. But he is not hurt. No."

Cornelius, Sonny for short, who is one year younger than Teddy, is Signorina's special charge.

"Be sure to tell about my Sonny!" she exclaimed, when she learned that I wished to write about the children. "He is so sweet. Every night he comes to me and tells me, 'I hope that you will sleep well, Signorina, and dream of your country, and I hope no earthquake or war will come to your country.' Is not that sweet?"

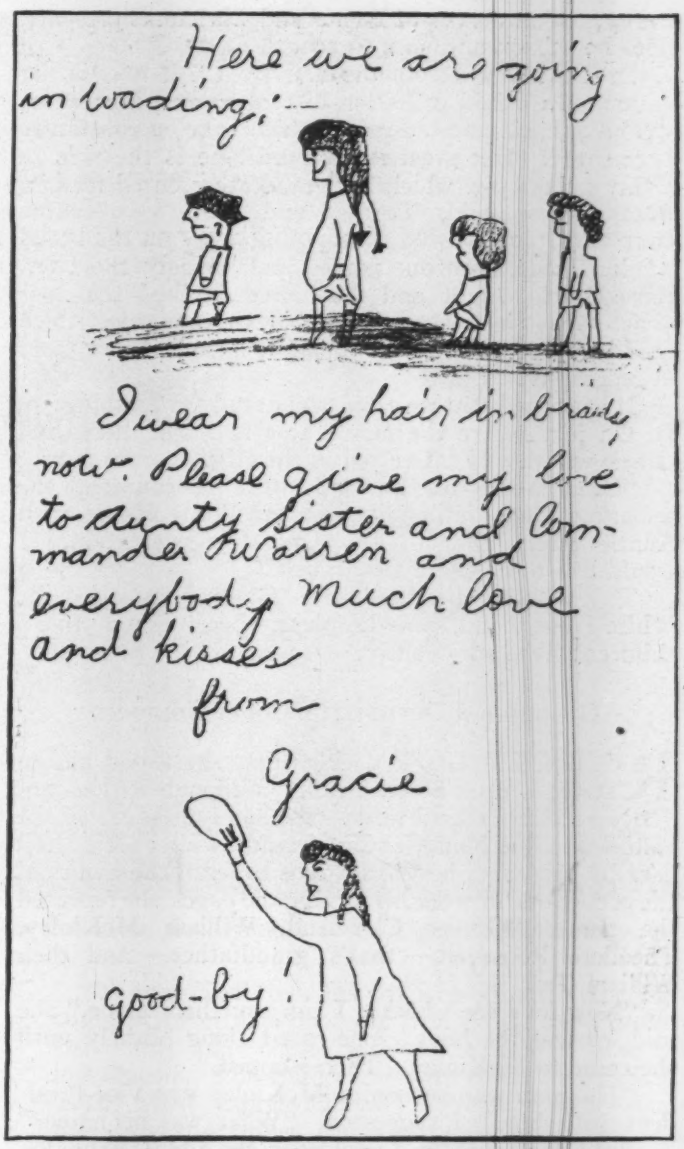
"Tell me more about Sonny, Signorina. Gracie and Teddy I know so well, but Sonny did not go to school until you went to Washington. Tell me about Sonny."

"Well, I will tell you about that child," she began. "He will make a ve-ery bright man. Oh, yes!"

At this moment a clatter arose behind us, as a small mechanical Teddy bear came bustling across the floor, launched from the open doorway.

"That was Sonny," said Signorina, her big brown eyes dancing, "always he is making us laugh, so. Now I will tell you about last summer. He was visiting his grandmother, Mrs. Alexander, in New York. He earned money by digging in the earth, working, you see, for the gardener. Very hard he worked. When he went home, he gave away the money he had earned so to the servants. They were so pleased! They keep that money that Sonny gave them. One of the maids say she will have her dollar framed. You see! So sweet! All of the children are very generous," she went on. "They give away so many things. They send their toys to Italy, you know, to the children's ward, the Quentin Roosevelt ward of the hospital at Porto Maurizio. To their Aunt Emily they send them. She is interested there."

"Aunt Emily" is Miss Emily Carow, a sister of Mrs. Roosevelt, Sr., and often referred to in the "Letters."


Here we are going in wading.—
I wear my hair in braids now. Please give my love to aunty Sister and Commander Warren and everybody. Much love and kisses
from
Gracie
good-by!

A characteristic letter from Gracie, who is a most delightful correspondent

Gracie and Teddy Pose—Upside Down!

SONNY, as well as Gracie and Teddy, speaks French and Italian fluently. He has a sweetly decisive manner of speech and is full of lovable ways. In true small-brother fashion, he would like to do everything that Teddy does, which reminds me of the day when some snapshots of the children were being taken on the lawn. They had arranged themselves in a line.

"That looks rather stiff," I objected. "Can't you stand some other way?"

"Oh, certainly," responded Teddy instantly. "We can stand on our heads!"

Over they went, Gracie and Teddy, holding the pose until the picture was snapped. Sonny stood looking on, wistfully. Sonny could not stand on his head!

Quentin, beloved namesake, is now four years old, the youngest and the idol of the household. As a baby, his beauty was startling. Wide blue eyes, golden curls and a perfectly formed body made him a picture which drew much attention. But when Mrs. Roosevelt found that strangers took the beautiful child for a girl, she cut off his curls with her own hands.

"But mother saved Quentin's curls," confided Gracie, "she saved every one."

"Quentin is going to be like his grandfather," whispered Nannie, the nurse. "Look at his little hands Many a time, at Sagamore, have I seen his grandfather walking the floor with his hands clenched that same way!"

The children themselves are wholesomely unaware of any distinction. Their utter unconsciousness of fame is part of their charm. When a visitor from St. Quentin, France, came to Oyster Bay to pay her respects to Mrs. Roosevelt, she left a small memento from the St. Quentin hospital for Gracie.

"I suppose she did it because I sent them some little things for the hospital," remarked Gracie, "some little socks and things."

Gracie, or Grace Green Roosevelt, as she signs her formal letters, is now twelve, the eldest of the children, and the guide and mentor of her three younger brothers. Her versatility is amazing: poems, plays, fairy stories, jokes and conundrums flow from her pen, she holds a carefully conducted Sunday School for the boys, edits a weekly paper, including an illustrated and comic section, and finds time to christen a submarine for her father, she acts as godmother to her small cousin, Sarah Alden

Derby, makes dozens of Easter and Christmas presents, rides horseback and goes to school.

In her room, across the hall from Teddy's, is her museum—a prized collection of birds' nests, butterflies, stuffed animals and old coins, which is being constantly augmented. Her greatest treasure here is the skin of a tiny guinea pig, which her grandfather cured for her. Another case holds Teddy's and Sonny's collection. Here are Gracie's dolls, an imposing array on the broad window ledge, each one named and lovingly cared for. Here Gracie, slight and fair-haired, walked the floor excitedly as she rehearsed the old Greek stories which fired her ever vivid imagination, or absorbed new facts in geography.

It happened that we came to the study of Washington, D. C., just before the family was to move there, and Gracie was deeply interested in the city.

"Grandfather was the President of our country," she remarked, "and father lived in the White House with Auntie Ethel and all of grandfather's children. I would like to go there very much."

This wish has been realized. Gracie has visited the White House, and seen the place where "grandfather's children" lived so joyously.

Gracie is a Delightful Correspondent

RECENTLY, Gracie decided that she would like to study United States history, although it does not yet come in her school work. She had hunted up all the histories in the house, and had read as far as the Civil War by herself. She was anxious to learn the names of the presidents, in order, so turning the pages, she repeated the names: "Grover Cleveland, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt — that's grandfather — and then William Taft."

"Now let's see whether I can say them alone," she said, closing the book. She raced along blithely until she came to McKinley. Then stopped.

"The man who succeeded McKinley was Vice-President with him," I suggested. "What was his name?"

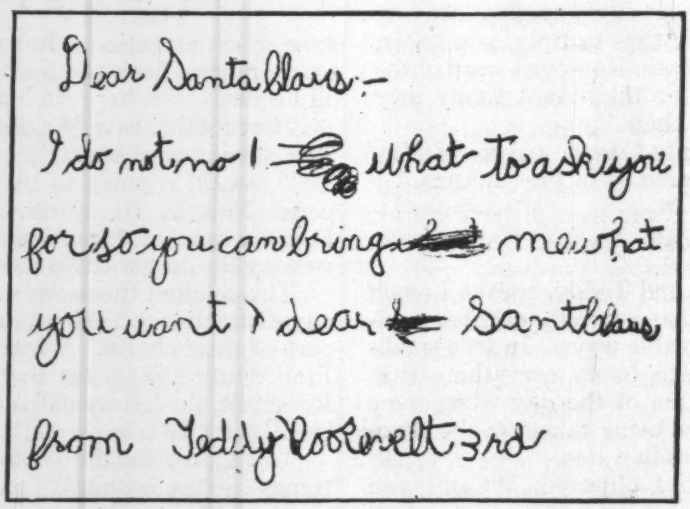
But Gracie could not remember, she admitted finally.

"Coolidge, you know, was Vice-President with Harding. When Harding died Coolidge became President. This man was Vice-President with McKinley, so when McKinley died, this man was President."

Still Gracie was puzzled. Finally I said, "His name was Theodore Roosevelt."

"Grandfather!" exclaimed Gracie instantly, in excitement. "Oh! Oh! Oh! I never knew. This is the first time I knew that grandfather was Vice-President with McKinley! Now I know what mother meant once. Mother said, 'I know who was Vice-President with McKinley, but I won't tell.' It was grandfather!"

Gracie is a delightful correspondent. Her letters, many of which are illustrated, shed light on the activities of this busy household, and speak more clearly than any words of mine. Of these, I saw some in the process of construction, while others have been shown me by the recipients.


Dear Santa Claus.—
I do not no what to ask you for so you can bring me what you want. Dear Santa Claus,
from Teddy Roosevelt 3rd

Teddy's letters are short, but go straight to the point

Just before Christmas, 1920, she wrote to her mother:

"Dear Mother,

it is a terrible day. it is raining in bucketfuls. I have a drawful of Christmas presents there are 15 I made a mirror for Sophia (one of the maids). I got it out of a game and Signorina put a blue ribbon around it with a big bow at the top and it looks as if I had bought it. Quentin can walk all alone and he gets terribly excited if I turn my back and growl . . . Ever and ever so much love from GRACIE."

In April, 1921, she wrote from Oyster Bay:

"Dear Father:

I am very glad you liked the Easter present I sent you. Did you get the poems and the picture of you I sent? I made the picture I sent you all by myself. I copied it from a picture on my bearow. Today I climbed a tree. I found a cocoon in it. I wanted to hatch a butterfly, so I poked it and it fell down but the cattipillar was all dried up and cut into little pieces wasn't that too bad? I just finished the gentle heritage it's very nice. I am studying about Washington in Geography. I know you are going on a long trip. I hope you will enjoy it. I have got a garden I planted all myself. I think it is white tulips. I water them every day except when it rains, and I weed stones from it about once a week, here is stories of the three little pigs. much love from GRACIE."

While Colonel Roosevelt was at Albany, and his wife dividing her time between husband and children, there were many leave-takings and home-comings, yet through all the separations the father and mother kept in close touch with each child. Letters flew back and forth constantly. Gracie, as the most fluent writer, was a regular correspondent. Teddy's letters were more infrequent, but characteristic. As the following:

"Dear Mother:

Signorina ponished me Three times for saying dam to Sonny and Signorina wants me to write to you please do not tell father. much love from TEDDY."

"Mother and father are coming to-night," Gracie told me, excitedly, one morning. "We are all ready for them. Come and see."

As she opened the door of her mother's room, the breath of air set them fluttering—a dozen dainty butterflies hovering between the high posters of the bed; cut from paper and colored in delicate pastel shades, the thread on which they were suspended was quite invisible. On the dressing table was a postal card bearing greetings: "We are so glad to have you home, mother" — and a bright paper basket from Teddy—his own work. In Colonel Roosevelt's dressing room was another array of gifts, crudely fashioned by the children's hands.

"They are real home folks!" exclaimed one in characterizing this family. Home folks who have good times together, and who cherish the letters written in times of separation. Gracie was six when she wrote the first.

"mon cher papa,

mes freres sont bons garcons. les arbres ont de jolie feuilles. je suis gentille. je vous aime de tout mon coeur et je vous envoie un baiser. GRACIE."

CASE LIBRARY.

© Walter Scott Shinn

A charming study of the four children of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.— Gracie, Teddy, Sonny and Quentin

Beneath is a faint, wavering "Teddy," whose fingers had evidently been guided to form the baby signature.

Another letter, written in 1921, reads:

Dear Mother,

We all miss you terribly and hope you can come back soon the house is nothing without you. Quentin is getting very strong and talks a good deal. I can hear him now . . . . I wrote a letter to Aunt Mamie. it said:

'Dear Aunt Mamie,

'Thank you ever and ever so much for inviting me to your house I had a lovely time. If Raggedy Ann could write she would have wrote you a letter thanking you for the hat you gave her (she likes it very much and all the other dolls admire it) but as she can't I thank you for her. Please tell Uncle Josh that I hope I can talk polytics with him again. I am learning about them in Geography and I know all about them already. Ever and ever so much love to you and Uncle Josh from Gracie.' I hope you like this letter. Everybody is excited because we are going to Washington (I hope I have spelt it right) and we all wonder what it looks like . . . . One of my baby teeth is moving and when it comes out I am going to put it on the mantelpiece and see if I get ten cents. All my love and all my heart and all my kisses to you and father from GRACIE. oooooo for mother oooooo for Father

"PIG" STORIES ARE FAVORITES WITH THE CHILDREN

ABSENCES mean letters, stories, books—closer ties. Pig stories are favorites with this group of Roosevelt children, as with the other. In the "Letters" we read, "Archie we shall not see until this evening, when he will suddenly challenge me either to a race or a bear play, and if neither invitation is accepted will then propose that I tell a pig story."

"Young Ted" tells his children stories of the adventures of three little pigs, the Gracie pig, the Teddy pig, the Sonny pig—occasionally he writes an illustrated installment. The children all love these, and Gracie, as usual, must express herself in verse. After reciting the delightful things which they do with their father —taking walks, going swimming, telling stories—she finishes thus:

"I pitty little children
Who a father like mine have not got.
I would not change my father
Indeed not!'

One of Gracie's letters to her father just quoted refers to an illustrated pig story which she is sending. It is found on the other side of the letter and reads, "The pigs and Sailor Sam go ona boat to see a bride take her honey moon but this bride had 2 dogs one was very good and the other was bad. the bad one chased the Gracie pig upon the flag but it broke and the Gracie pig tumbled into a boat with bad men in it. they wanted to kill the Gracie pig but the brides good dog came and took the Gracie pig out again. The dogs name was Ceasar and the pigs took him to a man General Parker who gave him to Col. Theodore Roosevelt Jr."

A slight foundation of fact exists for this story. Caesar, the police dog, went through the war with General Parker who afterward did give the dog to Colonel Roosevelt.

Whether Ted Roosevelt has deliberately tried to give to his children an environment as nearly as possible similar to that which was given him, I do not know. Certainly there could be no better. Picnics—family affairs with cousins, aunts and uncles, often at Lloyd's Neck or Cooper's Bluff, both of which T. R. loved as boy and man; fishing parties—"Grandmother caught an eel!" announced Sonny; Christmas at Sagamore; amateur

theatricals——Sonny in a wig makes an adorable girl; birthday celebrations—simple pleasures heartily enjoyed form a rich and varied childhood experience.

To trace to its source this family life, I suspect that we would have to go back of the group of children in the White House, back to the household at 28 East 20th Street, whose activities are known to us through the book "My brother, Theodore Roosevelt," by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, as well as through T. R.'s own "Autobiography." Perhaps we may even have to go back of that to the charm of the Southern plantation where Theodore Roosevelt's mother was born. There is a heredity of ideals, of family habits and traditions, which can be handed down from one generation to the next and of which this family is a charming example.

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, in telling of meeting Ralph Waldo Emerson during a trip down the Nile as a child, remarks, "My father, who never lost a chance of bringing into the lives of his children some worth-while memory, took us all to see the old poet." To-day, the great-grandchildren of this father are being given "worth-while memories." When famous visitors, making the pilgrimage to Oyster Bay, are received by Mrs. Roosevelt in the Trophy Room, some of the children are always present. Their impressions are often amusing, as in the case of King Albert of Belgium, who was a great disappointment to Gracie and Teddy.

Evidently their idea of a king, gleaned from fairy tales and history stories, was that of one arrayed in gorgeous apparel. Gracie, herself, dresses a prince in "a green suit with a purple cloak and a gold belt. He had a golden cap with a long purple feather in it." So of King Albert she remarked sadly that "he was dressed very plainly, and he didn't care to talk about being a king!"

But of Marshal Foch she observed, "Oh, he liked us very much!" explaining, "We talked French to him."

One can imagine the delight of the famous Frenchman, in the midst of his visits of respect and ceremony, at finding children who spoke his own tongue.

Pershing she considered "did not look very fierce. I thought a leader of soldiers must look fierce!"

But one morning Gracie appeared for school in a state of delicious excitement.

"I saw the Prince of Wales!" she burst forth.

"Did you?"

"Oh, yes! At grandmother's!"

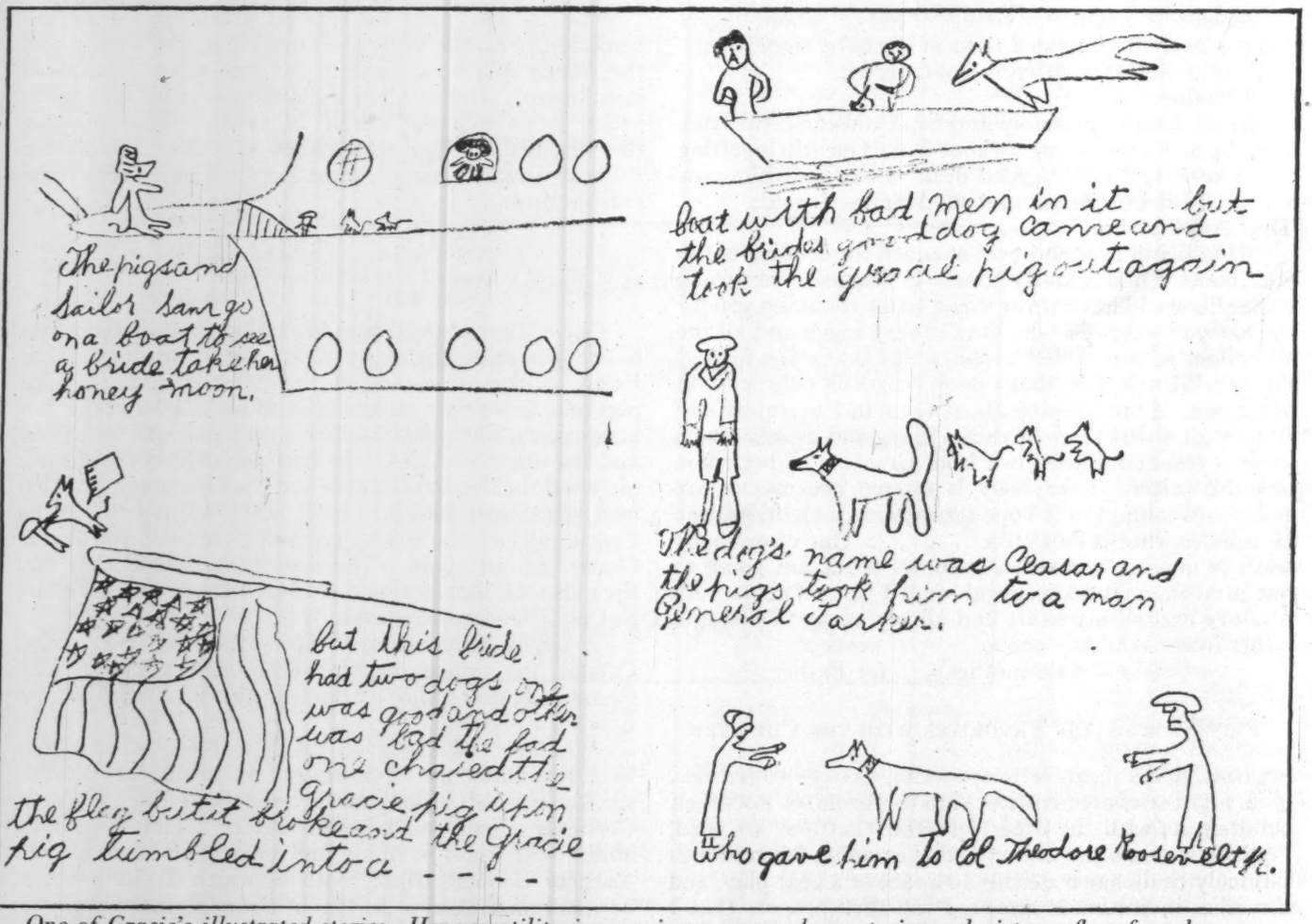
Then Gracie proved herself a true American girl.

"Oh! he was very nice!" she exclaimed. "I liked him!"

The children love Oyster Bay, and the return in the summer is always a delight. Their enthusiasm reminds one of an incident in the "Letters"—one to Kermit which tells of Archie, swinging under a magnolia tree in the White House grounds, and singing joyously, "I'm going to Sagamore, to Sagamore, to Sagamore. I'm going to Sagamore, oh, to Sagamore!" Small Roosevelts are again making the trip from Washington to Oyster Bay with joy.

Dear Father,

You don't know how happy I am to be back in Oyster Bay! There are 6 more birds nest in the house. 2 on the vines of the front piazza, and one in the back piazza, and one in the kitchen piazza, and two on the whistearea. I don't know what kind is on the kitchen piazza. It is covered with moss and there is a white egg in it. Do you know what it is? I put all my museum in a cabinet. Bolocca hung the gimasium set up on a tree. I can hang by my knees and do lots of other things. I am writing on the desk you gave me. [*Continued on page 96*]


The pigs and Sailor sam go on a boat to see a bride take her honey moon.
boat with bad men in it but the birds good dog came and took the good pig out again
The dogs name was Ceasar and the pigs took him to a man General Parker.
but this bride had two dogs one was good and other was bad the bad one chased the Gracie pig upon the floor but it broke and the Gracie pig tumbled into a - - - -
who gave him to Col Theodore Roosevelt jr.

One of Gracie's illustrated stories. Her versatility is amazing: poems, plays, stories and pictures flow from her pen

For a moment or two there was dead silence. The issue had narrowed down to Bulton and the fair-haired man

Bulton's Revenge

The Story of a Woman's Trickery and a Man's Bitter Hate

By Major H. C. McNeile

Illustrations by Joseph A Maturo

THERE were five of us altogether waiting in Mombasa for the boat. She was late—held up with engine trouble or something, and they expected her in next morning. And they weren't certain even then if she'd be able to continue her voyage without a further overhaul. So there was nothing for it but to wait with what patience one could.

It was after dinner, I remember, and hot as blazes. There was Murgatroyd the coffee man, Scott of the Police, and Jack Simpson, a gunner, all sitting in the lounge swearing between drinks. My recollection is that there wasn't much swearing. The fourth man was a tall, rather immaculate-looking fellow with fair hair and a small mustache. His face seemed vaguely familiar to me, but I couldn't put a name to him. He was English, obviously, but he wasn't communicative about himself. His voice when he talked had rather a faint cultivated drawl, but he seemed quite a decent sort. And he was interested in things and native customs. Didn't know the country, it being his first trip down the East Coast, whereas most of us wished we didn't know it quite so well.

It was while Scott was holding forth about juju, that I first noticed the sixth man. He had come in quietly and was now glancing at some old illustrated papers. There was no difficulty about placing him; you meet the type the world over. Hard-bitten, lean, fit as nails—they'll do anything from elephant shooting to running a gambling hell. Some are straight, and some are crooked—but it's as well not to trust even the straightest too far.

Scott finished, and the fair-haired man asked him some question. And quite by chance I happened to be looking at the newcomer's face just as he spoke. As I've said, it was an unmistakable sort of voice, and it appeared to give the stranger a nasty shock. The brand he belonged to can school their expressions better than most, but that voice must have just caught him napping for a moment. Remember, the fair-haired man had his back to the stranger, so his face hadn't been seen. It was just the voice and nothing else that did it, and it was all over

so quickly that after a moment or two I wondered if it hadn't been my imagination.

With a look of surprised amazement, the newcomer glanced up from his paper and stared at the back of the fair-haired man's head. And then the surprise and the amazement faded, to be replaced by a look of such devilish rage as I have seldom seen on a man's face before or since. For a second his teeth bared in a wolfish snarl: his fist clenched on the table. Then it was over, and save for me no one had seen it.

SCOTT was holding forth again, and after a while the stranger got up to ring the bell. He wanted a drink and he passed close to Murgatroyd's chair. And as he gave the order to the waiter Murgatroyd looked at him as one does if one's not quite certain if one knows a man.

"Surely——" began Murgatroyd tentatively.

"You're Murgatroyd, aren't you?" said the stranger. "Thought I recognized you as I came in. I'm Bulton. Don't you remember I came back through your place two years ago? You gave me some much-needed grub."

"Of course, I remember!" cried Murgatroyd heartily. "Come and join us."

Bulton nodded and drew up a chair, and the conversation became general again. But there was one little thing that aroused my curiosity. There was no trace of recognition on the part of the fair-haired man as far as Bulton was concerned. Quite obviously, he had never met the man before. Then why had that sudden look of diabolical rage crossed Bulton's face? Or had it been a trick of the light? I knew it hadn't, and, as I say, my curiosity was aroused.

It didn't occur to me at the time, though it did later, that it was Bulton who started the topic. Jack Simpson and Scott were talking, it's true, about a native they'd hanged in the back of beyond for a triple murder—but it was Bulton who introduced the wide subject of capital punishment generally. Was it sound, was it a good thing? Above all, did it succeed in its object?

The usual arguments were advanced for and against. It was Scott who was all for its retention, and who argued that the whole idea of punishment was that it should act as a deterrent to others, and not be regarded entirely as a punishment to the culprit. But was death more of a deterrent than, say, imprisonment for life?

Yes, emphatically argued Scott. Men who have received such sentences may say that it is worse than death—but words are easy. Give them the alternative, and see what their answer would be. Every one clings to life when it comes to the point.

But, I objected, principally for argument's sake, when it comes to murder, who thinks of the future? In nine cases out of ten, blind insensate rage has the would-be murderer in its grip. He is out to kill; he is obsessed with the idea. He never even thinks of the punishment that will inevitably be his. So does hanging act as a deterrent? And if it doesn't, isn't it too terrible a punishment?

Scott snorted—but Scott was a policeman. And it was Murgatroyd who drew attention to the mental side of the punishment.

"Surely the actual physical act of killing a man by hanging him is the least important side of the question. The awful thing to my mind would be the three weeks of waiting. Knowing that every time the sun rose, death came one day nearer. The mental side of the punishment is the worse by far. And that can be no deterrent to others, because no one can realize what it means until they're in that position themselves."

Then the fair-haired man ranged himself on Scott's side in no halting language.

"Rank sentimentality," he remarked. "There are crimes of violence and assault which I would punish by torture rather than by mere hanging. Brutal, unprovoked murders—and attempts at murder, for which no mercy should be shown in this world, or the next. Why, I know a case——" He broke off suddenly.

"Go on," said Bulton quietly, and he was staring at the fair-haired man.

"It's a case of the most brutal assault on a woman," said the fair-haired man. "The cowardly swine tried to throttle her—left her for dead and bolted. In wish, in desire, in every way save the actual deed he *did* murder her. It was only a fluke that she didn't die. And when she recovered consciousness she was so distraught that she couldn't give any clear description of her assailant."

"But was there no motive?" asked Simpson.

The fair-haired man shrugged his shoulders.

"We could never find one. She had on her pearls at the time, so it was possibly robbery——"

"And possibly not," said Bulton. "Motives are difficult things to arrive at sometimes. Strangely enough, I too know of a very similar case to the one you have mentioned. It was told me by a—by a man I met a year ago. And he was the principal actor in the drama. He nearly throttled a woman to death, but in his case one thing was a little different. In his case it wasn't that she couldn't give any clear description of her assailant, but that she wouldn't. A change of a solitary letter which makes a considerable difference. In fact, it lifts the story from what you, sir, so aptly describe as a brutal and motiveless assault into the plane of psychology. Would you care to hear about it?"

He glanced around the group and Scott nodded.

"Fire right ahead," he said. "And the calling is on me this time. Waiter—repeat the dose all around."

"I guess the name of the man who told me doesn't signify," began Bulton. "He was dying of fever when I ran across him, and I stayed with him till he pegged out. I mention that fact because he rambled a bit in his delirium, though he was perfectly lucid most of the time. But when a man rambles you either get gibberish, or very intimate truth. I got the latter, and it kind of made me see the characters of his story in a way I wouldn't have been able to do otherwise. He made 'em live, in a way no mere tale of words and deeds can ever do; got inside 'em and took me with him. And as I say his name doesn't signify, but I'll call him Jack for the sake of clearness.

"BEFORE the war he'd been training to become an electrical engineer. Not a particularly bright sort of fellow, I should imagine, but at the same time no fool. Rather a shy gauche boy, and, like so many shy people, he had wonderful ideals. He never expressed them; kept them locked up in his heart. Particularly the ones about women. I guess you'd never believe the extraordinary hallucinations that boy had about the other sex, though wild horses wouldn't have made him confess it. To him, they were just something apart—something sacred and holy for a man to guard and cherish and work for. Funny, of course—and dangerous. For when a fellow like that gets his awakening it hits him harder than it would you or me.

"However, that comes a bit later. At the age of twenty-four this boy fell in love. He fell in love as a fellow of that description might be expected to fall in love—madly, desperately, unreasonably. He'd been straight himself all his life, and he set the girl up on a pedestal about twice the height of Nelson in Trafalgar Square. And the higher he set her up and the more desperately he became in love, the more unconquerable

did his shyness become. He'd met her first at a dance—by the way, we might as well call her Ruth—and he'd asked her for two. Incredible to relate, she gave them to him and because he didn't dance badly she'd managed a third.

"From that moment it became hopeless. Ruth filled his life to the exclusion of everything else, and even interfered considerably with his work. Not that she knew it, of course; to her, he was just one of the numerous young men who came and went about the house, and who was incidentally rather duller than most. But though perhaps he didn't talk as much as the others, he saw a good deal more. And the first thing he noticed was the extraordinary position occupied in the household by Ruth's younger sister Polly."

Was it my imagination, or did the fair-haired man give the faintest perceptible start?

It seemed to him that this was no woman—but something loathsome and unclean. All his old hatred of her came surging back, and his hands were on her throat before he realized it

"Father, mother, Ruth—to say nothing of the servants—rotated around Polly. Her slightest whim was their law; she was fussed over, petted and flattered till it almost amazed him. True, she had been delicate when young; true she was one of the loveliest girls he had ever seen in his life—lovelier by far than Ruth, even *he* admitted that—but was that any good and sufficient reason for such extreme adulation? Especially since the net result was that it had turned the girl into a being so supremely selfish as to render her hardly human.

"As her absolute right she accepted every sacrifice they made for her; she sulked for days if her smallest caprices were not instantly obeyed—sulked, that is, provided none of the men she kept dangling after her were about the place. She wasn't such a fool as to sulk then. The best of everything was hers by Divine ordinance, and if other people went without—what on earth did it matter to her? And, amazing as it seemed, the most devoted slave of all, the one who appeared blindest to her faults, was her sister Ruth.

"It puzzled Jack considerably. To him, there was absolutely no comparison between the two girls. Polly was the prettier, though Ruth was lovely enough for any man—but there it ended. To Jack, the elder sister was so immeasurably the better girl of the two that he marveled that the men who thronged the house didn't see it, also. The family's adoration he accepted as one of those peculiar and inexplicable things which just happen and must be left at that; but that outsiders should do the same defeated him. And the only person in the household who spotted his feelings was Polly herself.

"She hated him for it with a bitter, deadly hatred. She knew that he was the only man who saw through her; she found, moreover, though only she knows how hard she tried, that he was the only man who saw her frequently, whom she couldn't make fall in love with her. She even went so far as to kiss him once at a dance—to kiss him on the lips, unasked. And she felt him stiffen and recoil. She never forgave that, and she used to go out of her way to sneer at him and make him feel awkward. She left no stone unturned to get him to cease coming to the house, but for one of the few times in her life she failed. You see, he thought that Ruth was beginning to like him—and he was a sticker even if he was shy."

Bulton finished his drink and lit a cigarette.

"I expect you wonder when I'm coming to the point," he went on after a moment. "But I'm trying to condense

it as much as I can. To understand that fellow's story, I guess you've got to get the mentality of those two girls placed in your minds. You've got to see 'em as he made me see 'em when the fever was on him, and he was back living it all over again.

"Anyway, I'll get on with it. The unbelievable thing, as far as Jack was concerned, happened one night about three months before he was to pass his final examinations. He didn't know how it happened—it just did, as such things have happened before. He found, of a sudden, that Ruth was in his arms, that he was kissing her, that—wonder upon wonder!—she was kissing him. He felt the glory of her lips on his, the yielding of the whole of her young body against his own. He heard her whisper, 'My dear, I love you,' and it seemed to him at that moment that life could hold no more. Of course, they would get married.

"FATHER and mother jibbed a bit at first, though since it wasn't Polly it didn't matter quite so much. Nothing would have induced them to allow Polly to marry an obscure electrical engineer. For that matter, nothing would have induced Polly to have contemplated such a ridiculous course of procedure for an instant. But Ruth was different. Ruth—well, after all, Ruth was another proposition. The poor darling couldn't expect to have very many chances, overshadowed as she was by Polly. Only one thing did her father insist on. Jack must go away, free from all distraction, until he had passed his final exams. It was only three months, and Jack who was no fool, as I have said, agreed with the wisdom of the course.

"So he went away and he worked as he'd never worked before. He buried himself in the country, and he slaved for fifteen hours a day. By a supreme effort of will he banished all thoughts of the girl from his mind—at least almost all thoughts. Just occasionally he'd sit and dream of the years to come—the wonderful, wonderful years. And then he'd go back to volts and amperes and things and cover more paper with uninteresting figures. He passed all right—passed with flying colors, and then he went to see Ruth."

Bulton paused, and there was a strange look in his eyes.

"It was her father who told him what had happened—told this idealistic boy the incredible thing. And he was a stern man, the father: a bit of a Puritan, for all his stupidity over Polly.

" 'I didn't tell you before your exam,' he said to Jack. 'It wouldn't have been fair to put you off. But Ruth is no longer a daughter of mine. I have disowned her.'

"Jack sat there in the study, and he was swallowing hard.

" 'What do you mean?' he stammered at length.

"And then it came out. Of all people in the world—a roller-skating rink instructor! At least she might have chosen a gentleman. Jack knew the fellow, had seen him in a red uniform, giving lessons once or twice when he had skated there. Good-looking in a flashy way.

" 'But when were they married?' he blurted out.

"The elder man's voice was terrible as he answered.

" 'They are not married,' was all he said."

Once again Bulton paused, and I glanced at the fair-haired man. He was staring at Bulton with a sort of savage intensity.

"It mightn't have hit some fellows quite so hard," went on Bulton after a while. "But you've got to remember what manner of boy Jack was. When he lived it over again in his delirium, when his mind was back in the days that followed, I got to see into his soul. It killed him mentally and morally as surely as a revolver bullet can kill physically. From being an idealistic boy, he turned into a bitter man, cursing women and all their ways. He felt that he'd staked his all and lost, and deliberately he set out to get his own back on the whole sex.

"Not pretty, I grant you—but when you start monkeying with a man's soul something's going to happen. He had made just one inquiry to substantiate her father's statement, and that was to Polly. And Polly, looking very sweet and lovely, had given a pathetic little smile and nodded.

" 'Poor dear Jack!' she had said, in a choking whisper. 'Poor dear boy.'

"That had settled it; there was no more to be said. He chucked everything, and went abroad. And for five years he lived a life of which the less said the better. But in one way it had its effect: up to a point he forgot. Not quite, mark you—but up to a point. And then came the war.

"Now I'm not going to weary you with what he did during that performance, since he did no more and no less than thousands of others. But there came the moment when he stopped one in the shoulder, and so the R. A. M. C. took him into their coils, finally depositing him in a base hospital near Etaples. And there on the first night he saw her—saw the woman he hadn't seen for nine years. For a while he thought it was a fever dream. She had just come on duty, and with a shaded lamp in her hand she was walking slowly between the two ranks of muttering and restless men. And at the foot of his bed she paused and their eyes met. He knew then that it was not dream, but reality.

" 'Jack!' he heard her whisper, and she came and laid her hand on his forehead—a hand that was trembling. And with the concentrated bitterness of nine years' hell in his mind, he cursed her savagely and horribly. He said dreadful things to her—wicked inexcusable things and she answered never a word. She just stood there beside his bed looking at him, and in her eyes there was no reproach. Just divine pity and love and a wonderful tenderness. And he, miserable fool that he was, could only see a rink instructor in a red uniform."

THE sweat was standing out on Bulton's forehead and he drained his whisky at a gulp.

"They came over that night—the Boches. You remember, of course, the big Etaples raid when they got the hospitals. They got the one Jack was in, and when the mess had cleared away he scrambled madly out of bed and through folds of flapping canvas with sick fear in his heart. For the bomb had burst in her end of the marquee, and everything—rink instructor included—was forgotten. He was a boy again, and she was the girl of his dreams. And thank Heaven, he got to her before she died.

"At a glance he saw it was hopeless, but she held out her arms to him. And with a great cry he caught her to his heart.

" 'Forgive, my dear,' he sobbed. 'Forgive those awful things I said. Who am I to judge?'

" 'Forgive me, Jack,' she said gravely. 'I realize now, I have realized for many years, that I had no right to sacrifice you.'

"He looked at her wonderingly.

" 'What do you mean, Ruth?'

" 'Dear lad,' she said, and her voice was growing weaker, 'you don't really think I did it, do you? I hoped you'd come and let me explain. But you didn't and I couldn't find where you'd gone.'

"I think his heart was beating in great sickening

thumps just then; I think he stared at her like a man bereft of his senses.

" 'What are you saying?' he muttered. 'My darling—speak to me.'

"But the end was very near, and with a sudden passionate madness he strained her to him.

" 'Stay with me, darling!' he almost shouted, but with a pitiful little smile she shook her head. And with one last supreme effort she raised herself and kissed him on the lips. Then she died.

"They found him wandering about the sand dunes the next morning partially demented. They thought it was shellshock from the effects of the bomb, and they sent him home. I don't really wonder at their diagnosis, because he was obsessed with one idea, and apparently he often talked aloud about it in his sleep. It was such a strange idea that I'm not surprised they kept him on for far longer than necessary, in a charming country house devoted to nerve cases. He wanted to find a rink instructor in a red uniform—that was all. But quite enough in all conscience for grave men who talked learnedly about mental aberrations and nerve centers and other dull things.

"It was just about Armistice time that they let him go, and in due course he was demobilized. And then systematically he started on his search. He never gave up hope though he pursued false clue after false clue. He advertised for six months continuously in every paper he could think of, without avail. And finally he ran his quarry to ground not half a mile from the rink where he had been instructing. He'd come back there after wandering around the country, and he was doing a clerk's job in some garage.

"At first he was suspicious and uncommunicative—but finally he was persuaded to talk. And with an occasional smirk of self-complacency on his face, he admitted several things. Naturally, no gentleman speaks of such matters, but since it was ancient history now there seemed to be no harm. Though, of course, it must go no further. He remembered the girl well—a nice, little soul, very pretty. Her people left the place, he believed, when she married. But really there had been so many in those days.

" 'And her name?' said Jack in a quiet voice.

" 'Well, I always used to call her Polly,' answered the rink instructor, twirling his mustache.

" 'She had a sister, I believe,' went on Jack.

" 'Yes—an elder sister. But no go in her, you can take it from me. That was where the joke lay—Polly using her cloak whenever she came to me.'

" 'Thank you,' said Jack heavily, rising to go.

" 'Don't mention it,' remarked the other. 'Those were the days—those were. Nothing doing in this line, believe you me. Will you come and have a drink?'

"NO, he would not have a drink. Nor would he take that smirking little swine and batter in his head as he had once battered in a German's during a trench raid. After all, *he* was not the principal culprit. That honor lay elsewhere.

"He thought things over quietly and dispassionately—did Jack. There was no particular hurry—now. At times it seemed almost incredible that such a sacrifice could have been accepted, even by a girl like Polly. It was almost too amazing to be conceivable, even taking into consideration the unique position she had occupied in her family. Of course, there were still details to fill in, small points which were obscure. It was just within the bounds of possibility that there might be something he didn't know which would palliate this monstrous thing. So he determined to make quite sure; he determined to give her every chance. He went to see her at the palatial country house where she now lived. By the way, did I mention that her husband was a peer of the realm—an earl, to be exact?"

The fair-haired man drew in his breath with a sharp hiss, and for the first time, I think, the other men realized that more than just a mere story was being unfolded. I know Murgatroyd was fidgeting in his seat and Scott had a worried look on his face.

"He was ushered into the Great Lady's presence by a pompous butler, and she seemed to have a little difficulty in recognizing him, though the knuckles of her hand on the chair gleamed white as she saw him and stark fear showed for a moment in her eyes. At length, however, she was graciously pleased to recall to her aristocratic mind this obscure individual from the past, and all the time he just stood there staring at her, without speaking a word. And after a while she began to tremble, and blotches showed on her cheeks through the make-up. He knew, and she knew that he knew. Moreover, the callow boy had gone; in his place stood a dangerous man.

" 'Why do you look at me like that, Jack?' she whispered at length.

" 'Because I want to find out if there lives one redeeming feature in your beastly little soul,' he said quietly. 'At present it doesn't look like it, but I will give you every chance. Why did you let Ruth bear the blame for your rotten intrigue with that rink instructor? Why did you always go to his rooms in her cloak? And don't try to lie to me.'

"AT first she tried to bluster, but not for long. She hadn't any excuse—none, save that she was young and stupid. The man had fascinated her, and she had gone to his rooms without thinking of the consequences.

" 'In Ruth's cloak,' put in Jack contemptuously.

"Then she'd got engaged—a wonderful match—to her present husband. She'd met him while she was staying at a friend's house. But even while she was engaged she couldn't give up the rink instructor; she still went to his rooms. And one night she was seen—coming away. It was to Ruth she had rushed; it was to Ruth that she poured out the story. And it was Ruth who had suggested the way out. She was very insistent on that point; she seemed to think it was some excuse. And it was helped by the fact that the kindly persons who carried the story to her father had thought it was Ruth, owing to the cloak. Didn't Jack understand? Couldn't he see the awful predicament? Any breath of scandal and her fiancé might break off the engagement—*would* break it off! And how could she have known that Jack would take it as he did?

" 'Is that all you have to say?' said Jack, as she finished.

" 'What are you going to do?' she almost screamed.

" 'I'm going to commit every word of it to paper, and send it to your husband,' he replied.

"And then she went mad. She implored, she entreated, she went on her knees to him—until something snapped suddenly in his brain. It seemed to him that this was no woman in front of him—but something loathsome and unclean. All the old hatred he had felt for her as a boy came surging back, and with it the face of Ruth as she died in his arms. And I think he must have had his hands on her throat for a minute before he realized the fact."

With great deliberation Bulton lit a cigarette, and his glance never wavered from the fair-haired man's face.

"He didn't quite throttle her, though as you said, sir, like the man in your case, in every way save the actual deed he did. They found her just breathing half

an hour later, and she was unable to give any description of the man who had done it. Couldn't or wouldn't? I leave you to judge. And is that one of the crimes of violence you would punish by torture rather than by mere hanging?"

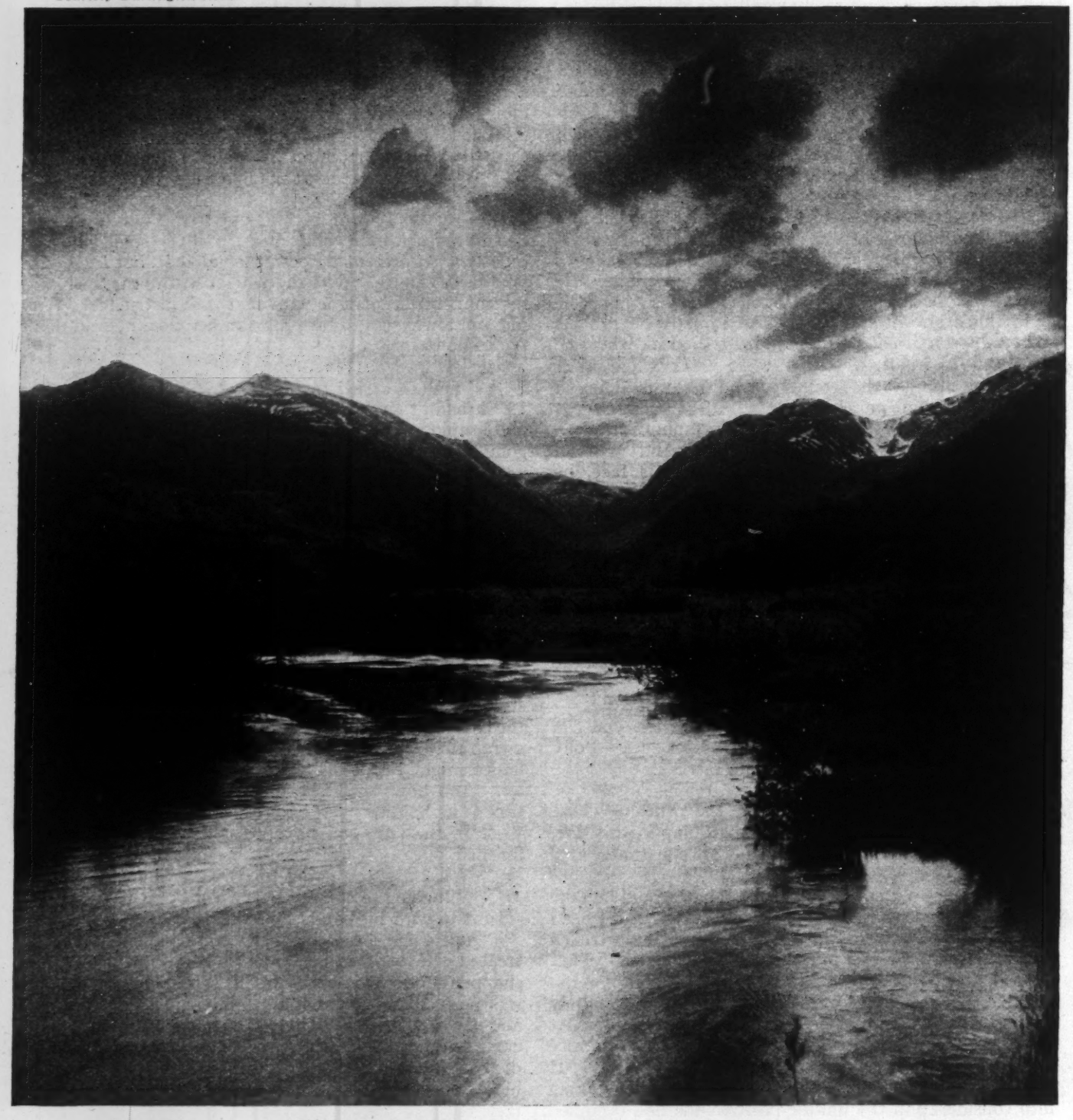
For a moment or two there was dead silence; there didn't seem to be anything much to say. For the issue had narrowed down to Bulton and the fair-haired man: we were out of the picture. And it was Scott's quick gasp that made me look up.

The fair-haired man was staring over Bulton's head at a woman who was approaching. She was tall and very beautiful—but her face had no soul in it. It was devoid of expression, like the face of a lovely doll.

"Have you heard anything more about the boat, Henry?" she said languidly, and at the sound of her voice Bulton turned slowly in his chair and looked at her.

Then we knew. Not necessary to watch the sudden ashen cheeks, not necessary to hear the one choked-out word "Jack!" Not necessary even to see three ugly red scars on the white neck—we knew without that. And like a drunken man Henry, Earl of Pyrford, lurched across the room and went out through the open windows into the African night.

Courtesy Burlington Route



Sunset on Fall River—Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado. The natural beauty and invigorating atmosphere of this lovely spot make it a haven for tourists

Mayor Dever and Prohibition

The Story of a Dramatic Fight to Enforce the Law

By Neil McCullough Clark

FRAGMENTS of the story of Mayor Dever's work of law enforcement in Chicago have been sketched in the daily press. But few outside of Chicago have had an opportunity to gain a really comprehensive idea of Mayor Dever's work from the start down to date.

In this significant article Neil McCullough Clark tells the story in unusually interesting fashion.

EARLY in 1923, under prohibition, Chicago breweries were producing about 18,000 barrels of beer each week. This was not innocuous near-beer, but genuine "suds" in which the alcoholic content was greater than the law allows. The beer was sold at wholesale at never less than thirty dollars per barrel, and usually at forty or fifty dollars, although the price sometimes rose as high as sixty dollars; the customary and accepted price to retailers, however, was fifty dollars. The business, therefore, based on the product of local distilleries alone, reached a total of about $28,000,000 a year, at wholesale. In addition to the local production, large quantities of beer and whisky were brought into Chicago from the city of Joliet, from Kentucky, from Michigan and from Florida and Georgia.

There was a heavy levy between the breweries and the retailers, and also between the retailers and the consumers, for police and political protection. Any police captain who looked out for his own interests, and countenanced the practice, received at least five dollars for each barrel of beer sold in his district. What the graft payments which silenced public officials amounted to, in dollars and cents, is of necessity problematic. The lowest likely estimate, based on known conditions and practices, is $5,000,000 a year. More probably the grand total exceeded $10,000,000.

The public, which of course shouldered all this burden of corruption, "got the stuff" through regularly established places of business. There was little disguise or concealment about them. At the beginning of 1923 approximately 6,000 establishments in Chicago were licensed to sell soft drinks under regulations provided by city ordinance. The license fee was but a tenth of that paid in the old days by saloon-keepers; yet the vast majority of these establishments were actually saloons, and were regularly patronized as such. The usual price charged for whisky was seventy-five cents a glass, and for beer twenty-five cents a glass; the pre-Volstead prices were, respectively, fifteen and five cents.

This, then, was the status of prohibition enforcement when Judge William E. Dever assumed office as the city's new mayor. Chicago, for those who could afford the high cost of drinking, was almost as wet as before prohibition. Summed up, the illegal liquor traffic had assumed the proportions, in this one district, of a gigantic industry. It extended ugly fingers of corruption into police and administrative headquarters. It led to a war of terrorization and extermination among underworld interests that mocked law and countenanced murders and brutality as ruthless as anything chronicled in recent times. It made a few millionaires; many others became independently wealthy. Federal enforcement officers who placed private gain before public duty looked upon the Chicago district as one of the richest satrapies in the land. Sudden fortunes found their way into strange pockets.

A high police official told me about a man who made approximately half a million dollars in less than five years. He had been a member of the white wing squad, sweeping the city streets. But illicit whisky peddling disclosed an easier and quicker road to wealth. He was about ready to retire and live on his gains, when an unfortunate incident occurred. A woman died as the result of drinking moonshine whisky, and the liquor was traced to him.

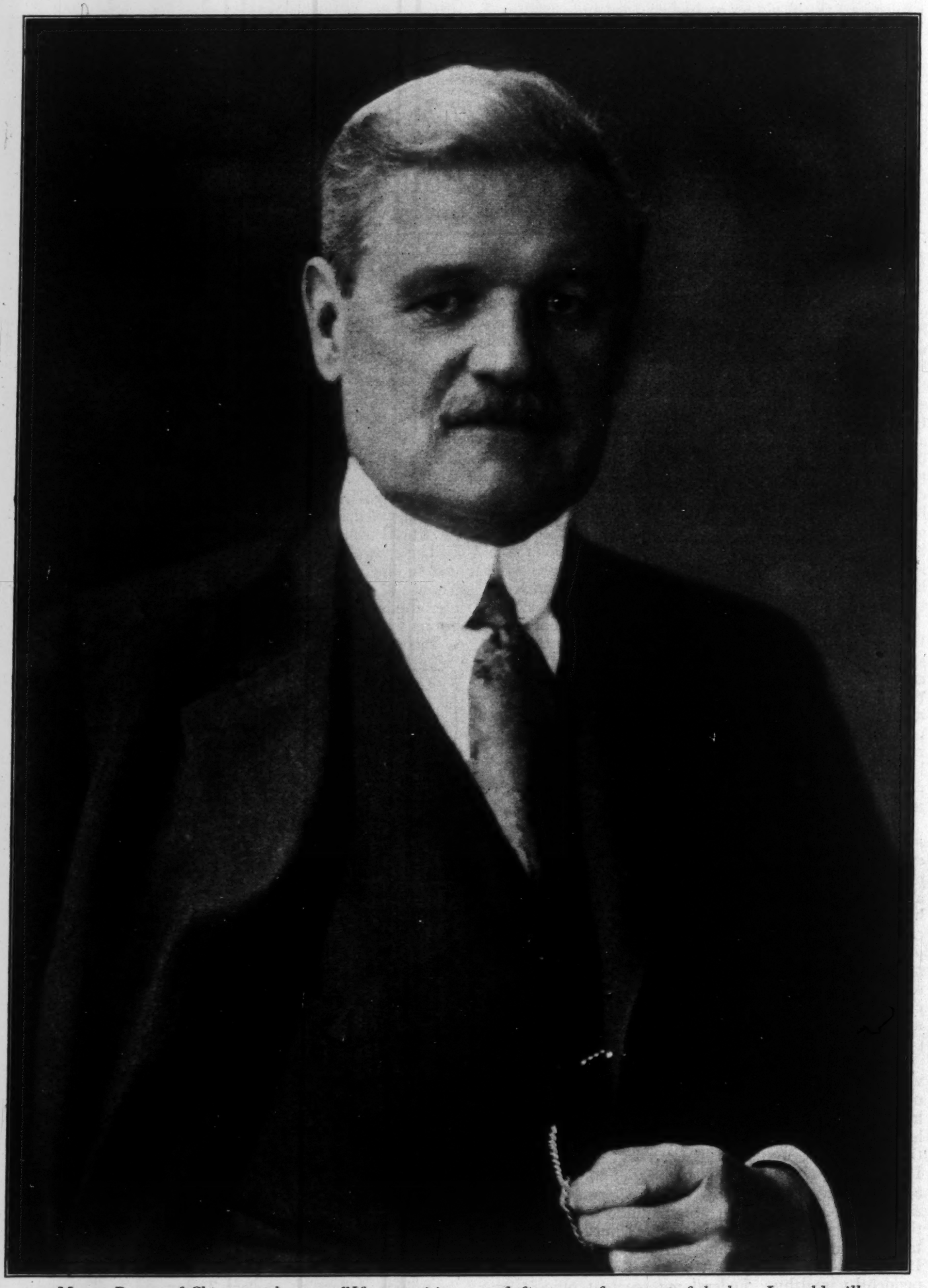
There were dozens of similar instances. Police officials have smilingly told me how some of these men, having in defiance of the law made their several piles and retired, later applied to the police for protection against their old cronies who had turned blackmailers!

Income tax sleuths from the Internal Revenue Department turned up in Joliet one "Butch" Crowley, who before prohibition had been the penniless son of the city dog catcher. He lived then with his parents in a tumbledown cottage on the outskirts of the city. Later, without visible means of support, he was able to pay $15,000 for a house which he remodeled at considerable additional cost. He was put up for membership in a certain club and was blackballed; in retaliation, he bought the building and ousted the club. It was when he wanted gold doorknobs installed in his house, and insisted on having them, that gossip became excessive. The government investigated, satisfied itself of the facts, and filed liens on his property charging tax evasions of more than $250,000. Crowley's name was frequently connected with beer-running between Joliet and Chicago.

The conditions, in short, were so thoroughly steeped in rottenness, that anybody understanding the facts might well have despaired of trying to secure rigid enforcement of the law. The new mayor understood the facts. Yet rigid enforcement was precisely what he intended to seek; and it is what, within a few months after his inauguration, he effectually accomplished. Chicago to-day is probably the driest large city in the country. It is quite likely to remain dry, at least as long as William E. Dever continues to be mayor.

The Election of Mayor Dever

THIS is an achievement. Indeed, Dever himself is something of an achievement for Chicago. A small group of independently-minded citizens determined to assure the election of a thoroughly good mayor, whether Republican or Democratic. They succeeded in spite of the open boast of those already in power that they had "a million dollars to re-elect Thompson." The result was the election of Dever on the Democratic ticket, in



Mayor Dever, of Chicago, who says, "If every citizen voted for non-enforcement of the law, I would still enforce the law!"

one of the cleanest and most sportsmanlike campaigns Chicago has witnessed in recent years.

Mr. Dever is an impressive man to meet. He is not tall, just above the medium height, and rather heavy-set. His gray hairs betray his sixty-one years; but he appears to possess the physical stamina of a man in his vigorous thirties. His square jaw and deliberate manner bear out the characterization of him by former mayor Carter H. Harrison, who described him as a man who knows how "to make up his mind and keep it made up." He is not hasty about reaching decisions, but he clings to them relentlessly once they are reached and he feels sure of himself.

Mayor Dever went into office after a long and excellent period of service in the City Council, and, following that, more than a dozen years as a judge of the Superior and Appellate Courts. His experience equipped him for his new job with an admirable knowledge of the city's affairs. He was able, therefore, to throw himself without delay into a constructive program. Several of his achievements are already of great local importance. Nothing that he has done, however, has had wider recognition outside of Chicago than his prohibition enforcement campaign; and justly so, for prohibition enforcement is the common problem of every governmental body in this country, and Mayor Dever has proved that *when the authorities want to enforce prohibition, it can be enforced.*

The Complex Population of Chicago

CHICAGO politicians and city executives have to reckon with an extremely complex population. The 1920 census shows that 1,946,298 out of a total population of 2,701,705 were foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents, classed in the following groups:

Slavic and Lettic (including Poles, Czechs, Russians, etc.)	28.1%
Germanic	23.5
English and Celtic	18.4
Scandinavian	9.7
Unclassified (including Hebrews, Magyars, Armenians, etc.)	9.5
Latin and Greek (including French, Italians, Spaniards, Greeks, etc.)	8.5
Unknown, and mixed mother tongue	2.3
	100.0%

Among these people of varied foreign stocks, who form 72 per cent of the entire population, must be reckoned a considerable number who for generations have considered mildly alcoholic beverages just as legitimate a part of their diet as bread and meat.

Nor can the case be rested wholly on the basis of place of birth and ancestry. Of the native stock of old New England origin, and of Americans living in Chicago whose ancestors for many generations have dwelt in the United States, a not negligible percentage favors the milder alcoholic beverages. The sentiment of Chicago was conclusively shown by the results of an election held on November 7th, 1922. The vote at that time was a declaration of sentiment under the public policy act. The question submitted to the voters was:

"Shall the existing state and federal prohibitory laws be modified so as to permit the manufacture, sale and transportation of beer (containing less than 4 per cent by volume of alcohol) and light wines for home consumption?"

The vote in *every* ward in Chicago was decisively "yes." In some wards the vote was as high as 16 to 1 in favor of the question submitted. The total actual vote cast in Chicago, not reckoning the balance of Cook County, which also was favorable, was 493,333 for and 110,597 against.

There was, therefore, no doubt as to where a majority of the people stood. Mayor Dever was perfectly familiar with this expressed sentiment of the people. He also understood very well the complex character of Chicago's electorate. He realized, too, that powerful and sinister interests, as well as strong popular feeling, were arrayed against rigid enforcement of the prohibition statutes, making the task a very difficult one. He had, furthermore, no strong impulse arising from personal convictions about the moral rightness of prohibition, to enforce this law. But he saw clearly that more was at stake than prohibition.

"The supreme issue," he said on one occasion, "is the cynicism that has taken hold of the body politic." He denied that it makes any difference, for the immediate present, what he or any one else thinks of the wisdom and desirability of the prohibition enforcement laws; but he insisted that it makes a great deal of difference what people think of the law and of the public officials supposed to enforce it. "Every one knows," he added on the same occasion, "that there is an unparalleled contempt for law and order, and that it is because public officials have not been enforcing the law."

Again, in a report to the City Council after he had been in office six months, he said with respect to conditions in Chicago: "Open, notorious and flagrant disregard of law by known criminals of the most dangerous character developed a condition of lawlessness absolutely intolerable. Protection to the citizen, his family and his home cannot be guaranteed where there is a widespread and growing disrespect for law. All laws—federal, state and local—must be, and will be, enforced."

This unflinching attitude he further exemplified in a recent address before the Chicago Bar Association, when he said in part:

"I have never taken part in propaganda either for or against prohibition. I will not now attempt to mold public opinion one way or the other. But I will enforce the law.

"We found when we took hold of affairs in the city hall that the traffic in liquor had gone so far as to threaten the very structure of our social life. Its ramifications were everywhere. Our campaign has restricted the most wicked traffic this city has ever known.

"Some newspapers say I have made the greatest mistake of my life, that my political career is ended. Well, it's nearly ended anyhow. Old Father Time is looking after that. But were I a younger man I would do the same thing I have done—enforce the law.

"What do you think of a great newspaper that would have the effrontery to argue whole columns against my enforcement of the law? They have asked me to submit the matter to a referendum. I told them I would have nothing to do with such a proposition. I would not insult the intelligence of our citizens. And, besides, if there were a referendum and every single citizen voted for non-enforcement of the law, I would still enforce the law."

What Mayor Dever Has Done to Enforce Prohibition

IT may be gleaned from this that Mayor Dever means business. He is not the kind of politician who talks much and does little. One of the first things he took occasion to say to the men he selected to head the various city departments under him, was: "Do your work in your offices, not in the newspapers. When you have accomplished something worth talking about, it will be time enough to give the news to the press." He has succeeded in having this rule pretty faithfully adhered to.

What, then, has Mayor Dever done about prohibition enforcement? It is a refreshing story, and at times the fight became dramatic.

The first thing the mayor did was to choose an admirable man for the position of general superintendent of police, a position which every mayor knows to be critical. Administrations are sometimes made or unmade by the man who sits in the chief's office. Mayor Dever picked Morgan A. Collins, a veteran of the police force and, at the time of his promotion, captain in charge of the East Chicago Avenue police station.

The new chief indicated the manner of man he is when he took office. He said at that time: "I will not ask the captains what they want. They will be told what is required of them, and they will perform accordingly."

In a meeting of captains called four days after he became general superintendent, he told them: "If there is vice in a captain's territory, if gamblers flourish, if crime is on the increase, the commander is at fault." He added that he expected knowledge of evil conditions to be followed by their eradication or, he said plainly, the result would be the "eradication of the commander who fails in his duty."

In saying this, he reflected the mind of the mayor, who announced at nearly the same time, "The law is going to be enforced, or we shall have a new chief of police. One thing that will be stopped is any connection between policemen and bootleggers."

Active operations were directed first against the so-called black-and-tan resorts on the south side. These were notoriously infamous places. Visitors to Chicago who wanted to see the last word in debauchery were conducted to them. The places got their name from the fact that they were mostly located in the neighborhood of Thirty-fifth and State Streets, in the heart of the district populated by negroes, and they were frequented by both blacks and whites.

Conditions Existing in Well Known Resorts

LIQUOR was sold in almost open violation of the law, and with the liquor went every variety of indecent entertainment that such places might be expected to supply. Black men and white women ate, danced, drank and mingled promiscuously. Often when the gayety reached its peak, women could be found dead drunk on the floors of the rest rooms. The dancing was lewd.

The proprietors of these places, of course, had been amply protected by political influence. Otherwise they could not have continued to operate in open defiance of the law and to grow rich on liquor and vice. Some of them had secured court injunctions against interference by the police. More than forty cafés in the city possessed such injunctions, which had been granted by the courts, during the previous administration, in default of any arguments on the part of the police or the city to show why they should not be granted. It was commonly thought that political protection, plus injunctions in the cases where they existed, plus the purchase of local police favor when necessary, was sufficient to save them from interference in their profitable rottenness; and the district where these black-and-tan cafés throve even came to be generally known as the land of immunity.

However, things were to change. On May 8th, just three weeks after his inauguration, Mayor Dever revoked the licenses of six of the cafés. This was the first conclusive indication that the new administration had not issued empty threats when announcing that the law would be enforced.

There were court fights in the case of the cafés. The revocation decrees were bitterly contested. But for the most part, they were upheld. Judge Denis E. Sullivan of the Superior Court, for example, aided the administration in its fight on the Sunset Café, one of the first of the black-and-tan cafés to be closed, when he ruled that an injunction does not grant immunity from the law. Gradually, one after another, the corporation counsel's office fought the injunctions in court and, by having them outlawed, succeeded in removing one obstacle in the path of law enforcement.

Plans for War on Soft-Drink Parlors

COINCIDENT with the cleaning up of black-and-tan resorts, there went on within the police department itself a detailed study of personnel, conducted for the purpose of discovering inefficiency and corruption. Evidence of graft is never easy to secure. Neither the man who takes a bribe nor the man who gives it wants to talk. Chief Collins was politic of necessity, therefore, in his explanation of a general shift of men that took place on June 1st. He said:

"Political influence in the past made it difficult for our commanders to enforce discipline and maintain order in their districts. The transfer of seventeen captains and three lieutenants has accomplished their removal from the influences that have worked against absolute control of their men."

Chief Collins, in fact, has persistently administered the department with the idea of eradicating inefficiency, rather than directing his efforts against graft as such. He holds that a grafting police officer can not long continue to be efficient; therefore, if the inefficient men are dropped, the grafters will be eliminated automatically.

The chief's order of June 1st produced profound results in Chicago's underworld. These results, however, did not become visible on the surface for more than two months.

In the meantime, plans were maturing for the war on the soft-drink parlors, since these were the places where the great bulk of the business with the public was done. Disquieting rumors kept floating in to headquarters, not only to the effect that a great quantity of liquor was being sold illegally, but also pointing to police connection with its sale. It was said that in many quarters of the city each new saloon or licensed parlor speedily received a visit from a policeman, who called not to enforce the law, but to arrange for graft. If liquor was being sold, the owner was given to understand that he would be subject to arrest and the revocation of his license unless he did "the proper thing." This usually meant that he was to buy his liquor—and perhaps his cigars and tobacco, too—from some bootlegger from whom the police received a satisfactory commission.

On August 4th, six of these places were raided, five without warrants. This was done on the authority of the corporation counsel, who ruled that the police could, should, and *must* search premises where the sense of sight or the sense of smell led them to believe that liquor was being sold illegally. On August 6th, there were more than 800 arrests within twenty-four hours for alleged violations of the prohibition laws. Chief Collins said then:

"We intend to put these thousands of masquerading soft-drink establishments out of business."

Real teeth were not put into the campaign, however, until an event that took place on the night of Friday, September 7th. "Jerry" O'Connor, an obscure underworld character, who had served a term in the penitentiary, was shot and killed in a saloon at 5358 South Lincoln Street.

To understand the significance of this killing and the events that grew out of it, it is necessary to dip into the organization of the illicit liquor interests in Chicago—a tangled secret web woven by powerful underworld characters in cahoots with unscrupulous politicians and police officers, and with important rôles played by dive-keepers and saloon-keepers, thugs, beer and whisky runners, high-jackers, and the great public that bought liquor unlawfully. Out of the maze of assertions, confessions and denials, the following facts seem to be conclusively established.

Before Mayor Dever went into office, the liquor "industry" was well organized. Different groups had control of beer deliveries in various parts of the city and, owing to political and police arrangements, their operations were not interfered with. One powerful operator was Johnny Torrio, known before prohibition as the operator of a notorious dive at the state line. He and his partners bought a brewery and made real beer, and Torrio was said to have boasted that he "owned" a police captain.

Another group of operators was the O'Donnell brothers—"Steve," Walter, "Spike" and "Tommy." For some time the rival operators worked in comparative harmony, each confining business to a recognized "sphere of influence."

The police order of June 1st, however, involving as it did the transfer of seventeen captains, caused an upheaval and seriously interfered with the *status quo*. Torrio, finding it necessary to increase orders to keep his brewery busy, invaded territory which the O'Donnells considered strictly their own.

Conflicting stories are told at this point. One is to the effect that Torrio, finding the usual avenues of protection no longer useful to him, boldly quit paying the customary price per barrel to the police, and reduced his price to customers from $50 to $40, a price which the O'Donnells refused to meet and deeply resented. Again, it is said that Torrio entered into an active alliance with the police in the O'Donnells' territory, and that one police captain actually began calling saloon-keepers to the station to tell them to give Torrio some of their patronage. The exact cause of the trouble is not so important, as is the fact that the Torrio supporters and the O'Donnells finally came to grips in a fierce underworld war.

The Shooting of "Jerry" O'Connor

NOW, "Jerry" O'Connor was an enthusiastic and determined henchman of the O'Donnells. He went about conducting a campaign of intimidation in their behalf, manhandling saloon-keepers who refused to buy O'Donnell beer, and knocking in the heads of casks not delivered by the O'Donnells. He was a person of no particular importance, but his tactics were so crude that he roused the enmity and bitter hatred of the saloon-keepers and of the rival bootleggers, and they undertook to "get" him.

On the night of September 7th, he was on one of his customary excursions for the purpose of terrorizing saloon-keepers, and he had already left a trail of resentful victims behind him before he reached Joseph Kepka's saloon. He was accompanied by two or three companions. At Kepka's place his enemies caught up with him, taking him and his companions unawares. The others were allowed to make their get-away, but O'Connor was taken outside and shot in cold blood. His body was left on a doctor's doorstep, and he thus became the first victim in the beer-runners' war.

The significance of "Jerry" O'Connor's death, and of all that lay behind it, did not become apparent at once. But within the week the truth was pretty well known, and the real character of the struggle that was taking place behind the scenes was made known to the public and the authorities. Thereupon Mayor Dever took personal charge of an enforcement campaign that finally had as its immediate object the stamping out of the sale of liquor in Chicago. Up to this time the campaign had been conducted in a rather leisurely manner. Now it was snapped up, and new vigor was infused into operations from the top down.

Drastic Steps Are Taken by the Mayor

THE mayor held a conference with the state's attorney, the district attorney, the chief of police and the acting prohibition director, in order to secure the necessary co-operation of all law-enforcing agencies. Immediately afterward, Chief Collins issued an order to commanding officers, directing them to detail two men on each shift in front of each brewery, to prevent the transportation of any real beer; also to station men along the roads by which beer was ordinarily run in from out of town. Thus it was the intention to strike at the liquor traffic at its sources.

At the same time, Mayor Dever issued this comprehensive statement:

"I had a talk with Chief Collins this morning and we went over at some length the report appearing in the city press with reference to beer-running and the influence of this traffic upon the police department. Chief Collins believes, and I agree with him, that the only way to suppress this traffic and to restore something like honesty in the police department is to put an end to the traffic altogether.

"Rumors have come to us thick and fast that police captains and other police officials have been making even large fortunes out of the beer business, and we have been trying for months to get to the bottom of this rumor in the hope that we might be able to take prompt measures to get rid of some of these captains and commanding officers.

"Up to this time we have been unable to get evidence that will stand the test, and it is very obvious that this must be so, because graft of this sort is generally passed between police officers and a saloon-keeper or somebody representing the beer interests. A saloon-keeper won't even talk back when he believes he is being held up, and he won't appear against police officials because his business is at stake, and he believes that were he to complain the police would put him out of business.

"I have been extremely busy for months with threatened strikes and other very important questions, and my hope was that before this time we might be able to furnish the police department with an object lesson that would serve as a warning to the organization. We have come to the conclusion to-day that different and more drastic steps must be taken to suppress these violations of the law, which have done so much to disorganize the police department.

"Beer is being sold illegally in Chicago at from $50 to $60 a barrel. This beer is not the best quality at that. Every person who has watched the course of events, even without specific proof, believes this money is being distributed to public officials, both federal and municipal. In order to pay this graft and support this wicked traffic the consumer is forced to pay 30 to 40 cents a glass for poor beer.

"We have come to the conclusion, that the manufacture of beer in Chicago must be suppressed and that we have got to strike at this evil at its root—that is, at

the breweries—and from this time on there will be no more manufacture of illegal beer in Chicago if we can suppress it, and we believe we can.

"I would not have the people of Chicago believe that I am a prohibitionist, for I am not. I should like, indeed, if the law would permit, that the people of Chicago might have the privilege of buying good wholesome beer at a modest price, but that is impossible at this time.

"I am informed and believe that this traffic in recent years has become syndicated and that war has been declared between different beer interests which have not only not hesitated to corrupt the police department, but they have even gone into the slums and employed in their work some of the most desperate criminals with which the police have to deal.

"I am very glad that the row has broken out in the manner that it has. The police will see to it that beer passing from the breweries to the trade will be examined and tested by competent chemists. This method will be cumbersome, but there will be no doubt about its effectiveness.

"Everybody knows that the proper and best method to stop this business is within the control of the federal government and courts. They can close these breweries by injunction if they want to do so. It will be interesting to find out why they have not done so. Their failure to do so, however, is no reason why we should fail to do our full duty."

Two More Shootings Occur

IT was fully expected by those who were best acquainted with the operations of the liquor gangs, that bloodshed would not cease with one killing. Chief Collins himself expressed the fear that there might be more shooting before the police could round up the killers. And he was right.

Ten days after the murder of O'Connor, "Georgie" Meeghan and "Sport" Bucher, two more partisans of the O'Donnell crowd, were driving south in Laflin Street during the evening rush hour. At Garfield Boulevard they were forced to pause to allow the passage of traffic. While their car was standing still, another car was piloted close to theirs and passed them slowly. The occupants opened a deadly fire with sawed-off shotguns. Eighteen or twenty shots were fired in rapid succession, then the attacking automobile was turned into the stream of traffic. It was driven with marvelous skill, for it passed through the crush of homeward-bound automobiles at high speed and without accident, carrying the killers to temporary safety. A dozen shots had penetrated the bodies of Meeghan and Bucher, and they died almost instantly.

This second outrage, so speedily following the first, made clear to everybody what kind of lawlessness had taken a grip on the city. The mayor at once began to strike wholesale at the places which were patronized by the public and which supported the liquor traffic that had brought on this war of outlaws. On September 28th, acting on evidence of liquor selling supplied him by the police, he revoked the licenses of 16 places. The following day he revoked 13 more, the next day 34, the next 89, the next 80, and so on, the orders going through about as fast as the mayor could execute them. One day nearly 200 offending places were summarily ordered to close their doors.

The revoking of licenses has proved to be Mayor Dever's most effective weapon. Its use demands a word of explanation. His authority is conferred on him by city ordinance, according to which he has the right to revoke licenses for cause, when he has proof of unlawful activities being conducted on the premises. Any person whose license is so revoked can never legally have his license restored, if the charges against him are upheld. Furthermore, the premises can not be employed for *any* purpose for a period of from sixty to ninety days; therefore the owner as well as the tenant suffers severely from law violations. The premises may be used again for some totally different kind of business after a given time, but only when the licensing authorities have satisfactory proof that the new business to be engaged in is not going to be unlawful.

Mayor Dever next determined to offer a healthy object lesson to the police. Five captains were called to headquarters. Their records had been thoroughly examined, and there was ample proof that they had been incompetent, or worse. The proof was laid before them.

"Here is our side of your case," they were told. "You can have your choice of going before the trial board, where we will present this evidence and you will stand a chance of being summarily dismissed; or you may resign from the force now, of your own volition."

The captains knew what the result of a trial would be. They resigned.

The effect of the announcement that they were out proved electrical. A wholly new sort of energy manifested itself at once. Captains, newly-zealous, found their men likewise newly-zealous; and some of them, displaying more vigor than intelligence, carried their activities beyond anything the mayor would have asked of them.

The ousting of the captains was the last important step in the mayor's campaign to date. Such a campaign, of course, requires unceasing surveillance. But the following definite results have been accomplished:

First, the principal outlets for the distribution of liquor to the public have been closed. As already stated, the beginning of 1923 saw something like 6,000 places operating under soft-drink licenses, a large proportion of which were saloons either in name or in fact. Eleven months later, on the first of December, the licenses of approximately 2,000 of these places had been revoked; about 3,000 more had closed voluntarily because they no longer found it profitable to operate; and about 1,000, the remainder, continued to operate under careful police scrutiny. Chicago, instead of being one of the wettest large cities, has in this respect become one of the driest; and open, overt disregard of the prohibition laws has been very largely stopped.

Second, graft and official protection of liquor interests has been largely chased off the police force. This fact makes it unprofitable and highly dangerous for the large-scale law-evaders, the manufacturing organizations and the complex beer and whisky-running organizations, to continue in business. Torrio, the head of one of the gangs, pleaded guilty of violating the prohibition laws, perhaps to avoid more serious charges that might have been brought against him. Walter Stevens, regarded as the head of one big beer-distributing ring, went to Joliet to serve a sentence that had been passed on him months before.

With the big channels of production and distribution thus closed, prohibition automatically became a relatively accomplished fact in Chicago. Of course you can still buy liquor. The secret, cautious vender who covers his tracks carefully no doubt still operates to quite a large extent. But the total volume of business done in this way does not and can not possibly compare with that of the organized "industry" that was operating almost openly a few months ago.

It is interesting evidence that the other day a thirsty reporter who knew many of the bartenders by their first

names, hunted north, south, east and west in the Loop and could not induce anybody to sell him anything stronger than lemon phosphate. Five blocks north of the Chicago River he did find a bit of surreptitious liquid nourishment of the kind he desired; but the stealth of the transaction took away even his appetite.

Lately the male guests at one of the famous cabaret gardens have been subjected to a hasty search on their entrance. A suspicious bulge in the hip pocket, brings the request, "Park your flask outside, brother!"

The management is apologetic, but insistent. "We have a large investment here," they explain. "We can't afford to have our license taken away."

And the flask stays outside.

Liquor has vanished from most of its accustomed haunts in Chicago because protection of the liquor traffic has disappeared. And protection has disappeared because William E. Dever is mayor. Discussing recently various phases of his campaign with him, Mayor Dever said to me:

"There isn't a city in the country but can clean up the liquor traffic in a few weeks, as we have done, if it is gone about in the right way. It is absolutely certain that the liquor traffic can not continue to exist, on a profitable scale, unless there is collusion between the police and those engaged in the traffic."

"Do you conclude from that," I asked, "that prohibition can not be enforced except by the local authorities?"

"I would not put it just that way," the mayor replied. "I would not lay the whole burden on the local officers. But I will say that under present conditions, with the wholly inadequate number of men available for this work in the federal service, federal officers can not enforce the prohibition laws without the active co-operation of the local authorities.

"We have had continuous and close co-operation with the federal authorities, here in Chicago. We have never made any request of them, which they have not willingly and faithfully complied with."

It will be interesting to those who measure the velocity of political winds, to know the effect this campaign will have on the mayor's future. That can not yet be determined with any precision. Mr. Dever did not consider this when he undertook to enforce the law. His aim was to give Chicago a good administration. Some straws, however, indicated the trend of popular feeling. The following is from an editorial in the *Evening Post* of September 28th, when the revocation of licenses was getting under way and those opposed to the mayor were considering taking away from him the revoking authority. Said the editorial:

Public Opinion About Mayor Dever's Policy

"THREE influential Republican aldermen—Link, Wallace and Lyle—assured the mayor that he could count on their votes in a pinch. Others were said to be in a similar frame of mind. Business men of all political faiths cheered him at the Association of Commerce meeting last week, and earlier at a similar gathering of Rotarians. There is a wide, if silent, approval of the present administration's progress during the five brief months it has functioned among all classes of citizens."

The *Tribune*, consistently hostile to the campaign, expressed the following opinion under date of October 20th:

"Mr. Dever with his set jaw is courageous. If he had any political ambitions he has sacrificed them. If Chicago had a recall law he might be recalled next month. When his term has expired he will be succeeded by some one acceptable to Tony Cermak. Mr. Cermak, leading wet, will say that the man is all right and that will be enough for the majority of Chicago voters. It probably will be a very bad thing. Mr. Dever is a good mayor. His successor may be awful—but he will be wet."

The following is from the *Herald-Examiner* of October 6th, and refers to the dismissal of the police captains:

"No better evidence of the mayor's sincerity could be offered than that among the first of the captains to be relieved of duty are old and valued personal friends. He has accepted no excuses for failure to execute his orders, nor overlooked inactivity due to age. He has made it plain that he wants none but 100 per cent smashing, relentless, no-quarter fighters on the job."

An article by Graham Taylor in the *News* for September 29th, said in part:

"The outbreak of the murderous bootlegging lawlessness and its involvement of police corruption precipitated the most serious and hazardous issue which Mayor Dever is likely to face. He has met it with the fearless loyalty to law and disregard for personal and partisan consequences that were expected of him by those who know him best. His personal re-enforcement of Chief Collins' fearlessly effective dealing with the lawless and his subordinates, the relentless arrest of law-breakers, the revocation of about 300 saloon licenses, serve notice to officials and politicians, to the lawless and the law-abiding, that Mayor Dever is as loyal to the law of the land in the City Hall as Judge Dever was on the bench of the Superior and Appellate courts. His fixed determination to 'see it through' wins for him the well-deserved reputation of being not only just the kind of mayor Chicago now needs and never had before, but also the reputation of being the rare type of fearlessly independent, sane, law-loyal chief executive, such as is needed in city, state and nation at such a lawless time as this."

I think Mayor Dever's own attitude toward his duty on prohibition enforcement can best be summed up by quoting a famous man who preceded him in the office of mayor by more than sixty years. John Wentworth, who was elected mayor of Chicago in 1857 and again in 1860, insisted upon the strict enforcement of all laws. In his inaugural message when he took office the second time, he said:

"There are many laws and ordinances appertaining to our municipal government, the propriety of which may be questioned; but the oath of office which I have just taken requires me to take care that all of them be duly enforced, respected and observed. It is no part of the duty of executive officers to inquire into the justice or expediency of any law. It is enough for them to know that thus saith the law. Besides, the best way to bring about the repeal of an obnoxious law is to enforce it, and every law which ought not to be and cannot be enforced should at once be repealed. The mayor's office is not the place for any man who desires immediate political preferment of any kind, lest the desire to make friends and the fear to make enemies prove incentives to him to deviate from the peremptory requirements of the law. The mayor is but the right arm of the law, and there should be nothing of human ambition to paralyze the power of that arm."

Mayor Dever's term of office still has three years to run. What the future will bring, nobody can say. From day to day there are new developments in law evasion and in law enforcement, which read like a continued story.

In the meantime, it is not easy to buy a drink in Chicago!

How I Sailed Across the Atlantic Alone

The Concluding Chapter of a Lone Mariner's Struggles with the Elements

By Alain Gerbault

Illustrations by L. F. Wilford

MY sixty-fourth day out from Gibraltar found me still 1,200 miles from New York, and battling grimly with a furious storm. Thirst and fever had added to my distress, while the problem of solitary navigation through savage tempests had been increased by the rottenness of my canvas.

Indeed, it was a question whether my patched-up sails would last me to my destination, and how long my system would stand the strain of limited diet, sleeplessness and intense physical activity that made up my daily routine.

Yet, although I was only some 300 miles from Bermuda, I still held firm in my purpose not to seek refuge there but to continue on to the port for which I had set sail.

The deck was so badly washed that I had to keep all skylights and hatchways closed. This made it hot and uncomfortable below. Cooking under such conditions was a task to try the patience of a Job. My forecastle was just wide enough to stand in, between the stove on the starboard side and the water casks and the galleys on the other.

If in a thoughtless moment I set down a cup or dish it was likely to be hurled spinning across the forecastle on to the opposite locker or the floor. If it were crockery, it was shattered. My stove, too, still had the habit of tossing a kettle of boiling water or a dishful of hot food on my bare legs. My rule was to cook and eat one thing at a time.

That day a huge whale swam swiftly across the bow of the *Firecrest*, making the spray fly in a turmoil. Compared with the cutter, he was a real monster that could easily have wrecked my little craft if he had fancied the job. I was glad to see that he went on his way without taking undue interest in my presence.

The gale continued throughout the night. I had put the *Firecrest* on the other tack, heading north northwest and, after trimming the sails so that she would hold to that course, let her take care of herself while I got what sleep I could in a bunk that seemed to be trying to leap from under me.

I was up at four o'clock the next morning and fortunately came on deck just in time to get the mainsail down before a heavy gust whipped the sea into flying scud. It would surely have stripped the *Firecrest* of her canvas had I been slower in action.

It was a wicked morning. A vicious wind was driving before it huge waves with high curling crests bearing down upon my lonely little craft, as if bent on her destruction. When she plunged into them, she buried her bow under a smother of frosty green water that raced along the deck and flew in a sheet of spray into the sails.

A great canopy of dull, leaden clouds hid the heavens from horizon to horizon and battalions of stray storm clouds scurried past at lower altitudes. Gusts of rain pelted my face with stinging force. I was drenched, washed alternately with spray and rain; but it was warm, and I wore little clothing which would only have served to keep me constantly wet while, without it, I quickly dried off.

The *Firecrest* was plunging as if bent on becoming a submarine, and heeling heavily to the gusts. The gale was blowing straight from the direction I wanted to sail, and the cutter had to fight for every inch she gained against it. She was constantly burying the bowsprit deep into the sea and prying it out again. As she flung it clear of the water I could feel the whole rigging, mast, bowsprit and sails, jump and the cutter shake at the sudden release from tension. I had little faith in the bobstay, and if it should give way in one of those jumps the mast would surely go by the board.

The waves were running so high that it was difficult to take an observation. Only when the cutter topped the crest of a sea could I get a glimpse of the distant horizon, even when the flying cloud-rack above opened to give me a chance to shoot the sun.

The landsman has little conception of the difficulties of this task. In taking an observation, the navigator of a small craft must stand as high as possible above deck to decrease the error of observation. Instead of looking toward the sun or star, he looks through the telescope of the sextant toward the horizon and sees in a mirror the reflection of the celestial object.

Once the observation is taken, not more than a few minutes' calculation are required to find the position. But one must go below quickly and consult the chronometer, counting off the seconds as one goes.

THE difficulty comes when taking an observation in a gale and rough sea, with the deck heaving about under foot and the boat reeling and pitching. Then the lone navigator has to cling to something with his bare feet—and it's handy to have the feet bare for that purpose—for both hands are needed to handle the sextant.

Assume that one is ready, instrument in hand. *Where* is the horizon? A tall wave rears its head across one's vision and the horizon as viewed from the deck seems high in the air. Only when one is on top of a wave can the real horizon be seen. Before you have time to get your sight, a big wave breaks aboard and you and your sextant are buried in spray.

Next minute you get the sight, but you have lost your balance, and have to clutch at anything to keep from pitching overboard. At last you get the figures and hurry below to take your time from the chronometer, which tells you what the hour, minute and second is at

the meridian of Greenwich.

If you locate yourself within ten miles of your actual position, it is a good approximation on a small boat.

Going below, I discovered that the *Firecrest* was shipping considerable water. The skylight covers were closed as tight as I could get them, and all openings shut, but the covers lifted a little when the seas broke over them. The result was that everything below decks was sloshing with salty water.

The gale veered to the southwest in the afternoon, but showed no signs of diminishing. At seven o'clock I undertook to reef the staysail, but it got loose and was ripping from foot to leech. To make and take in sail or do anything on deck with the boat leaping about and constantly raked by waves was dangerous work, but I managed to get the staysail below and roll the main boom so as to show less mainsail.

Tired and soaked as I was, I could not afford to rest while the staysail was split, so I stayed up nearly all night sewing it together.

On deck again at four o'clock, after a restless nap, I found the *Firecrest* plunging into a strong head sea and trying to make what headway she could against the westerly gale.

The barometer was very low, indicating that conditions would be worse before they were bettered. Throughout the forenoon the gale kept increasing until at 11 a. m. its force was tremendous. My bunk was a messy puddle, the galley equipment loose and clattering about, the saloon topsy-turvy from the battering, everything in sloppy disorder below decks—and it was worse above.

While I was vainly attempting to boil rice for lunch a green sea broke aboard and the kettle of hot water was tossed from the stove to my knees. Going on deck to see what damage had been done, I discovered that the wave had carried away the hatch cover of my sail locker.

New holes were beginning to show in the mainsail and staysail; so I had to take them in. Discretion warned me that this was a good time to try out my sea anchor, and I let her ride to it. It was necessary to cover the sail-locker hatchway with something to keep the water out, so I plugged it with old sails as best I could and hoped for luck.

To make my troubles worse, while I was attempting to cook supper that night—I had finally gone lunchless and famished—the stove broke and I had to give up cooking. Although dead tired, I spent nearly the whole night repairing the staysail.

The storm clouds cleared away next morning, and just before noon I hauled in the sea anchor, got the mainsail and jib on her and by noon was under way again, steering northwest. Within twenty minutes after getting under way a squall struck the cutter and tore to ribbons the staysail that I had been working on for ten solid hours. It was gone in a twinkling—in one gust!

The joke was certainly on me and I had to smile to think of all the hours I had spent sewing the rags together only to have them whipped away like that. By this time I had been practically without sleep for thirty hours. The *Firecrest* was taking care of herself now, so I turned in and got a two-hour nap.

But my respite was brief. On August 18 the gales came on again, my sails began to rip, parts of the rigging broke under press of sail and the leaping of the cutter added to my discomfort. The pump got out of order, too, and the seas were running high again. That night, cold, wet and tired, I took some quinine to ward off a cold.

After having been on short rations of water for a month, I now got so much that I could not get rid of it. It was impossible to keep the heavy rains and spray from coming through the sails with which I had plugged the sail-locker hatch. The water had risen to the level of the cabin floor and, when the *Firecrest* listed, it splashed around in the lockers and bunks, spoiling everything.

On deck it was blowing a regular hurricane. The sky

In taking an observation in a gale the lone navigator encountered great difficulty

was entirely obscured with clouds, hanging so low and thick that it seemed like night. I had to reef the mainsail down until nothing was showing but its peak; the jaws of boom and gaff were only four or five feet apart. Even then the seas were so high and the boat laboring so heavily that it seemed at times as if the mast would jump out of her. The rain came in torrents, driven before a stinging blast, and almost blinded me.

For several days I had been exposed to drenching rain and spray. The skin of my hands had become so soft that it hurt terribly to pull on the ropes.

All this was uncomfortable, but not disheartening. Neither the baffling gales that ripped my sails and set my lockers awash, nor exposure to drenching seas and cutting rains was bitter enough to drive the sea-fever out of my veins. A man crossing the ocean alone must expect some distressing times. I know that some day the *Firecrest* and I may encounter a storm that we shall not weather; that we may go to the bottom together. Even so, is there a finer death for a sailor?

IT was a dirty-looking morning, the 20th of August, the climax of all the gales that had gone before, and the day when the *Firecrest* came near to making the port of missing ships. As far as the eye could see there was nothing but an angry welter of water, overhung with a low-lying canopy of leaden and scurrying clouds, driving before the gale.

By ten o'clock the wind had increased to hurricane force. The seas ran short and viciously. Their curling crests racing before the thrust of the wind seemed to be torn into little whirlpools before they broke into a lather of soapy foam. They bore down on my little cutter as if they were bent on her destruction. But she rose to them and fought her way through them in a way that made me want to sing with exultation.

Then in a moment I seemed engulfed in disaster. It was just after noon. The *Firecrest* was sailing full and by under a bit of her mainsail and jib. Suddenly I saw towering on my limited horizon a huge wave, rearing its curling and snowy crest so high that it dwarfed all others I had ever seen. I could hardly believe my eyes. It was a thing of beauty as well as awe as it came roaring down upon us.

Knowing that if I stayed on deck I would meet certain death by being washed overboard, I had just time to climb into the rigging and was about halfway to the masthead when it burst upon the *Firecrest*, burying her from my sight under tons of solid water and a lather of foam. The gallant little boat staggered and reeled under the blow till I, from my perch on stick in the middle of the Atlantic, wondered whether she was ever going to fight her way back to the surface again.

Slowly she came out of the smother of it and the great wave roared away to leeward. I slid down from the rigging to discover that the sea had broken off the outboard part of the bowsprit. Held by the jibstay, it lay in a maze of rigging and sail under the lee rail where every sea used it as a battering ram against the planking, threatening at every blow to stave a hole in the hull and send my cutter and me to Davy Jones' locker.

The mast was swaying dangerously as the *Firecrest* rolled. Somehow the shrouds had become loose at the masthead. There was a fair prospect that the cutter would roll the mast out of her, even if the broken bowsprit failed to stave a hole in the hull. The wind cut my face with stinging force and the deck was most of the time awash with breaking seas that tugged at my legs as if maliciously seeking to carry me overboard with them.

I jumped to work to save my boat and my life. First I had to get the mainsail off. The hurricane held the sail so hard against the lee topping lift that I had to rig a purchase to haul it down; but I finally got it stowed. Meanwhile the broken bowsprit was banging away remorselessly at the *Firecrest's* side.

It was a tremendous job to haul the wreckage aboard when the deck was like a slide and the gale was so violent I had to crouch down in order to keep from being hurled bodily by the wind into the sea. With cut and swollen hands I clung painfully to the shrouds. The broken part of the bowsprit was terrifically heavy; I had to lash a rope around it while it was tossing about in the waves. Several times it nearly jerked me overboard. Everything about me seemed in conspiracy to drown me and have done with this foolhardy cruise. At last I had the jib in, and the bowsprit safely lashed on deck, but it was nearly dusk and I felt very tired.

Still I had that whipping mast to reckon with and could take no rest until I had attempted, at least, to get it tight. Once again I went aloft on the shaking stick and clung to it as it swung from side to side. Twice I nearly lost my hold and was swung clear, clinging precariously with tortured hands to a slender rope that alternately dangled me out over the vicious seas and then dashed me back against the mast with a bang. I was too exhausted to make repairs that night. As the pendulum that was my unwilling self swung inward I flung my arms about the mast in a desperate embrace on which I staked all, and so slid down to the deck, to find the whole ship vibrating terrifyingly from the shaking spar.

I feared the deck would be opened under the strain of it. To steady it, I hoisted a close-reefed trysail, filled her away on the starboard tack so as to let the starboard and undamaged shrouds take the strain, hauled the clew of the reefed staysail to windward and hove-to.

She rode a little easier, and the slatting of the mast was not quite so severe. It was now nearly dark and the gale seemed to be moderating a little, so I went below to get supper.

I was blind with utter fatigue and sleepiness, but I had pulled through the worst day of my experience, and hoped for new life in a hot meal. But neither of my two stoves would work. I had to turn in, hungry, cold, drenched and exhausted, for the first time of the whole cruise a sad, unhappy sailor!

Bermuda was only 300 miles south. I knew it was good judgment to head for the islands and make repairs there before going on to New York; but I had set my heart on making the voyage from Gibraltar to the American coast without touching at any port. To abandon that plan would have been heartbreaking.

I SHOULD not have cared if a wave had swept over us and carried the *Firecrest* and me to the bottom of the sea. Vainly I tried to sleep. The mast was still slatting about so hard that I feared it would tear up the deck, even if it did not break. For two hours I lay in a shaking bunk; then, in a kind of nervous despair, I got up and went to work at the stoves. I filed down three sail needles and broke them, one after another, before I got one small enough to clear the hole through which the kerosene was fed to the vaporizing burner.

It was nearly dawn before I got the burner working, but I was then able to cook breakfast of tea and bacon. It is wonderful what heart a little food will put into a man. After breakfast, I felt ashamed of my thoughts of the night before. Regardless of all my troubles and the menace of more ahead, I determined to continue on to New York—the harbor of my destination.

Though the gale had moderated a little, it was still blowing hard and there was a sharp sea running. It was

"Neptune's wrath at the daring little 'Firecrest' and her one-man crew for crossing his domain had expended itself in the giant wave that well-nigh dismasted my brave cutter. A period of dead calm followed"

not a situation I would have chosen as ideal to work aloft on a small boat. And it required all the nervous energy I had to put the job over.

That mast must be steadied, the damaged rigging repaired. It was hard to cling to the swinging stick, it was hard to stay on it at all. With my legs around the crosstrees, I had to hang head downward. In that position it took me considerably more than an hour to repair the damage.

Then, dropping down to the deck, I set the shrouds taut with the turnbuckles just above the rail. The mast was safe.

Still there was the broken bowsprit to repair. It was a job for the carpenter's saw and axe. With these tools I cut a slot in the broken end of the stick, slid it into position and fastened it there with the iron pin that originally held it in place. That gave me a jury bowsprit eight feet shorter than the original one.

The hardest part of the job was still to be done. I had to make a bobstay—to hold the end of the bowsprit down—by cutting a piece from the anchor chain and shackling it into a ringbolt fixed in the cutter's stem, just below the water line. Once again I had to hang head downward from the bowsprit, shackling that chain into a ring under water. As the bow rose and fell, I was alternately dipped two or three feet under water and

then brought out dripping and sputtering, only to be dipped again and again.

I don't know how I did it, but it had to be done. I got the shackle in place and bolted. The rest was easy. Back on deck, I shaped my course again for New York.

No sooner was my repair work finished than the gale suddenly moderated, as if the elements were acknowledging that they were defeated and were surrendering to my gallant little craft. Taking advantage of the milder weather, I made two observations and found I was about 800 miles from New York as the crow flies, but about 1,000 to 1,200 miles actual sailing distance.

My potatoes were nearly gone. Soon I would be living on rice. For five days I had had barely a few hours' sleep, and only a little cold, soggy food. I was utterly exhausted and sustained only by a keen sense of satisfaction. So I went to work repairing the pump. All this time the water had been sloshing around in my lockers. I soon got it working and after two hours of pumping, I got the boat clear of water.

NEXT day bad luck gripped me again. I lured a five-foot bonito alongside and speared him with my harpoon. As I hit him he leaped clear of the water. I clung to the handle for dear life, but he was too strong for me and slipped out of my grasp, taking the harpoon with him. That meant there would be no more bonito steak for me, and it had to happen just at a time when I needed all the food I could catch. But I was partly compensated by a flying fish that lighted on deck. Soaked with rain, suffering from a sore throat, so weak with fatigue I could barely stagger, I stumbled to my bunk, drugged myself with quinine and went to sleep.

Neptune's wrath at the daring little *Firecrest* and her one-man crew for crossing his domain had apparently expended itself in the hurricane and the giant wave that well-nigh dismasted my brave cutter. Had another such sea swept over her while she was disabled by the first, she must have been left a dismantled hulk on a trackless sea hundreds of miles from the paths of transatlantic liners. But maybe I should have made New York somehow, some months later, with a makeshift mast and sail.

The huge sea had proved itself a "fair-weather wave," as the sailors say. It marked the height of the storm and forecast the coming of less boisterous weather. We were now crossing the Gulf Stream and would soon be nearing the course run by the great liners shuttling between New York and European ports. Within a few days I began to look expectantly for their clouds of smoke, and their towering hulls by day and the blaze of their lights as they swept past at night. It was getting cold, and I realized that I was well out of the tropics.

My throat was still quite sore and badly swollen when I turned out at 4 a. m., August 25. But the never-ending damage to my sails had to be repaired no matter whether I was well or ill. Next morning I found two flying fish on deck and that day I had another feast on their delicious flesh—for the last time. By night it was dead calm.

One of the odd spectacles of the sea—a waterspout—and the first one I had seen on the voyage, was put on apparently for my benefit on the following day. A lively squall swept past about a mile distant, carrying a low, black cloud that looked angry enough to do damage. Connecting it with the ocean was a sturdy column of water drawn up in corkscrew fashion as the whirlpool of wind lashed the sea. I had a splendid view of it, but it was impossible to tell where the water ended and the cloud began. A mile was near enough; I was glad to see it pass, roaring off to leeward.

On the night of August 28th, I sighted the first transatlantic liner passing westward with all her lights blazing. After months of isolation, whether you have been lonesome or not, it is pleasant to get back in the traveled lanes and I sat watching that liner as long as her lights showed. I began to feel in touch with people again.

This was really the steamship lane, for next morning, August 29th, I spied another steamer. Through the glass I made out her name and her port. Proudly I hoisted the French national ensign to show the foreigners there were still sailors in France. The *Firecrest* had sailed a gallant voyage. I wanted to share the honors with my country. When the steamship was near enough, I started semaphoring with my arms. This was the message:

"Report yacht *Firecrest*, 84 days from Gibraltar."

It was rather difficult as there was a heavy swell running and I had to cling to the rigging with my legs and feet while I waved my arms. They did not seem to understand my message; they slowed down and came nearer.

From the bridge, the captain, using a megaphone, asked me in broken French and English what I wanted. I had no megaphone, but shouted that I did not want them to stop; only to report me in New York; that I was only out for a little sail, perfectly happy and needing nothing. With a thousand immigrants lining the rails and all talking at once, I could not make myself understood.

The passengers seemed excited and surprised at seeing a small, storm-battered boat and a lone mariner so far at sea and they kept calling out in Greek. I was sorry that I had not brought a set of international code signals. I should have enjoyed a joke at their expense by signaling, "What can I do for you?"

The steamer came nearer, dangerously near. Her great hulk took the wind out of my sails so I could make no headway, and we were drifting together. The *Firecrest* bumped against the steamer's steel side. Her mast barely reached to the lower deck of the big immigrant steamer.

Bumping against the side of this liner, which apparently thought she was performing a work of rescue, the *Firecrest* was in greater danger of being sunk than in any of the storms they were trying to save me from. They threw me a line and I made it fast to the mast. Then I called out to them to haul the cutter forward so that I could get her out of the dangerous position, but was horrified to discover that they had started their engines and were towing the *Firecrest!* It appeared I was to be given an unwanted lift on my way. In vain I shouted to them to cast off, that I wanted no help to reach New York. When I drew my knife and started to cut the rope, they finally understood and cast off the towline.

The cutter's sails filled and she drew away. I congratulated myself on escaping. Then I noticed they were lowering a boat so I hove-to and waited. Two very puzzled young Greek officers, shining with gold braid, came aboard, bringing food and apparently puzzled to know why this madman in a tiny battered boat with shreds of sails refused their help. One of them demanded why I had not steered the *Firecrest* when they were towing her, and nearly undertook to show me how to handle my boat!

WELL, the steamer went on her way with her immigrants cheering the *Firecrest* and waving *bon voyage*. I was glad to be alone again. The food they brought me turned out to be canned fish and brandy. I don't like them, and did not use them.

Then came three days of calm and fogs. The *Firecrest* was right in the lane of the transatlantic liners—a position none too comfortable in the dense, blinding

mists that now blanketed the face of the ocean. Nevertheless, I slept nearly all the afternoon of the first day. Toward evening the siren of a steamer warned me to be on the lookout and for a time I kept the cutter's foghorn going. The steamer passed close, but was invisible.

All my fine-weather sails had been blown away, and with shortened sail resulting from the broken bowsprit, the *Firecrest* made little headway. On the third day of the fog spell, I thought for a little while that one of the liners was going to run me down. I could hear her whistle approaching apparently straight at the cutter from astern; but the *Firecrest* had hardly steerageway and I could not get her out of the steamer's course. There was nothing to do but keep the foghorn going in the hope that the steamer's watch would hear and sheer off in time to let me finish my voyage in a harbor, instead of 200 miles at sea. For a few minutes it seemed likely that I would share the fate of Captain Slocum, the famous single-hander, whose small boat is believed to have been sunk by a steamer in a fog.

But they finally heard my foghorn and signaled that the liner would pass to starboard. The tension was over.

That day I caught an observation and found the *Firecrest* had made twenty miles in the 24 hours, although she seemed to have made little headway. There must be a tide setting westward. Surely I must be nearing land!

There were more signs of the nearness of land the next day, Sunday, September 2nd. The color of the water had changed, porpoises were plentiful—a sure sign that land is near—and there were dead butterflies on the water. It was a glorious sunshiny day. Sighted a four-masted schooner, but not near enough to speak to her.

All that day, and the following one, the *Firecrest* sailed slowly westward; yet no land in sight. Toward three o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, September 3rd, I noticed the gulls were unusually numerous. The reason soon became evident. On the horizon, three miles distant, I sighted a fishing schooner followed by a regular cloud of gulls.

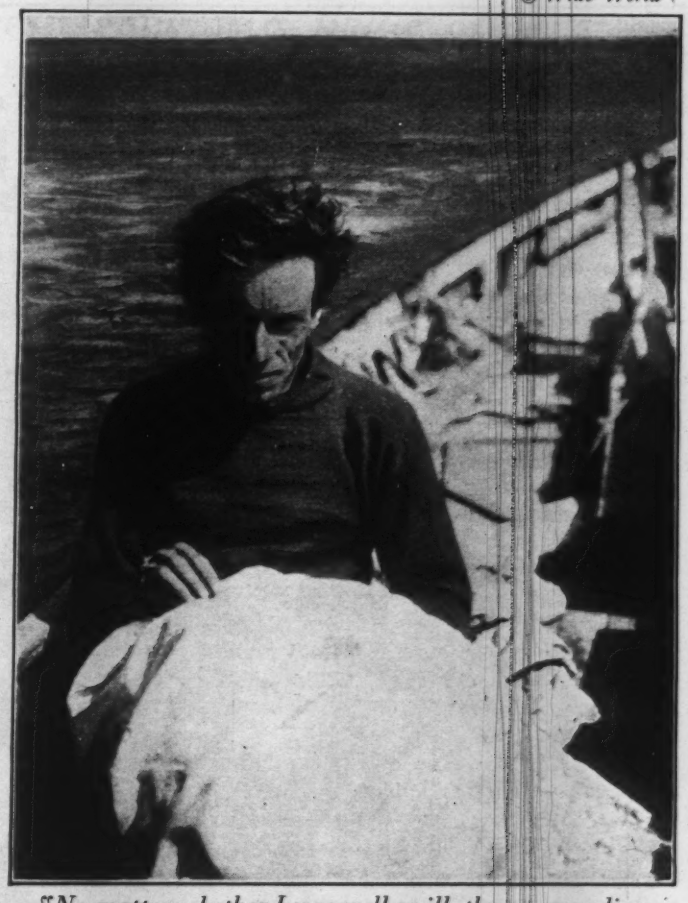
THE wind was very light, and for two hours I sailed toward the schooner. About four o'clock her dories went back aboard the vessel and she headed toward the *Firecrest*. I hoisted my French flag. The schooner passed near and I read her name—the *Henrietta*, of Boston. The crew was busy dressing cod and halibut, but the skipper sent a dory to the cutter. A French fisherman from St. Pierre came on board and blurted out his astonishment when he learned that the *Firecrest* and I came from France.

He asked me to go back to the schooner and partake of their dinner. Leaving my boat steering herself close-hauled and on her course, I went avisiting at sea!

The *Henrietta's* deck was waist-deep with fish. They had struck a real "killing," as they called it. I looked about her cluttered deck and watched the fishermen at work dressing the catch of the day. Below, where the table was set, for the first time in ninety days I tasted fresh bread, butter, fresh meat and pie. What a cook! Never have I enjoyed a meal so much.

Again on deck I had a chat with Captain Albert Hines, who was at the wheel steering right after the *Firecrest*. It was an odd sensation to see my boat sailing away all by her lonesome and calmly holding her course with nobody on board. By this time the fog was beginning to settle down again and at times shut the *Firecrest* from my sight. I began to feel keenly anxious to get back on board her before I lost her altogether. A couple of the fishermen rowed me over. I gave them the bottle of brandy the officers of the Greek steamer had given me. The fishermen returned to the *Henrietta*, I blew some fare-

© Wide World



"No matter whether I was well or ill, the never-ending damage to my sails had to be repaired. I spent hours sewing the rags together only to have them ripped again by a sudden gust"

well blasts on my foghorn, and the schooner faded out of sight in the mist.

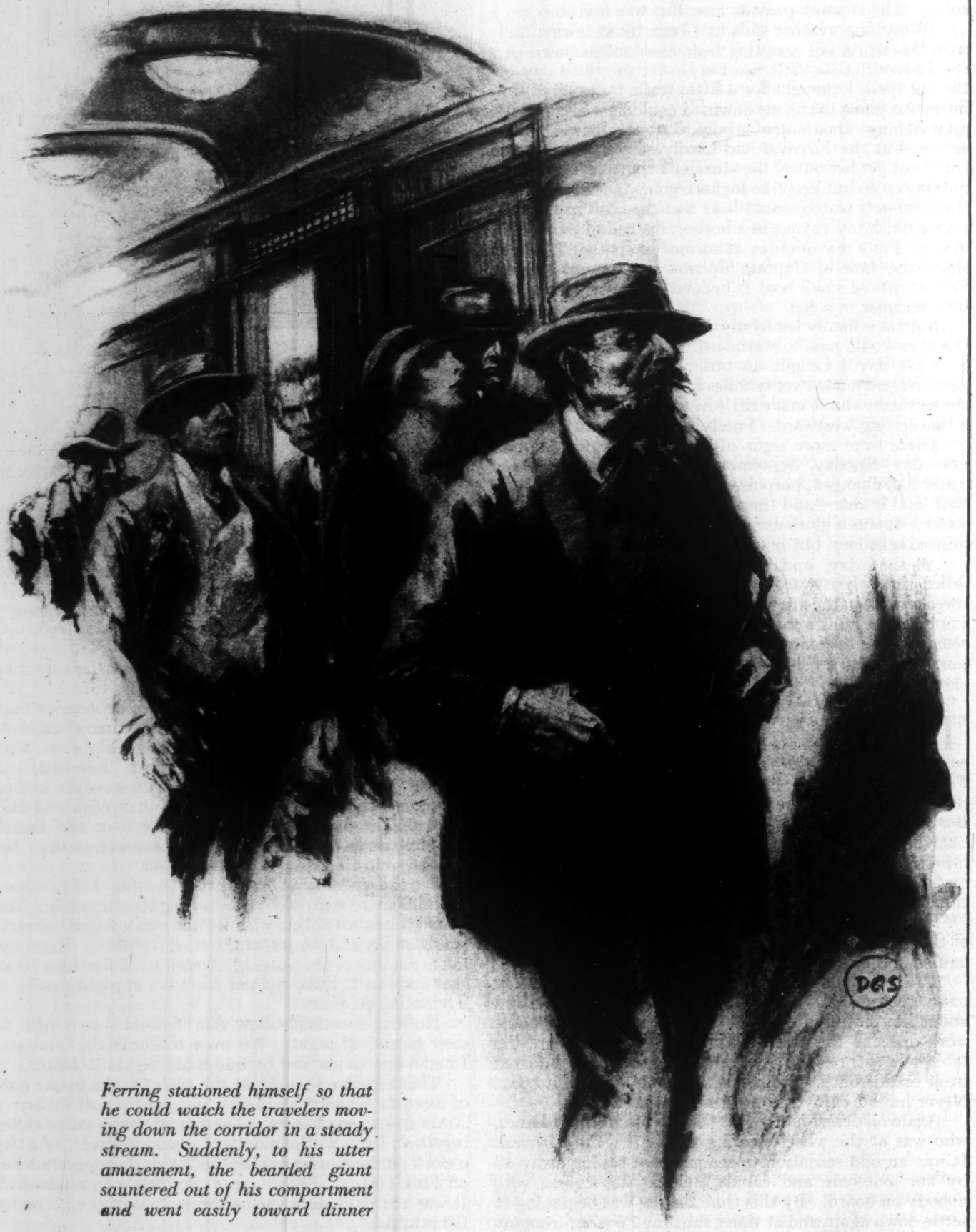
It was on the morning of the tenth of September that I sighted land—Nantucket—for the first time since leaving the African coast a few days out from Gibraltar. But I cannot say that I gave a cheery cry of "Land-ho!" I felt sad, very sad. I realized that it forecast the end of my cruise, that it meant that all the happy days I had spent on the open seas would soon be over and that I would be obliged to stay ashore for several months. No longer would I be king of all I surveyed.

By the evening of the 12th I was in Long Island Sound. There were plenty of passing steamers now. The Sound liners, all ablaze with lighted windows and electric lamps on decks, tore across the starlit waters. Here was the beginning of the pulse of America. To a lone voyager such as I, these lighted steamers at night possess a fascinating glamour.

No longer could I allow the *Firecrest* a free helm to steer herself at night. We were too near the land and I had a course marked by buoys and lights to follow.

This kept me steadily at the tiller for the better part of three days and three nights, and put me under a heavy strain from loss of sleep. The Sound shores came closer together; I was at the mouth of the East River. At two o'clock on the morning of September 15, I dropped anchor off Fort Totten. The cruise of the *Firecrest* was finished. It was 101 days since she had sailed out of the harbor of Gibraltar.

And even as I went ashore I was dreaming of the days this spring when the *Firecrest*, having received the new mast and sails she deserves, will set out again for the Pacific—and a trip around the world, with her solitary pilot at the helm.



Ferring stationed himself so that he could watch the travelers moving down the corridor in a steady stream. Suddenly, to his utter amazement, the bearded giant sauntered out of his compartment and went easily toward dinner

Alan Ferring, Adventurer, Scores Again in a Battle of Wits

A Case in Point

By Edmund Snell

Illustrations by Dudley G. Summers

FATE and the earnest advice of his stanch friend Scardovi had brought Alan Ferring to the comparative seclusion of the Albergo di Genova, at Porto Fino.

Since the night of the attack on the stairs, he had lost sight of Pasqua. She had paused at his side, just long enough to whisper her thanks for his timely rescue, and vanished as completely as if the earth had swallowed her up. A fact that was as inconvenient as it was perplexing, seeing that he had sworn not to leave Italy without her and that while he remained in the country he was in imminent danger of assassination at the hands of the Moving Finger.

It had taken Scardovi fully a week to persuade him to leave Alessandria and even then he had only consented on his friend's assurance that any communication from Pasqua Patrini would be forwarded without delay. He had regretted the decision ever since, for off-season life at this minutest of Mediterranean resorts palled on him. He longed for the lights and the roar of traffic, the infinite possibilities of the crowded haunts of mankind. The grandeur of the coastline, by reason of being too often seen, became commonplace and he wandered the pine-clad slopes of the steep promontory in a state of satiated discontent. Two things alone kept him in exile: the vague hope that the woman of his dreams would discover his whereabouts and come to him—and the parlous state of his exchequer.

Funds were low. This feckless adventurer—with hair like spun silk, a delicate cut of feature and a punch that resembled a horse's kick—had somehow missed the Gold Line when he caught the light in Pasqua's lustrous eyes. A thousand times he reminded himself that she was worth the sacrifice; but equally often he was forced to remember that man must live. The *pension* terms arranged for him by the little lawyer were reasonable to the point of absurdity, but sooner or later his resources would peter out and he would be compelled to leave.

Toward the end of the third week the inn boasted a second *pensionnaire*—an elderly gentleman with a white beard and yellow glasses. Ferring was already at dinner when the newcomer entered, bowed stiffly and took his seat at a far corner of the room diametrically opposite to that occupied by the Englishman. Ferring, whose powers of observation had been sharpened by necessity, noticed that his fellow guest had a crop of white hair that rose straight up from his head, and hands that were well-shaped and well-tended. His clothes were of perfect cut and good material and his tastes—so far as the wine list was concerned—expensive. It struck Ferring as strange that such a man should have chosen so modest a *pension*.

The register proved unenlightening. The stranger had signed himself as H. Alberti, of Rome, the space demanding particulars of the traveler's occupation displaying a faint smudge of ink that might have been a dash—or an accident.

During the next few days Ferring encountered the other frequently, on the cliff road toward Santa Margherita, on the slopes above the hotel and once on the parapet by the lighthouse at the western extremity of the bay. Upon each occasion he appeared to be perusing the contents of a leather-bound volume with an embroidered bookmark.

It was Ferring's custom to stroll out immediately after the evening meal, taking his coffee at a waterside café and returning to the hotel at ten. Upon the last day of the month he varied his course by pausing at the desk to settle his account. The stout woman who presided blinked back at him in undisguised astonishment.

"The signore has forgotten; the account is already settled."

Ferring frowned. "There must be some mistake."

She ran a fat finger down the index and presently displayed a neat column of figures opposite items that included even the meal he had just consumed.

"The illustrious signore will observe that the account is paid."

He clapped a hand to the back of his neck and stared at the ceiling. Presently he brought his eyes back to hers.

"Did I pay it?" he demanded.

"Who else?"

She shrugged her shoulders, spread out her hands with a gesture of ill-concealed impatience and turned to resume the work he had interrupted.

Deeply puzzled, Ferring strode to a window and sought enlightenment from the night-shrouded waters of the bay.

THE unexpectedness of the discovery rendered him momentarily incapable of coherent thought. The attitude of the woman irritated him. The bland suggestion that he himself had paid and forgotten was an insult to his intelligence. He couldn't possibly have paid; he had no means of knowing the exact total, for the account included occasional extras, the cost of which he had never bothered to inquire. The only rational conclusion was that some one had arranged with the landlord that he should be given *carte blanche*. But who? There was only Scardovi, and he had given his word not to allow Ferring to become more in debt than he already was.

He returned to the desk.

"The signora will excuse me, I know; but I insist that some mistake has been made. I am the only person responsible for the settlement of that account, and I can assure you I have not yet paid."

She shook her head slowly from side to side.

"There are only two guests," she reminded him, with a faint smile, "and a mistake of the nature you suggest would be impossible."

Ferring moistened his lips. "It would be equally impossible to confuse the person who actually paid with myself. Perhaps you would be good enough to supply the information?"

"What information, signore?"

"The name of the man who paid that account."

"I can only tell you that your obligations to the hotel are settled."

Ferring glared hard at her, but her stolid features betrayed no signs of emotion.

"May I see the proprietor?"

"The *padrone* is unfortunately in Genoa and it is not certain when he will return."

He stuck his hands deep in the side pockets of his dinner jacket. The fingers of the left came in contact with the olivewood cigarette case that Pasqua had given him in Turin. He withdrew it and the silken cord attached thereto unwound itself like a fantastic serpent. This thrice-knotted, effeminate ornament was the sole token that existed between them; but its importance at this juncture was by no means small, because she had warned him to accept no message from herself unless accompanied by a similar box.

"Pasqua!" The words formed themselves almost unconsciously on his lips. Was it possible that she had done this? The thing worried him. He was baffled at every turn.

A HAZY notion of writing to Scardovi brought him to the foot of the stairs. The door of his room was immediately above him. He had locked it after dressing for dinner—and hung the key in the hall and yet, unless his eyes deceived him, it now stood ajar. A second later it swung inward, a man stepped into the dimly lighted passage, locked it, dropped the key into a pocket and made off without looking around.

Ferring took the steps three at a time. The corridor was empty. He strode past closed, numbered doors until he reached a point where the passage branched to the right, revealing a second and narrower flight designed for the use of the staff. Pursuing his voyage of discovery, he found himself back on the ground floor in the immediate vicinity of the kitchen. A baize-covered swing door brought him to the hall with the key hanging in the place where he had left it.

He unhooked it and returned to his room. Nothing apparently had been disturbed. The larger suitcase was under the bed and the smaller on a trestle by the window. Everything of importance was in the latter and he released the slide locks, pushing back the lid until it rested against the wall. He recoiled in amazement. The passport which had been tucked at one side lay open before him and the visa which authorized him to leave Italy had been canceled! A single, significant sentence was scrawled right across it in ink that was still wet with the impression of an official stamp beneath!

Then as he moved with it nearer the electric bulb, he discovered a pair of spectacles with yellow glasses reposing on the bed. It was assuredly a night of surprises!

Seated on the bed, he examined each discovery in turn. The signature on the passport was illegible; but the glasses were undoubtedly the property of the man who called himself Alberti. Ferring remained for some moments immersed in thought, then folded the document carefully and, slipping the spectacles between the folds, pocketed both. He was not certain in his own mind whether the preoccupied possessor of a white beard and expensive tastes was an agent of the Moving Finger or merely carrying out instructions from the new government. In either case, he was entitled to an explanation.

Acting upon the natural impulse to seek out the man who had invaded his apartment, he opened the door; then pulled up sharply to avoid colliding with Alberti himself who stood immediately outside.

"I have come for my spectacles," announced the Italian calmly.

Ferring gasped. The man's English was as perfect as his sang-froid.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to come in?"

"That was my intention."

There was something in the stranger's eyes that sent Ferring's hand toward the bell.

"I would rather you left that bell alone, Mr. Ferring. The business I have in hand leaves no room for a third person."

"Surely that is a question for me to decide!"

"Just as you like, of course, only—I have you effectively covered from my pocket."

Without removing his eyes from Ferring's face, he withdrew the key, removed it to the inner side and locked the door.

"Look here, Signor Alberti——"

"I merely take these somewhat extraordinary precautions because I understand that you are inclined to be hot-headed. I have no intention of using my weapon—unless you force me to."

Ferring leaned back against the wall and felt for a cigarette.

"Then you are not one of Spalanza's men?"

Alberti started. "I beg your pardon?"

"You have no connection with the society that styles itself the Moving Finger?"

"None whatever." The intruder sat down upon the only available chair.

"Then you will doubtless inform me why you saw fit to raid my room, disfigure my passport and——"

"Pay your hotel bill!"

Ferring took a step toward him. "Surely you are joking!"

"Not in the least. I have your permission to smoke?"

The man drew from the pocket of his coat an olivewood box with a tasseled blue cord knotted three times.

For a space of seconds the two men stared at each other in silence. Ferring, laughing aloud, passed over the spectacles, and the other tossed a small automatic upon the bed.

"I fancy we understand one another! You have come from the Signorina Patrini. She is well? And safe?" he asked eagerly.

ALBERTI nodded. "She was—when I last saw her. You will be discreet enough not to mention her name again while we are together; no names, in fact. I came to Porto Fino because that lady informed me you were a person to be relied upon, a man of extreme courage and an inveterate enemy of a faction known to both of us. The past nine days have given me ample opportunity for observation. Without intending to offend, there are one or two pointed questions I should like to ask."

"Go on," said Ferring calmly.

"You are an adventurer—a man without employment, private income or immediate prospects?"

"That is so."

"You are not particular what business you undertake, providing of course that the pay is big enough to justify risks?"

The Englishman moved restlessly. "I endeavor as far as possible to conform with the laws of the country in which I happen to be."

Alberti glanced up sharply. "Do you?"

Ferring grinned. "It is not always possible."

"That is precisely what I wanted to know. Now, follow me closely. In a very few weeks you will be on your beam-ends. You might even be tempted to reconsider your promise to a mutual friend—and to leave this country altogether. For reasons you will understand later, I desired to keep you here. At this extremely critical period in a nation's history there have come into being many conflicting factions. Without entering too deeply into the political situation, it may be necessary to remind you that there is a party that holds the reins of government and intends to keep them, and another

section of the community that looms very threateningly on the horizon.

"It is the desire of the party I represent to obtain certain information as to the future plans of its only formidable adversary. This can only be achieved by resorting to methods that would in other circumstances be described as criminal. To resort to criminal methods is to risk exposure. In these days no party can afford such risks." He rose suddenly and came closer to Ferring. "Nevertheless, this very vital information must be obtained."

"You want me to get it?"

"I have evidently explained myself clearly! You have had one or two slight brushes with the enemy already. At this moment they are searching Italy for you; sooner or later they are bound to find you."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it. The risk you are about to undertake is no greater than that which you actually run by remaining within our frontiers at all. Up to a certain point you will receive every assistance, and the remuneration is generous."

"How much?" demanded Ferring.

"One hundred thousand lire."

"A thousand pounds!"

"More or less—probably more. The exchange stands at ninety-five."

"And what exactly am I supposed to do to earn this?"

"To-morrow morning at ten-thirty you will find a closed car waiting on the Margherita road at about a third of a kilometer from here. You will board it without question. Meals will be brought to you at stated points and you must on no account leave the car without arrangement with the driver. On arriving at Rome, you will be received at the house of a friend where you will remain until the departure of the De Luxe train for Paris on the twelfth. A sleeping berth, which adjoins that in which the secret messenger of our adversary will travel, has already been secured. The required documents will be conveyed in a green-morocco dispatch case. That case must come into your possession between Pisa and Genoa."

"During the night?"

"Precisely. Immediately you have the case you must find means to stop the train and escape in the darkness. In the event of your achieving this end within reasonable distance of here, you will make your way to this hotel and give the case to the proprietor on your arrival, saying 'For Signor Alberti.' Should you be forced to descend before reaching Rapallo, there is a list of addresses—one for each town—that you will be expected to memorize while in Rome."

"I see. And, provided I return, do I wait for you here?"

"YOU will be free to do as you choose. It is highly improbable that you will ever see me again; unless it so happens that there is a further proposition to put before you. Both your reward and the amended passport will reach you promptly."

"And the necessary expenses for the journey from Rome?"

"Will be provided for at that city."

"And if I fail——"

A queer smile illuminated the other's features.

"If you fall into the hands of the police—you will be treated as a common malefactor. There can be no question of influence being exerted in high quarters to secure your release. This partly explains the high rate of remuneration." His voice dropped. "I want to impress upon you the extreme urgency of your mission. These papers *must* come into our possession. By consenting to embark upon this venture, you are pledged to carry it through. Should your courage fail you, I must warn you——"

"I don't think we need discuss any such eventuality," said Ferring.

"You are prepared to accept our terms?"

"The scheme appeals to me immensely. I am to be given an entirely free hand, of course?"

"Entirely."

"If I secure the booty, nobody is concerned with the methods I employ in getting it?"

"Nobody," the Italian replied. "If the documents come into your hands with comparative ease—so much the better for you."

"If there is any change of plan, you will advise me, of course?"

"I don't quite follow."

"I mean, you are sending me out on a risky quest for a green-morocco dispatch case and its contents. The enemy may be aware of your intentions; they may employ such a receptacle as a *blind*—and find other means of secreting the papers. What I'm trying to get at is—who takes the risk in that case? You or I? Supposing I roll up with a green case such as you have described, but full of the most unenlightening rubbish imaginable, who loses?"

"We do."

"YOU'RE mighty confident! What's to prevent me from palming off a similar bag bought in Rome?"

Signor Alberti adjusted his yellow spectacles and looked at Ferring.

"You will not be the only person traveling on the Train de Luxe, Mr. Ferring!"

"Meaning to imply that I shall be watched?"

"Up to the moment you leave the train."

"And then?"

"From that moment our activities on your behalf will revive. Every effort will be made to hamper the authorities until you have had sufficient time to get clear."

Ferring reached for the other's hand.

"It's a bargain," he said grimly, "but I've got a notion somewhere at the back of my cranium that you're letting me in for a sticky time. By Jove, Alberti! What priceless fools we Englishmen are! I've never seen you in my life before and the chances are I never shall again. Nevertheless, I'm cheerfully risking spending the remainder of my existence in an Italian prison in return for a reward I shall have no means of claiming if you go back on me! I've nothing but your promise, you know."

The elder man produced his olivewood box and dangled the tasseled end before Ferring's eyes.

"And *this*," he reminded him. "You are forgetting the knotted cord!"

During the whole of the journey from Porto Fino to Rome, Ferring never once saw the face of the man who was driving him. The answers to any questions were jerked out in discouraging monosyllables; a fact that worked Ferring up into such a state of nervous irritation that he barely restrained himself from tearing the combined mask and goggles from the creature's head. Presently, the grandeur of the maritime scenery gripping him, he disposed himself at full length on the seat and resolved to make the most of the altered state of affairs.

He cast an appreciative eye around the interior of the vehicle. The graceful lines of the long body appealed to him and the elaborate arrangements made for his com-

With the real case tucked securely under one arm, Ferring swung clear of the moving train

fort served to strengthen the opinion he had already formed of the mysterious Signor Alberti.

Three luncheon baskets were strapped together under the driver's seat and a box of cigarettes tucked into the flap behind a door. There were traveling rugs, a foot warmer and a selection of periodicals.

HIS taciturn companion seemed to be adhering to a carefully planned time-table, flashing past beauty spots at which Ferring would have delighted to stretch his legs and halting in dreary, arid wastes for periods that appeared unnecessarily long. Toward evening these stops became more frequent and of longer duration, and it was three in the morning before the car stole through the deserted streets of a sleeping city and purred gently to a halt in a narrow thoroughfare.

Ferring, who had been dozing, slid his feet to the ground and watched the man descend. Then he pulled on his overcoat and joined him in the street.

Two minutes later he stood alone before an immense, open doorway, a suit case on the pavement by his side and the car that had conveyed him a shadowy phantom throbbing gently into the distance.

He took a quick glance to right and to left; then, squaring his shoulders, possessed himself of his bag and strode forward. The door closed softly behind him and a light was suddenly flashed on. He saw before him a wide staircase at the foot of which a tall, slim man, with curly black hair and humorous slit of a mouth awaited him.

"Signore, *buona sera!*"

"Shouldn't it be good *morning?*" queried Ferring.

"Just as you please. You will be glad to find your room." The servant took the case and made off up the stairs, with Ferring at his heels.

"Is this the place?"

"*Si*, signore. If there is anything you require—the bell is over the bed. Good night, signore!"

Finding that the only thing he desired was a night's sleep, Ferring did not ring. He awoke with the sun's rays stealing through Venetian shutters and the sensation of feeling better linen against his cheek than had been his good fortune for many a long day. The clothes that he had hastily discarded were folded neatly on a chair and, through an opening straight ahead of him, he saw the figure of the man who had greeted him moving to and fro in a white-tiled apartment.

Ferring sat up. "Hello!"

The servant came toward him. "Signore?"

"What's your name?"

"Mario."

"What are your instructions with regard to me?"

"You are to have everything you require, signore. You must not leave this suite except for an hour each day, when you will be free to walk in the garden. Your bath is ready!"

Ferring's bare feet groped for slippers. "And after that——"

"Breakfast, signore—an English breakfast!"

"Ye gods! A bath and a real breakfast! It seems that I'm in clover, *amico mio!*"

The man bowed. "I am glad you think so, signore."

The bathroom door half closed behind him, Ferring glanced back over one shoulder and smiled.

"I thought as much," he murmured to himself. "They've locked the outer door." He examined the window. It was completely and securely barred. "Four gray walls—and an hour's exercise every day! A luxurious form of penal servitude!"

The sole things that seemed commonplace were Ferring's own toilet articles arranged on glass shelves by the inimitable Mario.

Two days before the coup the Englishman pressed the electric bell and summoned Mario.

"I'm to have everything I require?"

"Everything, signore."

"Right-ho! I want a small pocket revolver—an automatic would be best—with plenty of ammunition."

"Very good. A knife?"

Ferring shook his head. "No use for 'em! A little chloroform and some lint—and a green-morocco dispatch case." He ran his finger down the margin of a typewritten document. "The exact description of the case is here; I'll copy it out for you. I've made out a list of certain tools that might prove handy."

"*Vabene*, signore!"

"And, Mario!"

The man turned.

"How am I to reach the station?"

"In a closed car, signore."

"I shall not see very much of Rome!"

"Unfortunately, no! I am instructed that Rome is to see nothing of *you!*"

A moment later Ferring was alone.

Much in the same manner as a pigeon that has been long incarcerated is plunged—at the pull of a string—into daylight, Alan Ferring stepped from the automobile and made for the waiting train. His instructions had been worked out to the slightest detail, so that he could find his way without inquiry.

The sleeping-car attendant took his ticket and ushered him into the compartment reserved for him. He was a little dapper Frenchman with a hooked nose and a smattering of every language under the sun. Ferring summed him up as one with whom money went further than most things.

"Monsieur is expecting some one?"

Ferring started. "No. Why?"

"There are two sleepers in the compartment—and you have reserved both." The man was stowing the green-morocco case in the small rack over the window.

Ferring motioned the attendant to close the door.

"I AM traveling to Genoa with very important documents," he said in a low voice. "I have reason to believe that an attempt may be made to deprive me of them during the journey. For that reason I shall take my meals in the compartment." As an earnest of future generous intentions, he pressed a note for a hundred lire into the other's hand. "If at any time I should be compelled to ring for assistance, I want you to come to me immediately. Do you understand?"

The man's face brightened. "Perfectly, sir."

With well-assumed nervousness, Ferring pointed a shaking finger toward the rack.

"The documents are contained in that case. If anything should happen to me, take the case to the British Consulate at Paris. You will be well rewarded. You have somewhere in which to lock it up?"

"Yes, sir."

"You can also lock the door of my compartment?"

The attendant produced a bunch of keys and held out one of them.

"I do this for the *Courriers du Roi*, you understand."

"Quite. And, in the event of my being attacked from the window, you could enter with that key?"

"Of course."

"Excellent." He glanced apprehensively at the partition. "Who is my neighbor?"

A startled expression came into the other's face.

"A very important personage, sir. I have no interest in politics, but they say he is more to be feared than any

other in all Italy." He brought his mouth close to Ferring's ear. "The Signor Spalanza," he added.

The adventurer controlled himself with an effort.

"Spalanza!" he echoed.

"You have heard of him?"

"Never."

THE man shrugged his shoulders. "He may be a great man, but he is not overburdened with generosity. At the end of the journey it is five lire—or thank you; generally thank you!"

Ferring laughed. "One cannot expect good service without paying for it!"

The attendant had reached the corridor.

"That is very true, sir," he retorted. "Shall I lock you in?"

"Not until I tell you. Close the door, by all means."

He fastened it on the inside.

Of all the people in Italy, he had least expected to be pitched against his arch-enemy. He dropped into a corner, and, resting his head in his hands, began casting his mind back to the point when he had met Alberti. Gradually the real reason for the huge reward dawned upon him. The documents were of such importance that only the leader of the hostile faction would carry them—and the government had no intention of showing Spalanza its hand. They had gone to Pasqua Patrini, or the girl had come to them. She had directed them to Scardovi and Scardovi had furnished his address.

He could imagine the girl's glowing description of his escapade in Turin—when he had pulled Spalanza's ear at the opera and driven off with his car; he could picture, too, the little lawyer rubbing his hands together and relating how Ferring had outwitted the Moving Finger at Alessandria. Small wonder, after that, that he had been selected for the part!

The morocco case was all he had brought with him. The implements supplied by Mario were disposed judiciously over his person and his own suit case was already en route to Porto Fino by another train. He had no desire to hamper himself in his flight, or to leave any incriminating clues behind.

In due course the dining-car attendant announced the first sitting for dinner. Ferring glanced at his watch. It was seven o'clock. He opened the door and, leaving it ajar, stationed himself so that he could watch any movement from the adjoining compartment. Travelers were moving down the corridor in a steady stream.

Suddenly, to his utter amazement, the next door swung open and the bearded giant sauntered out. The scent of his familiar brand of cigar wafted to Ferring's nostrils as the catch clicked shut and the man he hoped to outwit went easily toward dinner. His obvious unconcern knocked the wind out of the adventurer's sails. Either the precious papers were not in his charge or he was sublimely confident in the fear his personality invariably inspired. Whichever the case, Ferring decided that it was an opportunity not to be missed and walked deliberately into Spalanza's compartment.

The solution to the mystery all but proved his undoing. A thickset Italian who had been outstretched on the lower berth sat up with disconcerting suddenness, his right hand groping for a pocket. By a fraction Ferring was quicker on the draw.

"Put 'em up!"

The man hesitated, then, catching the glint in the intruder's eye, obeyed. The adventurer, coming closer, clapped a wad of something over his victim's mouth and nostrils, slipping the elastic to which it was attached to the back of his head.

He bent over the form on the berth. Evidently satisfied, he cast a hurried glance around the compartment. There was no sign of the thing he sought. He threw back the cushions one by one, leaving only that which supported the other's head and shoulders. Presently he rolled the man unceremoniously to the floor and uttered a muffled exclamation. He had unearthed the case. Substitution was the matter of a moment. With all the strength at his command he lifted the unconscious Italian back into his original position and, removing the chloroformed lint, stuffed it back into his pocket. The apartment was full of the sickly smell and he pulled the window down to its fullest extent.

He thrust out his head. The train was racing down an incline and there were clustering lights in the distance. In the excitement he had lost all notion of locality. His mind had been occupied with the matter in hand. Unless the train was behind time, those lights should be Pisa. He had anticipated his program by minutes, but the booty was in his possession and nothing else seemed to matter very much.

Alberti would be pleased—and Pasqua, if ever she came to hear of it. To a man who had been well-nigh penniless, the thought of the possession of a thousand pounds seemed a step nearer to his heart's desire.

He reached up and pulled the alarm. An ear-piercing steam whistle rewarded his effort. He swung a leg over the window frame and looked at the swaying, glittering sets of metals below. The train crossed points to an outer line bordered with grass, with a dark patch beyond that suggested depth. He heard footsteps in the corridor, excited cries and realized that the speed had appreciably slackened. And then, as he nerved himself for the drop, the door burst open and Spalanza plunged in with the attendant at his heels.

Holding on by an elbow and a hand, Ferring covered his enemy.

"The morocco case!" he screamed at the attendant. "He had taken it. I found it in his compartment. It is there—under the cushion. You remember my instructions!"

WITH the real case tucked securely unde. one arm, he swung clear, staggered, ran a few steps and pitched headlong. He was up again in a moment, stumbling down a steep bank in search of cover.

He knew, rather than saw, that the train had come to a standstill, that officials were clattering to and fro in the loose ballast, and wondered what sort of steps Alberti's men were taking to obstruct authority. A lone clump of bushes loomed in the foreground and he threw himself into its shadow.

Suddenly, as he crept further into cover, a tall form swung into view and, following almost the same route as he had taken in his flight, came tearing wildly over the turf, a package clutched under one arm. The man glanced over his shoulder as he passed Ferring's hiding place and the Englishman recognized Spalanza. He was running as if possessed.

The significance of his enemy's panic, the importance of the papers he had been sent to get, the humor of the situation—all struck Ferring at one and the same time. In the rapid sequence of events, the faction leader had found no time to examine the case; he still believed the precious documents to be in his possession and was stampeding with them to a place of safety that the train did not seem to offer.

The swaying shadow vanished in the distance, the pursuers came reluctantly back and the line of carriages jerked presently on its way.

Ferring threw back his head and laughed until he could laugh no more.

The Plexus Kid

How Neurology Helped a Spindling Exponent of the Manly Art to Become World Champion for a Day

By **E. Whitman Chambers**

Illustrations by John R. Neill

"Where'd you get that specimen of awkwardness you sent out to my diggin's last night?" demanded Terry O'Toole

I'VE been looking forward to this day for three years now and it's the happiest day of my life. No, I'm not going to tie on the sign and I'm not going to my mother-in-law's funeral at two p. m. this afternoon. An entirely different psychology underlies my jubilation. I'm a sporting editor, at heart and in fact, and I'm going to break one of the biggest stories in the history of American fistiana. I was just talking the whole thing over with Tommy Sanderson, and we decided that it couldn't do any harm for Old Man General Public to know the real low-down on the phenomenal and mysterious success of "Knock-out" Tom Gallagher, world's heavyweight champion for a day.

Don't think I'm exaggerating the mystery angle of the story. Every fight fan and fanette in the country remembers Tom Gallagher's little henpeck blows—remembers and wonders how in the name of common sense and Allah they ever brought him to the top rung of the ladder. Nearly every day some ambitious sport writer busts out with a story explaining the secret—and every one of them have been wrong. Only Tommy Sanderson, Terry O'Toole and yours truly know the real low-down. It gives me great pleasure, ladies an' gen'emen—aw, what's the use? I'm a newspaper man, my heart's in the game, and it don't take a mind reader to tell the world what a real throb I get out of putting over one of the biggest scoops in the history of the ring.

I first met Thomas Duane Sanderson the day he dropped into the editorial rooms of the *Oakton Enquirer* and told the city editor he was going to work for him. Just like that! No preliminaries, no introduction, none of the usual kowtowing of the cub trying to break into the newspaper game. Frank Buckley was holding down the city desk at the time and old Buck gave him the up and down and asked him how he got that way.

"Had it since birth, like a mole," Tommy replied, grinning. "What's my pay and what beat do you want me to cover?"

It was a new one on Buck, but the old boy was used to playing long shots and I knew by the glint in his optics that he was going to take a chance.

"Twenty-five a week and you cover police," he grunted. "Show up at seven to-morrow morning."

It developed later that Thomas Duane Sanderson had come up to the barrier of life with a terrible weight handicap. His folks were rich and were set on him being a doctor. Tommy had humored them, had gone through college, could sign M. D. after his name, and then kicked over the traces by getting a job as a cub on the *Enquirer*.

Tommy was tall and his clothes hung on him like he was a coat hanger. He was as awkward as a two-days'-old colt and as homely as a baby sparrow. His hair was the color of fresh straw and looked like it, standing up all over his head like the dead hairs in a currycomb. His eyes were just a shade darker, but they had a keenness that didn't seem to match up with their color.

A couple of months passed and Tommy seemed to hold down his job pretty well. Though it's beyond me how he ever did it, with the competition he had and with half a dozen high-class reporters out to scoop him every day. But he had a way of getting under a fellow's skin, of making you like him whether you wanted to or not. And inside of three months there wasn't a man in the plant, from the copy runner to old Colonel Fullerton himself, who wouldn't give Tommy anything from his week's pay check to his last cigarette.

Then Thelma Fullerton came home from college, or wherever she'd been to get the rough edges knocked off, and to learn which fork to start an eight-course dinner with. I'd worked for her old man off and on for something like twenty years and I'd known Thelma since the day she climbed up on a chair and poured a pot of paste over my typewriter.

But this Thelma was some different from the Thelma I'd seen in a starched white dress the night she'd kidded me into going to see her graduate from high school. I'm no hand at painting pictures of women. If she'd been a first-class pug or a thoroughbred stallion, I could tell you how she looked. It's enough to say that I bit my tongue and barked my shins on the edge of my desk the day she breezed into the editorial room.

"HELLO, Al!" she yelled clear across the room, when she spotted me. Then she knocked over six chairs and busted two typewriters before she got to me, threw a pair of white arms around my neck and smacked me right on the lips. She wasn't more than a bantam, but she sure threw a mean hug. I'll say that for Thelma. She wore a great big hat, kind of floppy, a pink-silk sweater and white skirt and shoes. And maybe she wasn't a knock-out!

She blew in just after noon, about half an hour before the home edition was locked up, and I could see visions of a complete disruption of the plant. Every typewriter in the place stopped and every reporter, from the snippy little skirt that was writing society to the old egg that was helping with the editorials, opened their lamps like

they were watching the challenger's rally in the last round of a championship battle.

Then Tommy Sanderson blew in with a last-minute story from the city hall and Thelma spotted him. She smiled all over her face, which made a knock-out of a smile, considering Thelma's face, and shoved me out of the way. I thought she was going to pull another kissing act, but she just grabbed Tommy by the mitt with both of hers and a blind man could see she was tickled to pieces to see him.

"What in the world are you doing here, Tommy Sanderson?" she beamed. "I thought you'd be a famous physician by this time."

HE looked down into her eyes and I could see he was trembling all over, like a kid climbing through the ropes for the first time.

"I didn't like medicine," he said uncertainly. "So I got a job covering police for the *Enquirer*."

Well, that was that. Seems like they'd gone through high school together and was old friends. And when Thelma pulled out and left us with five minutes to get the home locked up, Tommy was her official escort—and every other reporter in the place was wondering how he could stage a disappearing act with Tommy as the main actor and not get held for murder.

When Thelma dropped around the next afternoon, looking as nice and fresh as a polished red apple, the gang took it a little easier, although there was a battle royal in the composing room over who was going to bring the proof into the city desk. The copy boy busted that up right when it was going good by jerking the proof off the hook and running in with it himself.

Thelma dropped into a chair beside my desk.

"Got any passes, Al?" she asked me, right off the reel.

I nodded. I'd been supplying her with passes to the theatres ever since she was ten years old.

"What'll you have?" I grinned, thinking to kid her along a little. "Movie, vaudeville, stock, or a ticket to the fights to-night?"

She never batted an eye—hers weren't the batting kind, anyway—as she said:

"I'll take a pass to the fights if you've one to spare."

Well, no woman can make me back down, not even a knock-out like Thelma Fullerton, and I handed over the pasteboard without a word.

"Going to be there, of course?" she said, slipping the ticket into her purse.

"Sure. Got to cover 'em."

'I'll see you later, then. So long, Al. Got a date for a root beer with Tommy Sanderson."

I worked late that afternoon, hoping that Tommy would come back to the office. Sure enough, along about six o'clock he breezed in to write a few late stories for the first run in the morning. I called him over to my desk.

"Do you know that Thelma is going to the fights to-night?" I asked him.

His straw-colored eyes opened and a kind of a pugnacious tilt came over his chin.

"How do you know?" he asked.

"Because she came in this afternoon and bummed a pass off me."

Tommy looked as serious as a judge about to set the date for a necktie party.

"She can't go down there alone," he growled. "It's too rough a crowd."

I grinned. "That's what I wanted to see you about," I came back. "Here's another pass. You go along and take care of her."

Tommy's red cheeks broke into a smile. "Say, Al, you're a regular sport. Thanks. I'll take care of her, all right. Thanks, old man."

I saw them together in ringside seats that night. Neither one of them seemed as gay and bright as they should have been and I suspected that Thelma had planned to come to the fights alone on a lark and that she didn't take any too kindly to having Tommy break in on her idea of a good time.

After that night Tommy fell into an awful batting slump. He got scooped regular once or twice a day, missed a lot of easy chances, bobbled a lot more, messed up the play of the infield and otherwise gummed things up so bad that the city editor told him unless he settled down and did his stuff he'd give him the air and send him back to the minors. That hurt Tommy's pride a lot and he jacked himself up for a few days and handled two or three big stories like he was a major-leaguer.

Then Thelma passed the word around the office that she was leaving for a year's tour of Europe with her mother and the colonel. And Tommy, by muffing a few fly balls that should have been easy outs and by getting threatened again by old Buck, showed us that he'd started on the toboggan toward writing prescriptions for the colic and housemaid's knee, which is quite a come-down from a police reporter.

Then I got the real low-down on why Tommy had slumped from a top-notcher to the tail of the batting list. It was late one afternoon and everybody had left the editorial room but me. I was busy juggling a lot of pictures of actors and actorines, trying to make a layout for my theatre page, when Tommy and Thelma walked in and parked on the city editor's desk. They must have been pretty much taken up with each other, because they never said how-do-you-do or go-to-the-devil or anything else to me. I had my back to them and kept right on with my picture puzzle. I didn't mean to listen in, but what was I going to do when they came right in and peddled their love affairs at my elbow?

"That's the whole thing, Tommy," Thelma was saying, when they walked in. "You tried medicine and quit it without even hanging out your shingle."

"Hated it," Tommy defended.

"You've tried the newspaper game," the girl persisted, "and you're only a police reporter, and not a very good one at that, I hear."

"Don't care about it, either."

"That's just it, Tommy. You don't seem to aspire to anything. You're just a plodder, stumbling along over the road millions of others have traveled. And where will it lead you? Nowhere."

There was silence for quite a while, then Thelma went on:

"REMEMBER the fights we went to the day after I came home from college, Tommy? Remember those boys in the ring, some of them only kids? Every one of them saw a great goal ahead of him. Every one of them was dreaming of some day being the world's champion. They had ambition, Tommy, they were fighting their way up the ladder toward the topmost rung. None of them may ever get there. But they were in the ring just the same, fighting, sweating and suffering. And with the goal of world's champion ahead of them."

I heard Tommy laugh disdainfully. "You wouldn't want me to do that, would you?" he asked.

There was silence for just a moment, but I knew what the answer would be. Thelma was as game as they make 'em.

"I'd be proud of you if you did," she said.

Tommy's voice was so low and tense I hardly heard his words, "I'll do it, Thelma."

I decided I'd heard enough, so I clumped out to the composing room and talked to the late shift lino operator for a while. When I came back Tommy was sitting on my desk alone.

"Who's the squarest and the brainiest fight manager you know?" he asked me calmly. "One who's got something more than a bullethead and the smell of hair tonic under his hat."

"Terry O'Toole," I answered, without hesitating a second.

"Where can I find him?"

"At the West End Athletic Club."

"Thanks," he said, and started toward the door.

The next morning I was busy hammering out my last story before making up the sport page for the first run when in walks Terry O'Toole, his red hair more bristling than ever where it showed under his checked cap, his freckles bigger and browner, his cauliflower ears sticking straight out from his head. He stamped up to my desk and swung me around in my chair like I was a turnstile.

"A fine kind of an egg you are, Al!" he growled. "What do you think I'm running out there at the West End? A menagerie?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," I came back. "You look like you'd just busted out of a cage in the zoo yourself."

He didn't pay any attention to my compliment.

"Where'd you get that specimen of awkwardness you sent out to my diggin's last night?"

"Tommy Sanderson? Oh, he's our star police reporter," I answered.

"I thought so," he came back. "Put him in ring togs and he'll look more like a pencil than a fighter."

"Oh," I said, making out I was some surprised. "He wants to be a fighter, eh? I thought he went out there to interview you for a first-page story on the handsomest man in Oakton."

Thelma blew in just after noon, about half an hour after the home edition was locked up, and I could see visions of a complete disruption of the plant

"Huh! He don't want to be a fighter. Not much! He just admits he's going to be the heavyweight champion of the world inside of a year. That's all!"

"Heavyweight!" I exclaimed.

"Sure. Says he weighs a hundred and sixty, but with the right kind of training he may take on five or ten pounds more. Ain't it a kick?" he roared.

His laugh kind of got on my nerves. I wanted to grin myself, but my face wouldn't answer the bell. I liked Tommy Sanderson too well, I guess.

"Well," I said, "what are you going to do with him?"

"I'm going to take the money he offered me, train him the best I can, and then put him up against some ham-and-egger at the auditorium. When he hits the canvas in the first round he'll decide he'd better stick to pencil-pushin'."

Just a few minutes after O'Toole had gone, Tommy came into the office, looking serious and determined, and told Buck he'd have to get another police reporter. That suited Buck fine, as he'd been ready to fire Tommy for a week. The boy made the rounds of the desks, shook hands with everybody, and then shoved off.

Thelma and the colonel dragged off for Europe and the next time I saw Tommy was when he climbed through the ropes for the curtain-raiser at the auditorium about a month later. And, though it's a pretty mushy thing for a hard-boiled sporting editor to say my heart went out to the kid. He was so blamed awkward, so thin, so wabbly on his pins that I couldn't help feeling sorry for him. And I've seen hundreds of them just like him trying to break into the fight game, been spattered with their blood and had to push their teeth off my copy paper, and never felt a flutter of the old blood-pumper under my vest.

And when a big bruiser from across the bay, known as Johnny Duffy, imported for the slaughter at the enormous expense of five bucks, climbed into the ring, I

said good-by to Tommy's pugilistic career and his dreams of helping Thelma Fullerton push the family gocart.

Tommy caught sight of me a minute after that and waved a gloved hand toward me. I could see he was trying his best to grin and having a hard time of it.

"Go get 'im, Tommy!" I called to him, although right down in my bones I felt more like telling him to throw in the sponge before the first round began.

The announcer introduced Tommy as "Knock-out Tom Gallagher," which brought a great roar from the gallery. Tommy had about as much chance of knocking out anybody as I'd have getting a job in a hair-dressing parlor.

The fight began and when I saw Tommy walk to the center of the ring and accept a couple of right swings from the big ham-and-egger, I wrote down "K. O.—1" on my copy paper. It was a sure knock-out for the first round. I wouldn't have bet my chances against crashing the Pearly Gates—said chance being worth less than a German ten-mark note—against our new city hall that Tommy would last out the four rounds.

THE kid had no more punch than a floorwalker in the ladies' underwear and about as much form as a decrepit racehorse that has been hauling trucks for the last ten years. He did have a pretty fair brand of footwork, for a first-nighter, anyway, and I could see where Terry O'Toole had at least earned some of his money. Duffy hit the kid with everything but his feet, however, and they were so big he couldn't lift them off the floor. It was slaughter, premeditated and willful. Tommy's blows were pitiful. Little henpecks was all they were.

When the bell came at the end of the first, I almost fell out of my seat. Tommy was still on his feet, breathing hard, but still taking everything that came his way. I couldn't understand it. The big bird he was fighting was no world-beater, but by all the laws of pugilism, and I know them backward, Tommy should have kissed the canvas long before the bell.

I gave him a cheer as he staggered back to his corner, wiping the blood from a badly-opened lip.

"Atta boy, Tommy! You got 'im goin'," I roared.

"I know it," he said, with a sickly grin, and dropped to his stool.

All through the second round Tommy kept after Duffy with his little henpeck blows, hitting him any old place that was above the belt, hammering away at him in the clinches, backing up when the big bruiser got sore and rushed him. The third round started out the same, only Tommy seemed more tired and less able to get out of the way.

Then, along about the middle of the round, I noticed a worried look coming into the eyes of Duffy. I couldn't figure it, because he didn't have a mark on him, except a few little red spots, about as big as mosquito bites, while Tommy was spraying blood all over the ring. But just the same, the big egg slowed down a lot and his blows seemed to lack steam. He was puzzled. Anybody with half an eye could see it. And everybody that saw it wondered. Tommy's puny little jabs couldn't have hurt him a bit.

When the bell came at the end of the third, Duffy started toward the wrong corner, a sure sign he was woozy. And the gallery gave him the merry razz, thinking of course that the fight was a frame-up and that he was laying down. But when I heard the little south-of-Market tough that was Duffy's manager start panning him, I knew it wasn't any frame-up.

But the panning didn't seem to have any effect. When Duffy started out from his corner for the last round I could see he was groggy.

Tommy started to work on him a second after the bell, hammering away with everything he had, which was next to nothing. The big stiff covered up and backed away—and the gallery hissed. Anybody could see that Tommy's blows weren't doing any more damage than a three-months'-old baby slapping its nurse. But Duffy retreated, nevertheless, until his back was against the ropes and he was guarding his head with both mitts, not even trying to counter.

The round hadn't lasted more than a minute before I saw the big stiff's arms drop slowly to his sides and a blank, baffled look come over his dumb face. There he was, against the ropes, with no guard up. And then Tommy became a young demon. Swinging rights and lefts from every point of the compass, he hammered that bird's face until it looked like a beefsteak. There was more gore in the ring than I've ever seen in a twenty-round championship go.

I was holding my breath, expecting the bell every minute, when the big stiff started to get limp and sag down on the ropes. One good blow would have knocked him so cold he wouldn't have come to for a week. But Tommy, at that stage of his ring career, wasn't an adept at good blows. Instead of one, it took about eight before his opponent slumped slowly off the ropes, rolled over once and lay still. He never even heard the referee count him out.

There was a dead silence over the house. When Duffy had started to act groggy the hisses were so shrill they hurt your ears. It was a frame-up, no two ways about it. But even the veriest tyro at the box-fighting game could tell that last round wasn't any frame-up. There was too much of Duffy's blood flying around the ring and he was knocked too cold.

Well, by the time we all recovered enough to use our lungs a little, the announcer was starting to introduce the next two fighters. And that was how Knock-out Tom Gallagher, known to the élite as Thomas Duane Sanderson, was introduced to the realm of fistiana.

The name of Knock-out Tom Gallagher was on the card at the Oakton Auditorium every Wednesday night for three months. Tommy's style got better. Even considering the training ability of Terry O'Toole, I never saw a lad's footwork pick up so fast. The gallery roughs got to calling him "The Dancing Demon." They liked to see him fight because they were always sure of a knock-out. And Tommy never disappointed them, although how he did it got to be the biggest mystery in the city, outside of the Grimes murder.

His punch improved slower than his footwork, although he began to pick up a little muscle around the shoulders and his biceps put in an appearance. Starting as the curtain-raiser, his name worked down on the card until at last he was a main-eventer, and taking on every ham-and-egger that the promoters would risk matching him with.

AFTER he had won three successive main events, Terry O'Toole dropped into the office one morning and blustered up to my desk.

"Just wanted to thank you for throwing that gold mine at me, Al," he grinned. "The kid's a comer!"

I shook my head. "You're crazy as a hoot owl, Terry. I've seen 'em come before, right up to the top. And they always go a lot faster than they come."

"Don't kid yourself, Al. Tommy has the makings of the heavyweight champion of the world."

"What?" I roared. "And him tippin' the beam at a hundred and sixty?"

"A hundred and seventy-two," Terry corrected. "And putting on muscle every day."

I laughed up into his red face. "All right, Terry. We'll admit he's a comer. How in the devil does he do it?"

"Don't think I'd spill it to you, do you?" Terry guffawed. "Not a hope, Al. The kid and I have got that under our hats and that's right where we're going to keep it."

"All right," I grunted, making out I was sore. "This is my busy day."

"You got nothin' on me," Terry came back. "I'm packin' up to go East. And do you know why I'm goin'? Well, I'll tell yuh. I'm goin' to match the kid with the top-notchers."

That was that, and once again I almost fell off my seat. Well, later in the day Tommy came in to tell us all good-by. He looked as fresh as a daisy and had all the confidence of the head of a detective bureau investigating a murder.

"I'm going to win the championship, Al," he told me, confidential-like. And I, like a dub, cheered him on and told him he could do it, although I knew he'd get knocked on his ear about one minute and thirty seconds after he stepped out of the ranks of the ham-and-eggers.

But Tommy didn't get knocked on his ear. Far from it. He won six fights by knock-outs and put New York in an uproar over his peculiar style and the mystery of those henpecks that we Oaktonites knew so well. Three months after he left home, I got a wire from Terry. It read:

Want high-class press agent. Grab a rattler if you can qualify. Pay one hundred a week to start and two hundred after we win the championship.
TERRY

I didn't mean to listen, but what was I going to do when they peddled their love affairs at my elbow?

Once again I thought my chair was where it wasn't. Anyway, I'd never seen the big town and I needed a rest from sports and theatres and rewrites, so I asked old Buck for a leave of absence and hopped a flyer for little old New York. I got there the night of Tommy's seventh fight in the East and just crashed the gate in time to see him knock out Tony Mazerra in the fifth round of a scheduled twelve-round fight.

The kid had improved a whole lot. But he still depended on his footwork and those little henpecks. How he could knock out an experienced old-timer like Mazerra in less than five rounds was more than I could figure. But it was the same old story, Tommy taking everything his opponent had for about three rounds, getting him groggy in the fourth and beating him to a pulp in the fifth. And he was sure acquiring grace and precision in the last and most important detail, hammering his man into the rosin.

WELL, I got in my dirty work with the newspapers, mystery stuff, mostly, and the sporting editors grabbed everything I had to offer. They began boosting Tommy for a match with the champion about the time Terry O'Toole began camping on the doorstep of the champion's manager. Jim Ballard was the champ then, of course, poor old Jim, who won it on a fluke and held it for a year while he played the vaudeville circuits. Then, before Terry could get a match signed up, Jim let his manager make the fatal mistake of accepting the challenge of Battling Moreau, the French panther.

The battle was staged over in Jersey and every one knows how it turned out. It was the same old story of a good little man and a poor big man, the age-old fight between the bull moose and the timber wolf. And I don't think there are many men who saw the bout but what look back on that eleventh round with a kind of a sick feeling around their hearts. I know I feel it, hard-boiled as I am, when I think of the championship slipping off of poor old Jim Ballard's battered shoulders and being carried across the pond to France.

Moreau's return to Paris, they tell me, was a greater triumph than Joffre's—and it made Terry and me feel sicker than poisoned cats. Jim Ballard, if we could have got the match, would have been a set-up for Tommy. Jim was the slow, plodding kind of fighter that Tommy ate up. It would have been a cinch. But Moreau, the panther, was different. Fighting with much the same style as our boy, he was more graceful and a whole lot more deadly. The Frenchman had a punch and at least ten years of ring experience behind him. Tommy was as green as a farmhand and had only his little henpeck jabs.

Tommy was crazy for a match with the Frenchie, but Terry and I did our best to talk him out of it. He was too green; we wanted him to wait a year or two and learn a little more of the game and develop a little more muscle. But we might as well have wasted our breath trying to talk the Statue of Liberty into doing a shimmy. Tommy was determined, and determination with that kid meant just one thing; he had his own way.

So about a month after Battling Moreau had tucked the championship under his belt and shoved off for Lafayette's late home, Terry O'Toole boarded a Blue Star liner for Bordeaux and, ultimately, the front doorstep of the new champ's manager. I was left in charge of Tommy and had nursed him through two more scraps, which he won by knock-outs, when we got a cable from Terry. It read:

Match signed for July twelfth. Cut loose with your hot air and do what you can to swell the gate. Send Tommy and five of the best sparring partners you can find to Paris on first boat. TERRY.

Of course Tommy was wild to go, but after I got him and the gang aboard and went back to my hotel, I felt like I had done a pretty low thing in putting him aboard the packet. However, I got busy on the publicity proposition hammer and tongs. And I think I had the best field to work on of any press agent since the bird that handled the propaganda for the Civil War. Tommy was a mystery to the world of sport, a human enigma that you just couldn't figure. And then there was the chance of bringing the title back to the land of ham and eggs and Fog-horn Murphy.

By the time I grabbed a packet out of New York on June twentieth, there was more excitement in the air over the battle than there had been over any bout since the Johnson-Jeffries go. A boat had been chartered already to take the fans across the pond and from the way things were shaping up when I left, it looked like at least another ship would have to be turned over to them.

I found Tommy and Terry hard at work in a little suburb outside of Paris, where they had established training quarters.

"Well, how's she goin', kid?" I asked Tommy, when I breezed into the joint.

"Great, Al!" he beamed. "I'm sure I'll win, aren't you?"

I was a long ways from sure, but I knew it was too late to discourage the kid, so I put on the big front and told him it was a sure-thing cinch. That cheered him up a lot and he went back to work hammering them sparring partners of his all over the ring.

"Heard anything of Thelma?" I asked him casual-like, at supper that night.

"Who?" he asked, looking at me suspiciously.

"Thelma Fullerton," I said hurriedly. "She's supposed to be over here some place."

"Is she?" he said, and went on murdering his beefsteak.

The day of the great fight dawned warm and clear and we could hear Paris celebrating the fall of the Bastille way out where we were in the suburbs. It kind of made me homesick, all that celebrating, that I knew right down in my bones was going to be followed by another victory for Battling Moreau.

WE all drove out to the arena in a machine and slipped in under the bleachers to the dressing room. I stood there with Terry and the rest of the boys while Tommy climbed into his ring togs. After he'd had his hands taped he dropped on the rub-down table and asked all but Terry and me to go out of the room.

When the boys had filed out he grinned at me.

"Al, you've always wondered how I was able to win a fight, haven't you?" he asked.

I looked kind of foolish, I guess, but I did my best to act casual and grinned back at him.

"You're just good, that's all, Tommy."

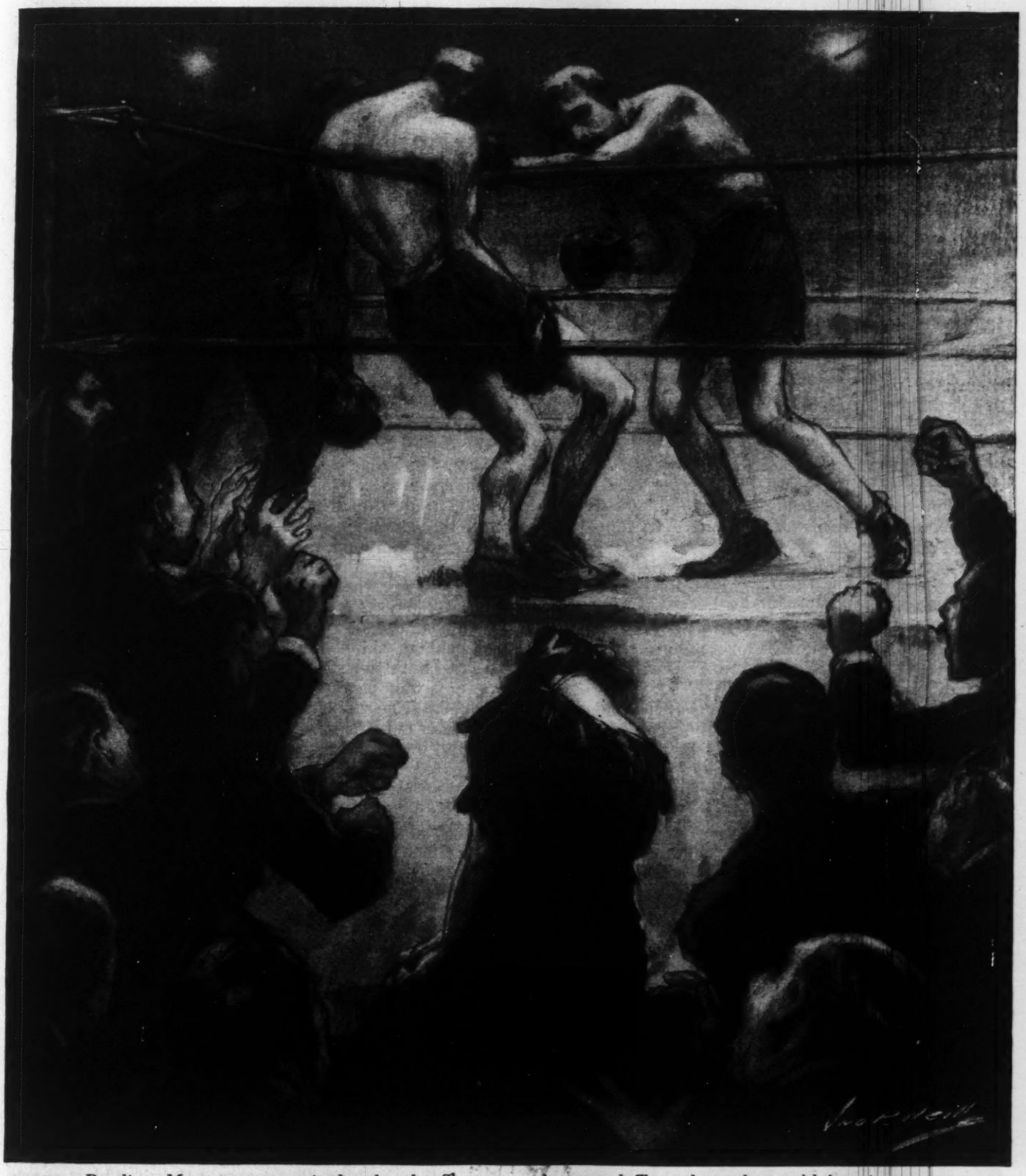
I saw by the look in his eyes that I didn't get over.

"No, I'm not just good, Al, and you know it." He paused. From the bleachers above us I could hear the roar of the crowd as they filed into their seats. It was a hostile crowd, save for a pitiful little handful that could pay the price to come across the pond. The referee was English and, I suspected, hostile to us, too. It looked like everything was against us and I didn't feel any too chipper.

"Al, this is my last fight," he went on slowly. "That is, it's my last if I win. And I know I'm going to win."

"Your last fight, Tommy!" I burst out. "You're not quittin'?"

"Not until I win the championship," he said, with his



Battling Moreau never raised a hand. Tommy and me and Terry knew he couldn't raise one. The man was out on his feet, but Tommy kept whaling away

easy confidence. "But that will be to-day, and after to-day I'm through."

I turned to Terry. "Is that right?" I asked.

He nodded, kind of woefully.

"I'm going to retire as champion, and let them settle who will get the belt anyway they want to," Tommy explained. "Anyway, as this is my last fight I thought I'd tell you how I've always won."

My eyes popped out at this.

Tommy grinned a little as he continued. "Terry calls me 'The Plexus Kid.' Know what a plexus is, Al?"

"I know what a solar plexus is, if that's what you mean."

"That's one of them. There are about fourteen plexi above the waist, Al. They're really nerve centers. You have one in your elbow you call your crazy bone. You know what happens when you hit it on something. It paralyzes your arm. You remember I studied medicine. One of the things we leaned in medical college was the exact location of every nerve in the human body. I could find them on you with my eyes closed. I know exactly where to hit and how hard to strike any nerve

center to make an impression on it. And the constant hammering of a nerve center creates temporary paralysis, Al."

I nodded vacantly, remembering those little henpeck blows of his that had set the whole country to wondering.

"Some of the plexi are well under the flesh, almost perfectly protected," he went on. "It takes a lot of careful, accurate pounding to affect them. Some of them I have to use the thumb of my glove on, they're so small and so well buried. You probably thought I didn't have brains enough to clench my fist when I struck a blow. I do most of the hammering in the clinches. I guess my opponent often thinks I'm crazy, wasting my strength with those little blows, some of them on parts of his body that no other fighter would ever think of striking. But sooner or later they have their effect. Sooner or later he begins to feel a grogginess creeping over him, he has trouble getting steam behind his punches. Then the end comes fast. He gets so he can hardly raise his hands to guard himself. Finally they fall to his side, the whole upper part of his body practically paralyzed. Then it's no trick at all to polish him off."

He had just finished when we heard a pounding on the door of the dressing room. Tommy got to his feet. I rushed up to him and held out my hand, although I felt like throwing my arms around him. His taped fingers clasped mine tight.

"Good luck, Tommy, old kid," I said. "Remember, we're rootin' for yuh every minute to bring the old title back to God's country."

HIS eyes sort of dimmed for a minute and I remembered that this battle meant a lot more to him than just grabbing off the title.

"I'll win, Al," he said at last, sort of choking over the words. His two arms reached out and went around Terry and me. "We showed 'em once how Americans can fight, in the Argonne and at Château-Thierry, and on the Marne, and we'll show 'em again, just for old time's sake, right here on the edge of Paris in their own arena. Come on, boys, let's go."

He pushed open the door and, with his arms still around us, we walked down the aisle toward the entrance to the ring. Terry and I shoved him up the steps ahead of us.

Then a roar like you never heard in your life went up, the kind of a yell you hear when the star batter lifts one over the right field bleachers, only a whole lot more. As I found my seat I looked around. And there on one side of the ring was a little handful of honest-to-goodness Americans. There weren't many of them, compared with the army of Frenchies that packed the big arena to overflowing, but they were all together and they let the whole of France know they were there.

They were all jumping on their seats and waving American flags and throwing their hats and yelling their heads off for Tommy Gallagher, all except one, down in the front row. Must be a Frenchie, got in by mistake, I said to myself. Then I looked closer. It was Thelma.

My heart came up in my throat all of a sudden. She was sitting there perfectly still, with all that bedlam around her, and her face was white as chalk. She never moved all the time the demonstration was going on, never shifted her position an inch when the champion climbed through the ropes, while the announcements were made and the camera men did their stuff—and never took her eyes off Tommy, sitting calm and straight in his corner in his faded old bathrobe. I realized that she had never connected "Knock-out Tom Gallagher" with Thomas Duane Sanderson.

Then the referee called the men to the center of the ring, droned out the usual instructions. Two bathrobes sailed toward the ropes. Came the clang of the gong and the fight was on.

I guess everybody in the United States read about that historic battle. But I saw it from a little different angle than any of the newspaper boys and I guess the story is worth repeating.

Battling Moreau was well named the panther. Litheness, agility and speed screamed out from every one of his smooth muscles as he flashed across the ring and sparred about, feeling out his man. Tommy sparred for a moment with him and then slipped into a clinch. I saw those little henpeck blows of his hammering away at the Frenchman. Puny little taps they were, not hard enough to hurt a two-year-old baby. But I knew that every one was aimed at a tiny definite spot over some nerve center; I knew that sooner or later, if Tommy could stand the pace, they would do their work and leave the Frenchman helpless.

Moreau was grinning when the referee broke them, and the crowd of Frenchmen were hooting and jeering at Tommy. I turned around in my seat and yelled back at them, for I knew the game now, knew that Tommy Sanderson wasn't as big a fool as they thought he was.

I turned around just in time to see Tommy let a right slip through his guard and connect with his chin. It staggered him a bit and he fell into another clinch. And again those peculiar little trip-hammer blows got in their work. Fifty thousand Frenchmen began hooting, but Tommy kept as cool as the well-known cucumber.

When the bell rang for the end of the round the Frenchman skipped back to his corner and Tommy walked back to his slowly—I could tell it wasn't going to be any walk-away for our boy. I glanced around at Thelma. She sat slumped in her seat, white and shaken. She saw me this time and waved a tiny gloved hand toward me. But no smile came over her drawn face as she gazed at me with those big brown eyes of hers. Then the gong sounded and I turned back to the ring.

The second round was trying for Tommy. Moreau connected once and sometimes twice when our boy dove for a clinch and every time they stood back and exchanged blows, it was always Tommy who got the worst of it. The Frenchman had already drawn blood, although he was as fresh as a daisy himself. And as round after round reeled by it got worse.

At the end of the sixth Tommy was staggering a little as he went back to his corner. I heard O'Toole whispering to him, but I saw that Tommy hardly heard his words. He was getting a terrible beating and for the first time since he had given me the low-down on his style, I began to lose hope. It didn't seem possible that any man could stand up under the terrific punishment the little Frenchman was meting out. I watched Moreau in his corner, gulping air into his powerful lungs and flexing his back muscles on the ropes. There wasn't a mark on him. No, there were just a few little red spots, one of them on his neck, another at the pit of his stomach. Tommy was doing his stuff, all right, but I was sure now he'd be too late.

TOMMY came up for the seventh with one eye completely shut. He walked on his heels, lifelessly. All his old fire and determination seemed gone. But as he put up his guard weakly, dodged a right uppercut and fell into a clinch, I knew that he was a long way from losing hope.

The fight went on for two more rounds and at the end of the ninth Tommy had to be led to his corner by the referee. Both eyes were nearly closed and the kid's face looked—well. it didn't look like a face at all. It looked

like something you'd seen in a butcher shop. I knew the game was up.

Turning, I looked at Thelma. Her head was in her hands and she was sobbing. I knew she loved Tommy, had seen it in those big eyes of hers when I first spotted her, and I knew that every blow of the Frenchman's hurt her as much as it did Tommy.

I'd never seen Thelma cry before, at least since she grew up, and it decided me. I slipped over to Tommy's corner and cupped my hands.

"For heaven's sake, Terry," I whispered, "throw in a towel. Don't let 'im kill the kid."

Quick as a flash Tommy turned on his stool and looked at me through one rapidly closing eye. I hope no man ever looks at me that way again.

"You shut up, Al!" he said hoarsely, through his swollen lips. "This is my fight, not yours."

Then the bell rang and he stepped out slowly for the tenth. He just about had to feel his way, falling into clinches whenever he could, standing up and fighting wild when he had to and walking away when he could get away. Everybody has read about that tenth round, how Gallagher, blind as a bat now, stood up and took everything that came his way and gave back only those futile little blows of his. When the round ended even the Frenchies were yelling for the referee to stop the fight. And the little handful of Americans were pleading with tears in their eyes.

When Tommy slumped down on his stool like a dead man, sprawling all over the ropes, I saw Terry grab a towel and whisper to the kid. I could hear Tommy's words and I'll never forget 'em: "You do and I'll kill you, Terry. He's weakening. I know I can get him."

The bell came again and Tommy, groping blindly, staggered to the center of the ring. A single right uppercut and he was down. The referee started to count and at seven Tommy was on his feet again, clinching and pounding away.

But after that Moreau's blows seemed to lack steam, he seemed to slow up. Every one thought he was getting tired. But I knew better and Tommy knew better, I could see it by the way the kid braced up. There were two more knock-downs and Tommy took the full count of nine on both of them.

MOREAU, showing plain that he was getting desperate as he felt that slow paralysis creeping over his body, lashed out furiously in the last minute of the round. And it was the end of the fight, I could see that. A terrific right swing and Tommy went down. I prayed it was for keeps. The count started and the kid never moved. At seven he raised a feeble hand, tried to pull himself together. Eight! Nine! Then the gong!

Terry rushed in and lifted him to his feet, carried him to his corner. And all the time Tommy was shaking his head and mumbling brokenly. I never expected to see the twelfth round. Terry would throw up the sponge before the bell, the referee would award the fight to Moreau, something would turn up to stop it. But the bell came and again I saw Tommy stagger from his corner, blind, groping, feeling for his opponent. I looked at the Frenchman and when I saw his eyes I jumped up.

"Go get 'im, Tommy, old kid!" I yelled at the top of my voice. "You got him goin', kid. Bust him one!"

A pop bottle bounced off my shoulder and some one yelled from the section of Americans:

"Sit down, you fool! He couldn't bust an eggshell."

I sat down quick, just as the two men went into a clinch. And it was the first time in the fight that Moreau went willingly, without hanging one on Tommy. I caught the swift flash of the kid's glove and knew that he was still pounding on the Frenchman's plexuses. The fighters hung in the clinch for a long time, the referee trying to separate them and both men trying to hold on. At last they broke and when I saw Moreau's arms hanging limp at his sides I tore off my collar and showed the Frenchies how an American can yell.

Tommy must have heard me because he waded in all of a sudden. Pushing his man awkwardly, swinging feebly, he shoved him into a corner against the ropes and started to work on him. New life seemed to come into the kid's aching body, new strength into his battered muscles. Holding Moreau against the ropes with his left, he swung his right again and again against the Frenchman's face.

AND Moreau never raised a hand. Tommy and me and Terry knew he couldn't raise one. The blood came, spilling slowly over the Frenchman's face from a cut above his eye. The man was out on his feet, but Tommy kept whaling away, his blows getting weaker and weaker until at last they stopped altogether. The kid staggered back, his knees shaking and ready to drop him on the canvas. Then Battling Moreau, the pride of France, slid slowly off the ropes into a crumpled heap and lay still.

The referee didn't even bother to count him out. Crossing to Tommy, he raised a trembling arm into the air. And as Terry and I dove for the ring, the kid gave up and dropped like a rock.

Well, it ain't sacrilegious or even profane to say that hell broke loose about that time. They're the only words that fit. That little handful of Americans went stark, raving mad, yelling, fighting each other, tearing their clothes, and otherwise making darn fools out of themselves. And the Frenchies didn't leave 'em far behind. They forgot that a Frenchman had just lost the title, that it was going back across the pond. They just stood up on their hind legs and yelled their lungs out for Tom Gallagher, the gamest man they ever saw.

But Tommy didn't hear none of it. With about a hundred gendarmes breaking a way through the mob that stormed the ring, Terry and me carried him out through the little passageway to our dressing room, and started to work trying to bring him to.

Tommy was still out when, about fifteen minutes later, we heard a feeble knock at the door. My heart gave a jump. I knew who it was all right and I only opened the door a little crack. There stood Thelma, her face all streaked up from cryin', her eyes bloodshot, her clothes torn and dirty from pushing through the mob.

I shook my head before she could say anything. Then:

"Please," she said softly, just the one word.

I was shaking my head again when I heard a movement on the table behind me. I turned around and saw Tommy sitting up, his face all puffy and red and cut, his eyes still swelled shut.

"Thelma!" he said. He could just whisper the word.

I guess it would have taken a good college football team to have held the line at that door right then. I know that that frail little kid knocked me and Terry aside when we tried to stop her and rushed up to the table and dropped to her knees on the floor beside Tommy.

I heard her whispering to him, little babyish things, mixed up with tears, that Old Man General Public don't need to know. Then I grabbed Terry, mystified, but beginning to get a little of the low-down on the state of affairs, and jerked him toward the door.

"Come on, you big ape!" I grunted. "She'll do more for him than we can."

And we went back into the arena and let the madmen mob us to their heart's content.

Old Nick's Protégé

The Story of a Thrilling Plunge Into the Heart of London

By Major "Tom" Vigors

Illustrations by Theodore Van Gorp

"ENEMY airplanes in considerable numbers crossed the southeast coast shortly before 11 o'clock and dropped bombs at a number of places. Some of the machines reached the London district where bombs were dropped shortly before midnight.

"One of the searchlights was seen to pick up one of the raiders and to hold it in its beams for some minutes, until one of the anti-aircraft guns in the same area directed a stream of shells at the machine.

"Shells were seen bursting high in the air and countless searchlights were scanning the sky very closely. A number of our machines went up in defense and pursuit."

In such meagre manner did the newspapers of England and America describe certain events of the war which to those of us who participated in them were the most thrilling and nerve-racking experiences imaginable. Very few accurate accounts of the air battles incident to these historic raids on London have ever appeared in print. It was my doubtful privilege, during the latter part of the war, to play a brief and hair-raising rôle in one of them; the recollection of that adventure stands out vividly among all my memories of the war.

During one of the raid periods, Shorty and I, together with many of our friends, were temporarily in England, attached to a defense squadron.

Our flight was detached from the main squadron and operating on its own from a small airdrome situated just outside a very small village near the east coast. There were only about fourteen of us and altogether it was a very comfortable billet, and as Shorty aptly put it, "Just what the doctor ordered."

For amusement, we either went a few yards down the road to the tiny village inn and indulged in singsongs at the piano, or else played bridge or poker in the mess. In the daytime, when not testing out the planes or practising bomb dropping, football claimed us. Occasionally we went out to the county town and visits to London were fairly frequent. It will readily be seen that it was a simple life compared to the one we had been leading in France and we were all beginning to think we were having a real holiday at the expense of the government.

On several nights we had scare calls that the Huns were approaching the southeast coast and prepared to get off into the air. Sometimes the denial came through before we got off and at other times it was only after a lot of weary patrolling that we returned to learn it was another "fizzle," as it was termed.

One night Shorty and I were up on an ordinary patrol when we ran into some bad weather and a heavy rainstorm. In no time we decided that the ground was the place for us and, with that end in view, proceeded to pick out a good landing place, or the best we could find under the circumstances. On the best of nights a forced landing is not a thing of joy and is attended with no small risk and it was with a distinctly unhappy feeling that we spied a country mansion with a spacious field in front. As we had come down very low to be able to see to the best advantage, and did not feel inclined to look for anything better, we prepared for a rough bumping.

We Ruin a Beautiful Lawn

AFTER a few exciting moments of hair-raising escapes from the tops of trees, we managed to make a very bad landing in the field. Gradually the bus trundled to a stop only a few yards in front of the house, and it was then we discovered that we had torn up and practically ruined a beautiful lawn. The dark patches I had observed when landing must have been flower beds. "Must have been" are the right words to use in this case, for they were no more. In due course a stout gentleman rushed up to us, gesticulating and talking wildly. I since believe he feared we were Germans forced down.

After we had climbed out and apologized for disturbing him in such a manner, and had assured him that the government would pay for any damage we had unwittingly caused, he calmed down and invited us into his house, where we were made very comfortable for the night, and over several glasses of good old port we all

became fast friends. These are some of the minor incidents of flying.

Two evenings afterward, about eight or nine o'clock, we received orders to have all defense planes out and tested, ready for getting off at a minute's notice, and for the next half hour or so everybody was busy down at the sheds. To me the night did not seem very good for long-distance raids on London, although it would have been good enough for short work in France.

After testing and lining up the airplanes, we all got back into the mess and had supper. Every one thought this was another scare call and made studied comments on the merits and demerits of the staff work of the Defense Corps. If headquarters could have heard some of our remarks they certainly would have been pained and surprised. Incidentally, so would we.

However, the staff were right and we were wrong After a game of roulette had been started and we were busy losing our "hard-earned pay" a call came through to say that Huns had crossed the coast and were heading in the direction of London. Orders were to get off without delay. With a scramble, the roulette outfit went one way, chairs another and all made for the door at once. Kits were hastily donned and in a few minutes the engines were roaring away on the field. The ground flares lighted up, and one by one the planes jumped off, the navigation lights twinkling as they circled the drome at varying heights.

Shorty and I were in the last bus to take off. After he had fired a few rounds into the ground from his Lewis gun to test it, we shot along the flares, took off and, after turning, made straight off east toward the coast, without worrying about getting height over the airdrome.

It was very soon apparent that everything was not as it should be for a joy-ride at night. Low mist was about in plenty, with thick banks of clouds toward the coast and slightly to the southeast. Evidently the weather was better farther south or the Huns would not be out.

Climbing steadily, we swiftly approached the coast and were soon out of sight of the other fellows. Every one had worked out the route to London on a different point and height, to avoid any possibility of confusion and collision. When London was reached we just had to trust to luck.

In no time we were in the clouds and climbing through, everything becoming clammy and wet from the swirling mist. It only seemed a little time before we climbed through the bank and then saw that the clouds were lying in a thick double strata. Flying between the two, as we were now, it was a beautiful and wonderful sight, even in the darkness, for the navigation lights threw tiny beams up on the clouds, causing fantastic shadows and figures to appear and disappear. However, we had little time to admire the beauty of anything. Judging ourselves to be as far east as we wanted, we swung south and commenced to climb through the top layer. This was much thicker than the lower one and it was some little time before we nosed up through it.

As we looked around I began to wonder. As far as

Just scraping the house tops, we slipped over a street toward a black patch

our eyes could see there was nothing but cloud under and around us. How Huns came to make a raid on a night like this was beyond us, but, as we were about sixty miles from London, or rather the center of London, it was fair to assume that we had just struck a bad local patch.

Opening fully up we continued south, but after fifteen minutes we were still flying over clouds. Feeling a little uncertain and decidedly uneasy, I throttled down and shouted to Shorty that I was going down to find out exactly where we were.

Down we started, both of us keeping an eye on the gyroscopic stabilizer fitted in the bus for cloud flying. With occasional clear patches, we dropped down 4,000 feet and as we were still in clouds I felt convinced that something was wrong. The probability was that we had got entirely off our course, as it is a very difficult matter to maintain an accurate course in clouds, in fact almost impossible. Sometimes it is not possible to tell when one is on an even keel. When we started down we were only 6,000 feet in the air and I felt positive the clouds were not more than a couple of thousand feet thick when we climbed up.

We Find the Ocean Beneath Our Plane and Wonder How it Got There

BY now I had no idea at all of our position. It was absolutely imperative to get our bearings, however, so we continued down and with a feeling of thankfulness we broke through the clouds when the aneroid showed the 700 feet mark. Banking the bus over, we looked down to get some idea as to where we were. Neither one of us expected to see what we did.

With a wild yell, Shorty waved his arms violently. Underneath us was nothing but the dark rolling sea. Only one word shot through my mind and that was "west." Turning, we headed, with engine full on, in that direction. My mind was in an absolute whirl. How on earth did the sea get there? I should have reversed the question and asked myself how we had got over the sea.

Sprawling over toward me, Shorty yelled out:

"Well, you're a blinkin' fine fellow to come flipping with. Here you go and lose us in no time. We're not out after submarines."

I was not in the mood for joking, so said nothing. All I wanted to see was good solid land beneath us.

Gradually what had happened began to dawn on me. When we had climbed through the lower bank of cloud in the first place, we must have shot past our turning point for south. We had intended to follow the coast down to London. Since turning south we had actually been flying away from land all the time, as the coastline here slopes toward the west right down to the mouth of the Thames. Figuring this out, it was plain that if I turned south again, I should hit the south side of the mouth of the Thames and get on to the North Foreland Shore. However, I did not relish the idea of having the sea beneath us, so I flew west.

Already we could roughly make out the coastline. With a rush we shot over a small steamer, probably a mine layer or fishing trawler. I wager the crew were surprised to see a plane flying so low, coming apparently out of the blue and tearing off toward land.

We turned south again after we had gone two or three miles inland and in thirty minutes or so we had left clouds and sea and were nearing London, and, judging by appearances, a very excited London.

Many and many a time people have written to the papers asking how it was that the Huns found London so accurately. The answer really is given by asking another question. How can they miss it? With all the care in the world, it is impossible to make it indistinguishable. The street lamps were carefully painted on top to shut off the light shining upward, but this did not help one little bit and was a sheer waste of good paint. What happened was that the light was thrown down in a wide circle on the pavements and roads, making them as visible at night as if they had not been touched. True, the lights were turned out during raids, but not always soon enough. The Thames and a thousand and one other landmarks can always be seen at night just as well as by day. As a matter of fact, it is surprising what can be seen from the air at night.

All the bridges, cathedrals, museums, big railway stations and the like can never be mistaken. Then again, the several centers from which roads radiate, such as Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly, Oxford Circus, Elephant and Castle, Marble Arch, Hyde Park Corner, Hammersmith Broadway and many others, together with the ponds and lakes in the different parks, all help to place the different points on the map. A very conspicuous mark is the main road from Piccadilly, running through Kensington, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Hounslow and then branching into the famous Bath and Portsmouth Roads. The Mall, with Buckingham Palace at one end and the Admiralty Arch and Parade Ground of Whitehall Palace at the other, is another sure mark. Pages could be filled with the landmarks which any novice could pick from a map or memory at night at the very first go.

Searchlights in dozens were scanning the sky, and away to the southeast we could see the anti-aircraft shells bursting as the Huns were fighting their way through. Realizing that we could do nothing but wait, as we were not on a pursuit plane, we flew toward the southeast, intent on climbing to our ceiling. Every now and again we caught a glimpse of another airplane as a searchlight played across it and many times we were dazzled ourselves by a beam holding us for a while in its brilliant rays.

Shells could be seen bursting in the east in the direction of Tilbury. Evidently the Huns were in two groups and intended making the attack from two points. By dint of much coaxing, we got up another thousand feet and that was our ceiling. We were in a "pusher" type of plane, that is, an airplane with the engine and propeller behind the observer and pilot. Our job was not to chase, which was an impossiblity for us, but to wait until the numerous chasers that were up had forced the Huns down to our height, when we should have a busy time, owing to our wonderful field of fire.

The Huns Draw Near and We Watch the London Barrage Working Under Pressure

NEARER and nearer the Huns came and the outer London barrage was now working at full pressure. From our vantage point it was a thrilling sight and one that will always live in my memory. Vivid bursts on the ground showed where Hun bombs were falling and killing helpless women and children. I could see Shorty squirming in his "office" and fondling his Lewis gun, eager to get a shot at the Gothas.

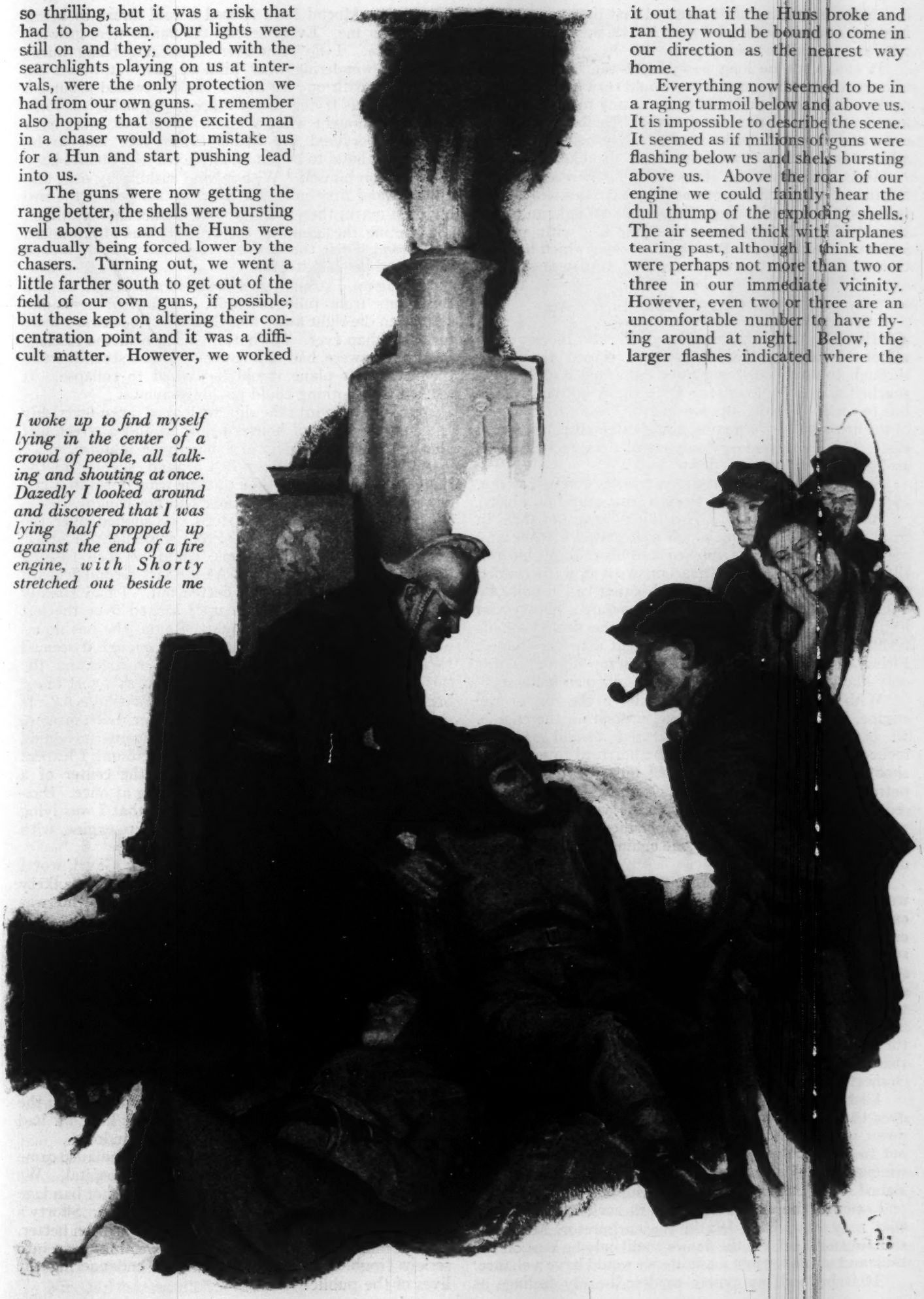
Now and again a chaser plane would dart in and out of a searchlight beam. Streams of tracer bullets plainly indicated the hot fight they were having and also gave us practically the exact position of the Huns. They were still quite a distance above us.

Soon the inner guns began to open up and anti-aircraft shells commenced bursting all around us. This was not

so thrilling, but it was a risk that had to be taken. Our lights were still on and they, coupled with the searchlights playing on us at intervals, were the only protection we had from our own guns. I remember also hoping that some excited man in a chaser would not mistake us for a Hun and start pushing lead into us.

The guns were now getting the range better, the shells were bursting well above us and the Huns were gradually being forced lower by the chasers. Turning out, we went a little farther south to get out of the field of our own guns, if possible; but these kept on altering their concentration point and it was a difficult matter. However, we worked it out that if the Huns broke and ran they would be bound to come in our direction as the nearest way home.

Everything now seemed to be in a raging turmoil below and above us. It is impossible to describe the scene. It seemed as if millions of guns were flashing below us and shells bursting above us. Above the roar of our engine we could faintly hear the dull thump of the exploding shells. The air seemed thick with airplanes tearing past, although I think there were perhaps not more than two or three in our immediate vicinity. However, even two or three are an uncomfortable number to have flying around at night. Below, the larger flashes indicated where the



I woke up to find myself lying in the center of a crowd of people, all talking and shouting at once. Dazedly I looked around and discovered that I was lying half propped up against the end of a fire engine, with Shorty stretched out beside me

bombs were bursting and it seemed that they were falling in greater numbers than before. A little way to the north two fires could be seen raging.

It could not be long now before the Huns, having unloaded all their ammunition, would turn homeward. I could well imagine their feelings, wanting to let the whole lot off at once and then cut and run. Deliberately, however, and it must be said, bravely, they held on against all the terrible hate from ground and air alike.

As I anticipated, the Huns suddenly swerved over in our direction, and for a moment the batteries were hopelessly off their mark. Only for a while though, and then it seemed as if they increased their fire with greater intensity than before. Batteries below us which had, up to now, been silent, opened up. Our turn was coming.

Our Plane Catches Fire in the Air

SHRAPNEL was falling all around, and pieces, some of which must have been large, ripped their way through top and bottom planes. One piece must have touched a cross or long stay for a sharp jolt caused the bus to rock. Opening up, we streaked away to clear out of the fire of these fresh guns, going still farther south and east. The Huns were now only about 1,000 feet above us and they were coming down fast.

Shorty turned and waved his arm around in a sweep, indicating that he wanted to turn around and face back.

As we turned we could see a thick barrage of shells in front of us, but we were much too excited to take any notice of them. Shorty ducked into his cockpit, his gun tilted up and a stream of tracers swept upward toward the Huns. Although effective shooting can usually be done in the air only at a range of 200 yards, Shorty was letting drive. But he soon realized the futility of his fusillade, and gave it up until he had a better chance. Firing wildly into the thick of the scrap above us was only likely to cause some damage to our own fellows.

With a sharp clang audible above the din of the engine, another piece of shrapnel rapped on the engine. In a flash everything appeared red around us. We looked back at the motor and were horrified to see flames shooting out. The piece of shell must have severed a petrol connection and petrol was gushing out all over the red-hot engine. Shorty turned to me with utter dismay written on his face, and with a petrified feeling of fear I realized it was thousands to one against our ever getting out of the mess alive.

There was only one chance and if we were to take it, we could not delay a fraction of a second. Luckily, as explained before, we were on a pusher plane, with the engine behind us, and therefore the flames could not be swept back on us as in a tractor airplane. If we kept straight on in a dive downward the flames would be swept back to the tail booms and would burn through them long before we got near the ground. So far the flames were only on the left-hand side of the engine, and there was nothing for us to do except fight to keep them there. By sideslipping out to the right there was just the chance that this could be done.

Kicking on left rudder and pulling the joystick hard over to the right put us into a sideslip to the right and down we tore at a wicked rate, the flames stretching out to the left away from us and almost enveloping the wing struts. Keeping my eyes glued to these struts, I leaned down and released the pressure cock on the tank and opened the engine up fully to suck in any petrol that may have been left in the carburetor, afterward shutting right off. If the flames could only be kept off the tank and struts for just a minute we would have a chance.

It is beyond my power to describe my feelings at that time. Mortal funk caused a cold sweat to break out all over me. Every second the flames were growing more fierce. I do remember visualizing being burnt alive and wondering what kind of death it would be.

Shorty, with one leg over the side, twined around a drift wire, was trying to get a fire extinguisher to work. Bitterly I thought what a wonderful man it must have been who ordered fire extinguishers that had to be pumped by hand to be put on airplanes. He should have tried the job himself. With a wind rushing by over one hundred and fifty miles an hour, in fact nearer the two hundred mark, there was not one chance in ten million of directing the liquid at the fire. It was all atomized the second it left the nozzle. Hopelessly Shorty looked at me and pitched it over.

Easing up, I straightened the bus for a second, to save the struts from fully catching. Instantly the flames seemed to die right away and then shoot backward more furiously than ever. The bottom wing, near the fuselage in which we were, had now caught and in a second or two the whole left plane would be bound to collapse. It seemed that nothing could possibly save us.

Again getting into the slip, we looked down feverishly and saw the roofs of houses below us and a street just ahead, rushing up at us in a horrifying manner.

Easing up again, we nosed around slightly to the right for the street and then put the wing down in a last despairing slip. So far the tank had not caught.

Just scraping the house tops, we slipped over the street toward a black patch. From some light or other, probably our own fire, people could be seen rushing frantically in all directions. At the last second I heard Shorty screaming for me to flatten out. I had already done it. As the wing came up I kicked over the left rudder again as hard as I could. Round the bus floundered, as flat as a pancake. Strangely enough it seemed to spin around quite steadily. The rudder and the turn in the opposite direction had acted as a sort of air brake. The houses had disappeared, but where to? It seemed as if the plane would never hit or touch ground, so that we could get away from the raging inferno behind us. As the left wing scrunched on the ground, I leaped.

I woke up to find myself lying in the center of a crowd of people, all talking and shouting at once. Dazedly I looked around and discovered that I was lying half propped up against the end of a fire engine, with Shorty stretched out beside me.

" 'Ere 'e is, with only a cut 'ead. My Gawd, wot I say is, you and yer mate are the blankety-blankety luckiest coves I ever 'eard of," said a man who was soaking me with water.

Lucky was not the word to use. In my opinion there is not a word coined that could aptly account for such luck as we had had, and it took me several minutes to realize I was still alive. When I was a youngster and had done anything wrong at home, I was always told I should be saved for Old Nick. Why the saying I do not know, but I am beginning to think it must be true.

We had not hit the ground hard and I had got off with only a slight sprain of the knee. Every one in the crowd was eager to explain to us in detail how we had slipped into an open space of suburban London.

When we had recovered slightly, an ambulance came along and we were taken to the nearest hospital. We departed in the morning, Shorty with yards of bandage around his head and myself with a slight limp. Shorty's cut, however, was not at all serious and was soon better.

But misfortune still dogged us, for we almost got into serious trouble for "coming down and endangering the lives of the public!"

"The medicine men flogged me, with strips of rawhide, but it cost the chief two front teeth and both his assistants got black eyes — if that's the right description for it"

The Custom of the Country

The Story of a Man Who Has Kingship Thrust Upon Him

By Douglas Walshe

Illustrations by Jay Weaver

WITH a snort of contempt he flung my story out of the window—deliberately chucked an expensive magazine with some of my best work in it on to the railway line.

We were alone in the carriage, with an hour to go before the next stop. When I noticed what he was reading, I had also noticed what a nice, intelligent face he had, and had been debating whether or not to make myself known to him. Obviously, he was a man of birth, brains and money—yet he had treated a little thing I was really proud of in that humiliating way.

"That story seems to have annoyed you," I observed.

"Read it?" he inquired, puffing hard at his pipe.

"Yes."

"It's tosh," he informed me. "Piffle. Tripe."

Nice for me, wasn't it?

"I'll bet the fellow who wrote it hasn't been within a thousand miles of the Dark Continent, as he calls it," he grumbled.

The fellow hadn't.

"He gasses a lot about the swamps and the Bush. But he gives it away that he doesn't know the first thing about them because he doesn't mention the stench. All the real Bush has a nasty, hot, damp odor, and as for the swamps, they're putrid!"

They'll stink in my next story.

"First, it's the leaves, the big, *thick* leaves; then it's the blossoms, those wonderful tropical blossoms on the creepers and the bushes; and then it's the leaves again," he explained. "All decaying and stinking like fun. But what got my goat in that yarn was the native king," he went on. "Gosh, the reams of rot that have been written about those fellows! I know, because I've been one!"

"Really?" I said, regarding him with a sceptical eye.

"Yes, for four days. On the second day it began to rain, and they didn't want it to. So the medicine men flogged me with strips of rawhide. Thank goodness, it was only a shower. If it hadn't stopped they would have gone on till it did. A king has no business to let it rain at the wrong time."

"Do you mean they flogged a white man?" I murmured incredulously.

"Rather. I wasn't a white man then. I was a king. Dare say it isn't a bad job down at the coast, or well within what the politicians call spheres of influence. But it's a pretty rotten sort of crib in some parts of the interior, I can tell you. Customs vary, but in lots of the tribes they blame the king for everything. That's the medicine men, of course, the magicians and priests. If everything that went wrong wasn't blamed on the king, *they'd* have to stand the racket."

He relit his pipe.

"WHEN you've been through what I have you get interested. I've learned a lot about native kings —too late. Talked to people who know about 'em, and read about 'em—just to find out why they made me one. Like to hear what happened to me?"

"Very much," I said.

"Well, when I went out big game shooting I thought I knew all about kings and natives and their jolly little customs. You see, a girl had turned me down, and I thought I'd like to get a few elephants and lions and things to cheer me up a bit—or let the lions and elephants get me. That's why I went alone, not feeling exactly—what's the beastly word?—greg—something——"

"Gregarious?" I suggested.

"That's the fellow. I wanted to be by myself and kill something that might kill me if I muffed it. Odd things women and the way they take you—or don't take you, rather. It was her blue eyes and the way she—— But never mind. I pushed off to the wilds on my lonesome and that's how I came across Amadu."

He frowned.

"Chap down at the coast tried to warn me off him," he went on. "Told me he'd guided two hunting expeditions and each time come back without his employers. The first time there were two white men with him—both killed in the Bush by a lion. One of them went to the other's rescue and the lion got both, according to Amadu. The story sounded all right and all the trackers backed him up. Second time it was a one-man show—and a croc had *him*. As before, all the evidence was complete and convincing and he brought the poor chap's guns back to prove it. The johnny who was telling me this said he couldn't exactly say these stories weren't true—but he did say that Amadu was evidently a very unlucky boy to go hunting with, and if he were I he'd choose some one else.

" 'Much obliged,' I said. 'Jolly kind of you and all that. But I like the looks of Mr. Amadu and I'm going to have him.'

"You see, I thought then I wasn't particularly keen on coming back, and so long as I had a run for my money I didn't care whether it was a croc, a rhino or a lion. So we pushed off—a nice tosh little outfit—myself, Amadu and thirty-five native porters, engaged by him. Fine-looking lot of ruffians they were. I liked 'em, especially Amadu. He spoke English. He knew where the game was. And he looked after me in fine style—saw to it that I had decent grub and some dashed good sport, I must say that for him. But all the time he was leading me into a trap. That was his job.

"I got a rhino, two elephants and three lions. Not bad, was it? One of the elephants nearly got me. After I'd plugged him, he charged, which I didn't expect. Amadu charged as well—charged *me*. 'Tackled' me in footer style—rushed at me and shoved me out of the road with his shoulder, knocking me flat. The giddy old elephant shot by and I was safe. Funny thing about elephants. They charge in a dead straight line and can't get off it. They can't swerve a yard; their rudders don't seem to work properly at speed. Step aside and you're quite safe. Amadu taught me that. And naturally I liked him more than ever after he'd saved my life.

"Up till then I hadn't quite trusted him. I'd been sort of remembering what that johnny had said to me down at the coast. But as he'd saved my life I reckoned that showed old Amadu was all right and didn't want me done in. Wouldn't you?"

I nodded.

"Ass—that's what I was. I left everything to him after that. Supplies were all right. We shot our dinner as we went along, and old Amadu picked up some grain to supplement the carriers' rations in a village we struck. Time of my life, it was—in spite of the smells. Amadu smelt, the porters smelt, and the Bush did likewise. But you get used to it. I tried to kick when Amadu and the porters began to smear themselves with sour coconut milk and red clay, but he told me it was a charm against the dangers of the Bush—so I shut up. I suppose I'm a bit funny about smells. I was carrying another smell with me all the time—that faint fascinating smell, that is neither powder nor scent, that hangs about a woman you care for—the flavor of her, so to speak, that you never notice till you find you love her. Know it?"

Again I nodded.

"Queer chap," I thought, "with a real graphic gift." In a few words he had given me a picture of the eternal forest and primitive man. A couple of sentences had filled a railway carriage with the smell of them—sickening, acrid and intriguing. Another touch—unexpected, abrupt—and the carriage was sweet with the subtle perfume of a beautiful girl, and I could see her as she haunted him in the Bush: blue-eyed, golden-haired, slender, graceful; white shoulders gleaming under the electric lights—lovely but not loving—— Poor fellow!

"Not boring you, am I?" he resumed.

"No. Go on."

"Well, after about six weeks of it we came to the place we had been going to all the time, though I didn't know that. We had been following a river for days. Tough work. Dangerous, too. Snakes like water and the gentle croc has a habit of lying doggo on the bank. Wonderful country. Whacking big trees—sort of mahogany, some of 'em. Huge old mangroves, ebonies, wild rubber, and lots I'd never heard of. Trailers all over the place—under your feet and running from branch to branch, thick as ropes. The axes were going nearly all the time. And close by the water a patch of tall, tough grass, something like giant oats to look at—oh, lovely country, barring the smell and the fag of getting through in the steaming heat. Now and then, of course, it wasn't so dense.

"TELL you another odd thing that struck me. It was a treat to reach the natural clearings and be out in the sun. It was cooler in the sun than in the shade of that old forest. You could breathe better and you didn't sweat half so much and the stink was less."

I made a mental note of that bit of local color.

"Well, we got there at last. It was a village, a big village—and another shock to my ignorance. So far all the villages I'd seen had been reed and mud huts, and I thought all real native villages were like that. But they

aren't. This one was built of stone—very rough blocks of stone held together with mud mortar. The tom-toms began to beat as soon as we came near, and by the time we entered the place all the inhabitants were out to welcome us.

"It was some welcome! The warriors, all with spears and shields, formed a lane in front of what I guessed to be the chief's house and the council chamber. Women and children were peeping at us from the doorways, and as we came in sight the warriors began to beat upon their shields with their spears.

"I thought it was up to me as a white man to do the thing in style. So I halted my little lot and formed 'em up in double column. And then I noticed something. There were seventeen ranks—only thirty-four of 'em.

" 'We're one short,' I said to Amadu.

" 'Him go first tell king him get ready to welcome great white chief,' he answered.

"Good organizer, that fellow! However, I thought nothing of it at the time, but sent him on as the advance guard, and then followed with all the porters behind me—chucking out my chest—'ead hup, heyes looking their hown 'eighth, chin hin!" as the sergeant major used to say in the jolly old Great War.

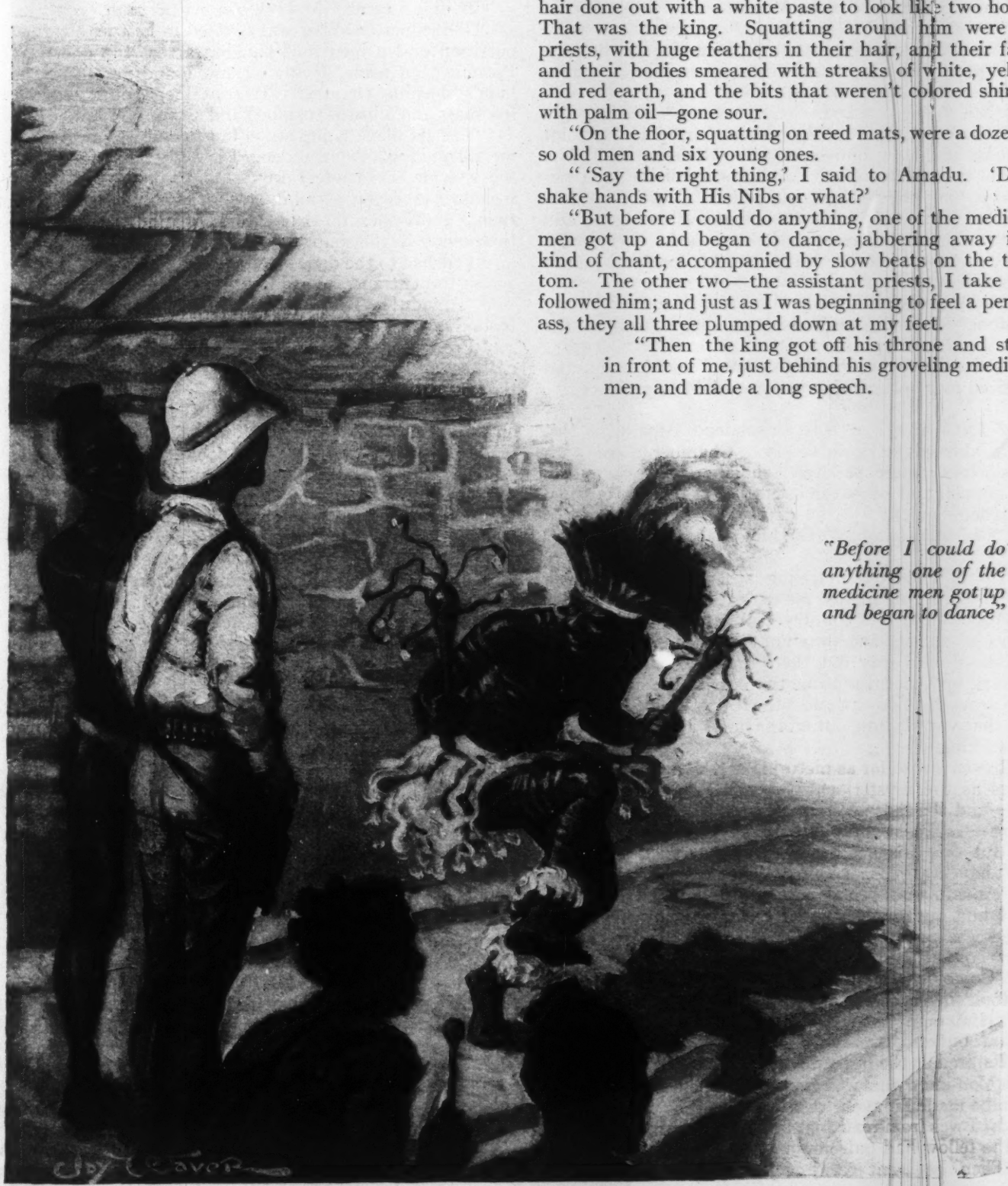
"Following Amadu, I marched straight into the council chamber. It was a bit niffy, but jolly interesting when your nose had got used to it. On a sort of dais covered with a lionskin sat a fellow with his hair done out with a white paste to look like two horns. That was the king. Squatting around him were his priests, with huge feathers in their hair, and their faces and their bodies smeared with streaks of white, yellow and red earth, and the bits that weren't colored shining with palm oil—gone sour.

"On the floor, squatting on reed mats, were a dozen or so old men and six young ones.

" 'Say the right thing,' I said to Amadu. 'Do I shake hands with His Nibs or what?'

"But before I could do anything, one of the medicine men got up and began to dance, jabbering away in a kind of chant, accompanied by slow beats on the tom-tom. The other two—the assistant priests, I take it—followed him; and just as I was beginning to feel a perfect ass, they all three plumped down at my feet.

"Then the king got off his throne and stood in front of me, just behind his groveling medicine men, and made a long speech.



"Before I could do anything one of the medicine men got up and began to dance"

"'Him want you sit on him's throne,' said Amadu.

"'Right-oh!' I answered, thinking it was the custom of the country, the way of showing he recognized a superior and making him welcome. So I flop down on the dais, which had the lionskin so arranged that when you sat down the old lion's head was right between your legs. Most effective, eh?"

I nodded.

"The medicine men got up—there was a wild shout from all the fellows inside and a yell that made you jump from the warriors without. They beat their shields with their spears again, and the king walked slowly out of the council chamber, followed by every blessed one of 'em except Amadu.

"'What happens next?' I asked him.

"'You king now,' said Amadu.

"'Don't be silly,' I told him.

"'You king,' he repeated. 'King him say he give you throne. Him's house, him's wives, him's tribe—all yours. You king, master!'

"'But why?' I asked.

"'King him say you better man than him. Him not fit to be king now him seen you. Medicine man, him call out you sent to rule—all three medicine men say you new king and tell old king go hell.'

"'Do you really mean the blighters have gone and made me king for keeps at sight?' I gasped.

"Amadu touched the earth with his forehead just in front of me.

"'Well, let's stroll around and have a look at my kingdom,' I said, beginning to move toward the door.

"'You die you leave king's house,' said Amadu, and I noticed four spears on sentry go outside my palace.

"'KING him live here,' explained Amadu. 'Not allowed go nowhere else. Chamber there, with him's wives, where he sleep—chamber here where him hold council and see medicine men. If king go outside, him killed—quick!'

"'Oh!' I exclaimed. 'The king's a sort of prisoner, is he?'

"Up till then I'd been feeling rather bucked. The idea of being their king tickled me to death. I didn't want to go back to the old country. What were the family estates to me if—she—wouldn't have me? Dash the succession! I'd stay out there and rule those natives. I'd work up that tribe to be the boss of the country for miles around. You can guess the sort of thing I thought, from that yarn I slung out on the line. That fellow made himself king——

"I even got so far as picturing myself getting into the papers as the mysterious white Emperor of the Black Men—and the lady at home reading about it and wondering—— We're all fools at times, aren't we?

"But this prisoner business didn't appeal to me. I didn't have my guns, of course. They were with the boys: only Amadu and I had entered the council chamber. But I had my revolver and I reckoned a revolver fully loaded was good enough to argue with four spears on sentry go.

"'Come on, Amadu, I've had enough of this,' I said, and took the revolver out of its holster.

"'Him empty, master,' said Amadu coolly. 'Me took out bullets. Ammunition pouch, him empty, too.'

"I stared at the beggar.

"'You knew this was going to happen? You wanted me to be made king, eh?' I grunted, and it will show you how far I was from realizing the state of the market that I felt the fellow had paid me a compliment!

"Then he went away. Just pushed off without another word. I called him back, but he didn't take any notice.

"Left alone with my kingship, and four spears at the door, I began to think. Obviously, the only thing to be done for the present was to stay there. And then I heard a movement behind me, and looking around saw a pair of bright black eyes peeping at me and a black hand holding back the rush mat that formed the doorway to my other chamber.

"I went inside. Thought I might as well have a look around. There were six girls there, the king's wives—my wives now—and two babies. Six wide mouths grinned at me, showing twelve rows of very fine teeth, and six pairs of twinkling black-brown eyes waited for a smile.

"It didn't come. My color in eyes is blue.

"This inner chamber was divided in half with a rush partition and a reed mat hanging across the doorway. Pushing that aside, I entered and found myself in the king's sleeping chamber. It contained nothing but a few mats and a broad rush bed and a couple of low stools.

"The six black ladies stood in the doorway, watching me, all smiling. And suddenly I lost my temper. It was too ridiculous. There I was, shut up with six wives I wouldn't give you a thank-you for, unable to speak to them, a prisoner in that dashed place, unarmed and thoroughly in the soup.

"I rushed to the door—and at once four spears flashed across the entrance, forming a most effective barricade.

"'Amadu! Amadu!' I shouted. But he didn't come. Nobody came.

"Presently the women brought me some food—chicken and rice, cooked in palm oil. It wasn't bad, though rather greasy.

"When darkness fell I shooed them out of the council chamber and walked up and down all night, trying to make a plan of escape. If only I could get hold of Amadu and my porters and my guns! But that was just what I couldn't do.

"Dawn came at last and the women appeared again. Then it began to rain and the medicine men entered with—but I told you about that. Amadu came with them and kindly explained what was about to happen and why they were going to do it. Of course, I didn't let them have it all their own way. It cost the chief medicine man his two front teeth and both his assistants got black eyes—if that's the right description for it. Amadu kept well out of my reach.

"I was rather done when they left me. Of course I'd been swished before—at Eton—but this was different. It made one thing clear, though: it was no snap being their ruler.

"When I cooled down a bit I took stock of the situation again. It didn't take long. Four spears outside, six black girls within and three medicine men who could pop in whenever they liked, and make things unpleasant: that was the inventory. What would you have done?

"My first idea was to play merry hell with them. What did I care if they did for me? I'd go for those four spears—grab one if I could and clear that village up. If lucky, I'd get a jab at Amadu before I was finished; if not, what did it matter? Anything was better than being flogged again because they didn't like the weather or because their kava hadn't fermented properly. And the only person I wanted to live for had turned me down.

"The six black beauties came simpering around me again. I gathered by signs that they wanted to rub something into my back. But I wouldn't let them.

"I got up, walked toward the door and those four spears—and then I stopped. It wasn't funk. It was that perfume I was telling you about that haunted me,

"After I'd plugged one of the elephants, he charged. Amadu charged, as well — charged me! Rushed at me and shoved me out of the road with his shoulder"

the perfume that even the Bush and the natives couldn't kill—*her* perfume. If you'll believe me, at that moment of all moments it came back into my nostrils. I saw her blue eyes again—and I folded my arms and stared at the six black wives I'd been presented with, who were all staring bewilderedly at me.

" 'I'll have her yet,' I said aloud—and they thought I was talking to them and grinned. 'I'll get out of this somehow. I'll try again like jolly old Dick Whittington.' The grins became smiles. 'I won't take no for an answer.'

"The smiles became leers. Dare say I was a bit off my chump. Hardly to be wondered at if I was, was it? But I didn't go berserk for those spears. I stayed in my palace with my six black wives. They couldn't make me out. One after another they kept sidling up to me, and each time I pushed 'em away. And so the rest of the second, and all the third day passed.

"I did a lot of thinking, but I didn't get much further.

I planned all sorts of stunts, only to turn 'em down. Isn't there a yarn about a man who made himself a god among natives by taking out his false teeth? Well, I couldn't do that because they're all my own. And I couldn't do any White Magic because conjuring bores me stiff and I don't know a single blooming trick. There I was, unarmed, unable to speak the lingo, with a perpetual guard at the door ordered to kill me if I showed my nose outside, and six black wives inside. The house was made of stone, so there was no cutting a hole and slipping out in the dark.

"No. My one chance was to lie low till I could get hold of that blighter Amadu and then bribe him somehow into arranging my escape. I wondered, indeed, if perhaps that wasn't what he had been after all the time.

"But it wasn't. On the fourth day it became clear that something was up. A big fire was lighted outside in full view of the council chamber. The women and children gathered around it, some distance off, all obviously very excited about something. The warriors, with spear and shield complete, formed up in front of the prison-palace doorway, and finally, in came Amadu and the three medicine men.

"Amadu kindly explained the situation.

" 'You finish being king now,' he said insolently.

"I knew what he meant all right. There was no mistaking the feeling in the air and the look on all those black faces.

" 'Medicine man, him kill you,' smiled Amadu. 'Then spearmans, hims dance around you while body burns in fire.'

" 'Burn—not roast, eh?' I said. 'Rather a pity not to eat me while you're at it, isn't it, you black swine?'

"I had to say something, and that was all I could think of.

"Amadu looked quite offended. He explained with great dignity that they were not cannibals. Very kindly he put me wise to the whole thing.

"IT seemed it was the tradition of the tribe that their king must be put to death every year. Naturally, in time, that made it very difficult for them to find any one willing to be king if he could help it. So they had evolved a compromise. Every year for four days they appointed a mock king. The real king abdicated; the temporary king was left in possession of his throne and his wives for four days. Then he was put to death and the king resumed his throne again. It's a well-known custom among some savages, I found out later; but it was news to me then. And these fellows—thanks to friend Amadu—had grafted a neat little variation on it.

"Obviously, the job of temporary king was not likely to be much sought after. There were rows. The medicine men elected for the honor a fellow they had a spite against, and the fellow's friends took up arms in his behalf. The business, in fact, became a nuisance. So when Amadu reverted and returned to his tribe—he had been carried off into slavery as a child and then set free and educated by missionaries at the coast—he put a suggestion before them: Why not a white man for their temporary king? 'White Man, him like go shooting. White man him easy brought to village, made king and killed,' said Amadu cheerfully.

"The deed done, he went back to wait until it was time to bring along another victim. Inquirers were told that the hunter —or hunters—had unfortunately been slain by a lion or a rhino or eaten by a crocodile. And as nothing was ever missing from their kit, which was religiously handed over to the authorities, on the face of things all seemed square and aboveboard.

"Neat, wasn't it—and rather dramatic? But I can't say that I particularly enjoyed Amadu's little speech.

" 'Medicine man him kill you now before full council and then throw your body on fire while warriors dance,' he ended complacently.

"I admit it. I was petrified. When I thought of my fate and how I had been fooled; when I looked into those grim, keen faces that surrounded me, and away from them to the fire, and the waiting crowd outside—well, I broke out into a cold sweat.

"I took out my handkerchief and wiped my forehead.

" '*Floreat Etona*,' I said to myself. Sounds silly, but I did!

"The chief medicine man raised his spear, and I just stood there with my hanky in my hand—helpless, paralyzed and afraid. But I don't think it showed—I hope not.

"The tom-toms beat; the medicine man began a chant; Amadu laughed—and out of sheer nervousness and funk I started to tie my handkerchief into knots.

"The medicine man dropped his spear. Amadu uttered a howl. I told you that fellow had been to the missionary school, didn't I, and lived among whites? Oh, they're queer fellows, those natives! Their mentality is quaint beyond understanding!

" 'Master! Not make evil spell on us!' he whined.

"To be as close to death as I was, sharpens one's wits. For a moment I was utterly at sea. Then I tumbled to it. It was those knots I was tying in my handkerchief that had done the trick.

"I held it up in front of me and went on tying knot after knot—and in ten seconds the council chamber was empty. Even my six unwanted wives had fled from that spell of misfortune I was weaving about the tribe.

"You never saw such a thing! The fellows who rushed out shouted to the fellows with spears and the women and the children waiting to see the fun. I came to the doorway, still tying knots in that linen rag, tying and untying them as fast as I could and using the most frightful language at the top of my voice.

"And they never even chucked a stone at me, much less a spear. As one man, they fled to the Bush, their only anxiety being to get away from my evil spell."

He paused to relight his pipe. I didn't speak.

"Afterward, as I told you, I read it all up. It seems that that business of killing the substitute king is well known to the scientific johnnies. And the knot superstition is all over the world in various forms. The knot is supposed to tie up the soul. In some places it is a good charm. A knot will tie a lover to you. In others it is evil and brings all sorts of disasters in its train. You tie a knot and curse your enemy and——"

"Never mind about that," I interrupted. "I've heard of the superstition, too. Tell me how you got away. What happened next?"

"Oh—that!" he resumed. "Well, there I was—free and alone. Not a soul in sight. There was another hut next door, and I dashed in. I wanted my guns; and I was lucky. I'd blundered into Amadu's hut. The blighter had been living next door to me those four days and must have heard me shouting for him fifty times, without answering. And there were my guns and ammunition—my whole outfit—neatly packed, ready to go back to the coast without me.

"Well, I took them down to one of their canoes, and I was just about to push off when I pulled myself together a bit. 'Why the panic?' I said to myself. 'With bullets *and* knots, what's the hurry?' So back I went and carried some more of my things down to the canoe.

"And then I lighted my pipe and sat down to wait—for Amadu.

"One hour—two—I sat there smoking, and then

I spotted the face of one of my six rejected wives peering at me through the bushes. I tied another knot, and she disappeared.

"It was Amadu I wanted, and I knew he'd come sooner or later. I called him, but there was no answer.

"Away in the distance I spotted a movement in the village and sent a bullet along to say that I was still about and they couldn't come back yet. Not till I'd seen Amadu.

"At the end of the fourth hour a voice called out to me from the bushes on the river bank. It was Amuda in hiding.

" 'Why you not go away? What you want?'

" 'Come down here,' I answered. 'I am not going away until I have spoken with you. Every minute you keep me waiting I shall weave a fresh spell and work your people more evil!'

"Still he wouldn't come. Two hours later I sent a few more shots among their houses, and gathered some sticks for a fire when it grew dark—— I beg your pardon?" he broke off.

"Sorry," I apologized. "I didn't mean to interrupt you. It was the thought of you being willing to stay there all night after what had happened that took my breath away."

"I wanted Amadu," he said simply.

HEAVENS! What a fellow—and what a story!

"Well? What happened?" I asked—I, the blasé, professional maker of tales, thrilled and eager to hear the end! I could see those scared savages hiding in the Bush, and that grim young fellow—rescued from death by a knot in a handkerchief—sitting in that canoe waiting for Amadu.

"I didn't have to light the fire," he went on. "At intervals I went on calling Amadu, and at last they made him come. It had dawned on them what I wanted. They had the choice between staying out of their houses after dark when all the evil spirits are abroad and with a Sorcerer—me—weaving spells all night long, or sending Amadu to interview me. So, finally, Amadu came—at the point of two spears.

"He groveled at my feet. I made him stand up. And I told him what he had to be told: that out of his own mouth he had proved himself guilty of the murder of three white men; that he was a mean, stupid, treacherous, superstitious swine; and that I couldn't—I simply couldn't—go away without putting it out of his power to get up any more of his games. And then I shot him, and pushed off into the stream.

"That's all," he said. "After a day or two on the water I struck a river village—hired a few porters. I got back after a nasty journey and reported all that had happened to the governor. Funny old yarn, isn't it? But perhaps you can see now why I don't like reading magazine stories about white men who——"

"I wrote that story," I blurted out. I felt I had to tell him.

He roared with laughter. "Sorry. Didn't mean to hurt your feelings," he apologized. "If I'd known——"

"I'm glad you chucked it out of the window," I told him. "By Jove, that was some adventure of yours! You tell a story a jolly sight better than I can write one. I sha'n't forget your six black ladies and those four spears—or the way you waited for Amadu——"

The train slowed down and he rose. "Good-by," he said. "Hope I haven't bored you."

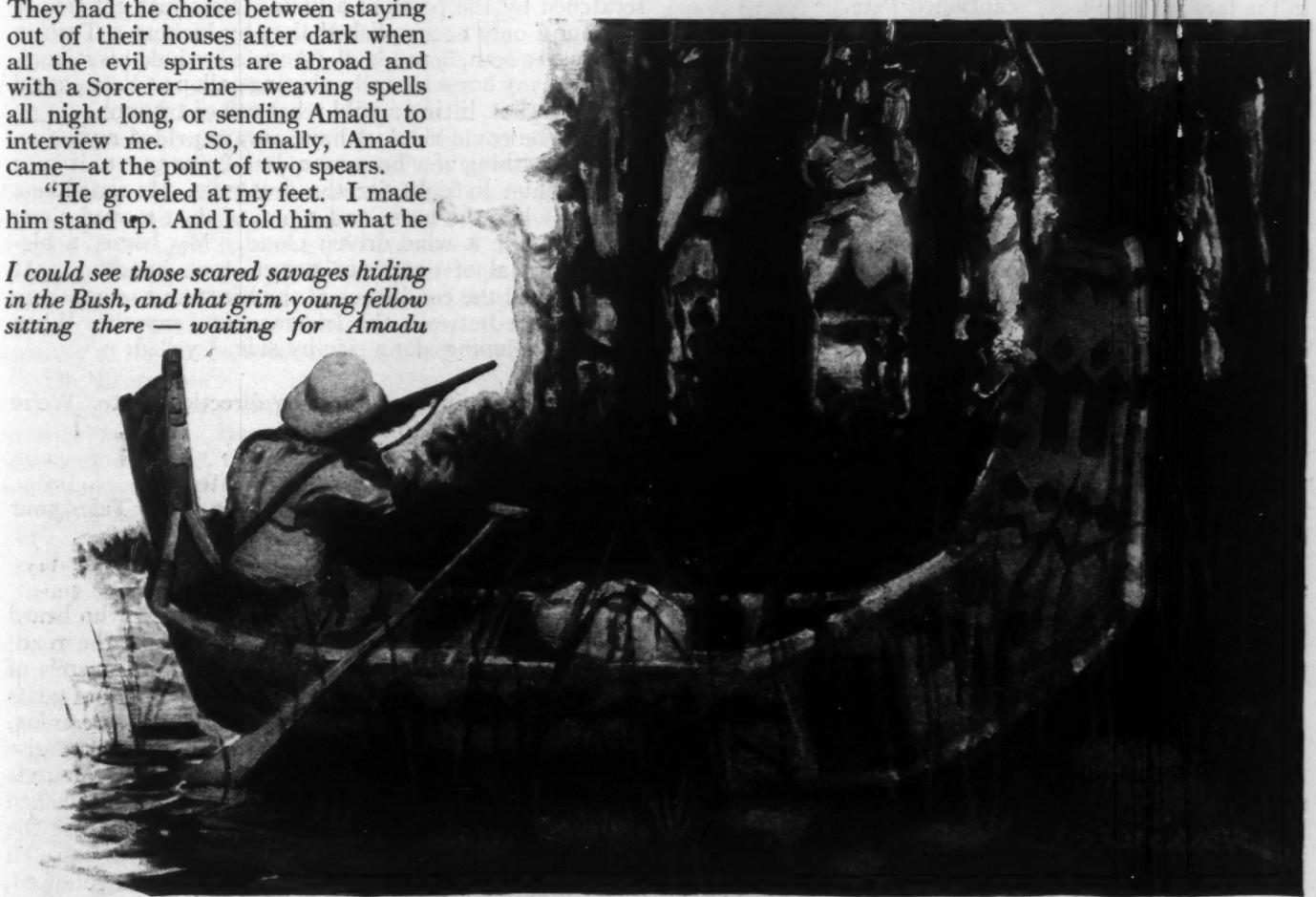
"Not a bit. Never enjoyed a journey so much." I began to fumble for my cardcase. I wanted to know his name and I wanted to ask him a question.

But before I could get out my card he was on the platform and my question was answered.

"Darling! Here you are then!" exclaimed a silvery voice, and I saw him lift his hat and kiss somebody who had come to meet him.

She had blue eyes. And on the third finger of her ungloved left hand my curious gaze espied a wedding and an engagement ring as she thrust her arm in his.

As soon as the train moved on again I took out my fountain pen, and this is his story, exactly as I wrote it down during the rest of my long journey.



I could see those scared savages hiding in the Bush, and that grim young fellow sitting there — waiting for Amadu

Two Arabian Knights

Further Strange Adventures of Two American Youths Who Find Turkey Replete with New Experiences

By Donald McGibeny

Illustrations by Douglas Duer

IF you are ever in a fight where your life is at stake and you have no other weapon, grab a chair! It is most effective—especially if it is of the heavy wire variety and your enemies have no guns. It is both an excellent guard and a powerful tool of offense. As the furious mob in that coffee-house closed in on us, I followed Pete's example and picked up a chair, holding it shoulder high in front of me. Then we backed slowly to the wall, ready to crack the skulls of the first who rushed.

"Don't swing wit' it! Hold it lower an' poke 'em in the face wit' the legs!" cautioned Pete.

I could scarcely hear him for the din that was going on. They didn't rush. They formed a solid wall in front of us, just out of reach—grimacing, shouting, shaking clenched fists, spitting at us. I saw a man, at the back, kick a servant and push him toward the door. The servant rushed out, followed by others. Something bright hurtled by Pete's ear, hit the wall and dropped at my feet. I looked down and saw that it was a hideous, straight-edged knife, about a foot long. Pete saw it too.

"Holy saints!" he ejaculated. "Watch out for them things!"

Another knife hit Pete's chair and a glass crashed against the wall just above my head.

"We're done for, Duke, unless we get outa here."

A clay water-jug smashed on the floor in front of us and drenched our legs with water. Two men pushed through the crowd with an iron table. I thought they were going to throw that at us, but it was not their plan. Instead, they grasped the legs and put it in front of them as a battering-ram.

"We got to charge them or they'll charge us," Pete shouted. "Hold your chair in front of you an' don't stop for anything!"

"To the left, Pete, it's closer!"

"Straight ahead. The same way we come in!"

"When?"

"Now!"

We charged straight for the middle of them and they fell over themselves, trying to get out of our way. I stumbled and almost fell over a Turk who clutched at my legs, but our impetus carried us through. We would have made a clean get-away, if Pete hadn't side-swiped a table. It threw him off his balance and he slipped sideways to his knees. He was up a second after, but the accident halted us and before we could dash for the door, our assailants were on us. After that, it was a free-for-all. I flung my chair at three men, toppled over a table in front of another, slugged a man who rushed from the side, butted, kicked, threw a water pipe at another group and finally fought my way to the entrance. Pete was already outside.

"This way—this way, Duke!"

He was running toward some horses tethered at the side. I had to settle with a beardless youth who was at my heels. It was easy enough. One blow sent him tumbling into a ditch, but I felt a sharp pain in my arm, like the sting of a bee, and noticed, as I jumped into the saddle of the horse Pete had untied, that my sleeve was ripped from wrist to shoulder, and my arm badly scratched by the point of a knife. Pete just got free of them and only accomplished that by kicking a Turk in the face—a lean, fierce devil, who tried to hold his stirrup. I spurred my horse into a lumbering gallop as Pete passed me like a shot, lifting a wild rebel yell of triumph.

How he could ride! I have always prided myself on being something of a horseman, but I was put to it even to keep him in sight for the first mile. He rode like a centaur. He, the horse and a puff of dust moved along the road like a wind-driven cloud. My horse, a big-boned animal of enormous power, took handling. At last I gained the confidence of the brute and soon ate up the distance between the Irishman and myself. When we were galloping along side by side, I yelled:

"WE'RE going in the wrong direction, Pete. We're going back to Kieff."

"I know it."

"If we go back there we'll be arrested."

"If we go the other way we'll be kilt. Take your pick!"

"What are we going to do?"

"Ride like hell."

Which we did—past bare-legged natives, who heard our approach and dragged their donkeys off the road; past squeaking, two-wheeled carts filled with barrels of olives; past slow-moving camels; through a herd of goats that scattered in all directions, chased by screaming, half-naked goatherds. Not until we climbed the rise that spread before our sight the white walls and minarets of Kieff and the sparkling blue of its bay, did Pete slacken speed. At the top we stopped a moment to rest the horses. From our position, we could see a great stretch of countryside and parts of the road we had followed.

Pete pointed to one such spot, about a mile in the rear. I saw a number of moving, dark specks and a cloud of dust.

"They're after us."

"Sure, you didn't think for a minute they d go back to sleep after the rough-house we give 'em, did you?" Pete grinned. "Holy Mither! Wasn't it grand? I ain't had so much fun since me old man died." He noticed my slashed sleeve and the blood on my arm. "Did they get you, Duke?"

"It's nothing," I answered, "but, look here, Pete—that Greek has been to the police by this time and that restaurant keeper must be looking for us with a gun. We'll be arrested as sure as fate."

"I'D rather chance that than the mob behind us. It's easy to hide in a city, but we wouldn't have a chanct if we hit the country. They'd get us sure if we kep' to the main road, an' if we didn't, goodness knows where we'd land. No—our best bet is to go ahead, brave as brass. Besides, there's an American consul in Kieff, an' we'll need him pretty quick."

"What for?" I demanded.

"Well, when you're in Dutch in a foreign country, interduce yourself to the consul, try to think of the name of your State senator an' claim it's all a mistake."

"And what do we do with the horses?"

"Tie 'em to the consul's front gate."

We rode ahead and, after coming into the outskirts of Kieff, turned into the first side street that branched off the main thoroughfare. From that time on, we made our way as circuitously as possible toward the center of the city. Every time we were compelled to cross a busy street, I expected to run into the cavalcade of our enemies, and my heart stopped beating until we were again under cover. Pete called back to me:

"Ast somebody where the American consul hangs out! We gotta hurry."

I tried it, but no one could understand me. I finally found a man with a smattering of French and, as I was trying to get some information from him, I heard Pete exclaim: "Look who's here!"

I whirled about, certain that it was our pursuers. Coming toward us, down the narrow lane we were in, was Bruce, alias Smith, dressed exactly as before and followed by the queerest, shuffling rag-bag I have ever seen. At first I thought it was a child dressed up in men's clothing, the figure was so short. Only the lower part of the face was visible, due to a torn and shapeless black felt hat that settled over enormous ears. Bruce looked squarely at us, but refused to show a hint of recognition.

"Oh, Bruce——"

I stepped directly in front of him, which brought him up with a start. He glared at me icily through his ridiculous monocle, then put a restraining hand on his weird companion to keep him from wandering away.

"Hold hard, Jemmy! Some one is accosting us."

The undersized ragamuffin, in tattered rags that hid his hands and hung in folds over shoes that were three times too large, marked time for a moment and came to a halt. When he cocked his head backward I saw that, instead of a child, Jemmy was a toothless, hairless, rather grimy old man. Bruce faced me squarely, severely frowning.

"Now, fellow, tell me what you want and be quick about it!"

"Where is the American consulate. We're in a desperate hurry."

He studied me a moment, surreptitiously, while muttering abstractedly: "The American consulate—oh, oh, yes—quite so—certainly—the American con——"

Evidently convinced from my worried look that I carried no animosity for his trick of the day before, his face lit up with sudden cordiality.

"My word—upon my soul! Can it be? I do believe—it is—it is——" He struggled to remember my name. "My beastly memory again—remember places, but not faces. Rather good, wot? How are you, my dear boy, how are you? By Jove! This *is* well met! Jemmy, we are among friends—do you hear, Jemmy?"

The astounding little tatterdemalion beside him opened a mouth as puckered as a dried apple, emitted a ghostly cackle and propelled himself slowly around in a circle with one foot.

"Please be quick——" I began, but Bruce had seen Pete, who was still mounted, holding my horse.

"And if it isn't the military chappie—O'—O'Gibbons, wot? It was Cairo, wasn't it?"

"Yeah, Street of the Nations," Pete snarled.

"If you don't mind, Bruce——" I interrupted again.

"Not at all—not at all, my dear fellow. You must meet Jemmie. Every one knows Jemmie—faithful servitor of my father—Duke of Lomond. Insisted on comin' into exile with me—priceless—touching. Never shall want for anything—share my last penny with him."

I was exasperated. Any moment some Turk might come into that street, recognize us or the horses and raise an outcry.

"We've got to find the American consulate right away, Bruce."

"Oh, yes—yes, yes, of course. Glad to take you there——"

"If you'll just tell us how to get there——"

"I insist. Do much more for a friend—no trouble. Jemmie and I were just takin' our dear old constitutional, anyway. Only a step to the Yankee consulate."

I LET him have his way, since it seemed the only method of getting there. I walked along beside him, hurrying him as best I could, while Jemmie dogged our heels and Pete followed with the horses. Bruce was undoubtedly perplexed at our silence in regard to the luncheon. We had hardly gone a hundred feet when he broached the subject.

"Looked for you everywhere—you were gone—vanished—swallowed up—mystery."

"We didn't care so much about paying for the luncheon you invited us to."

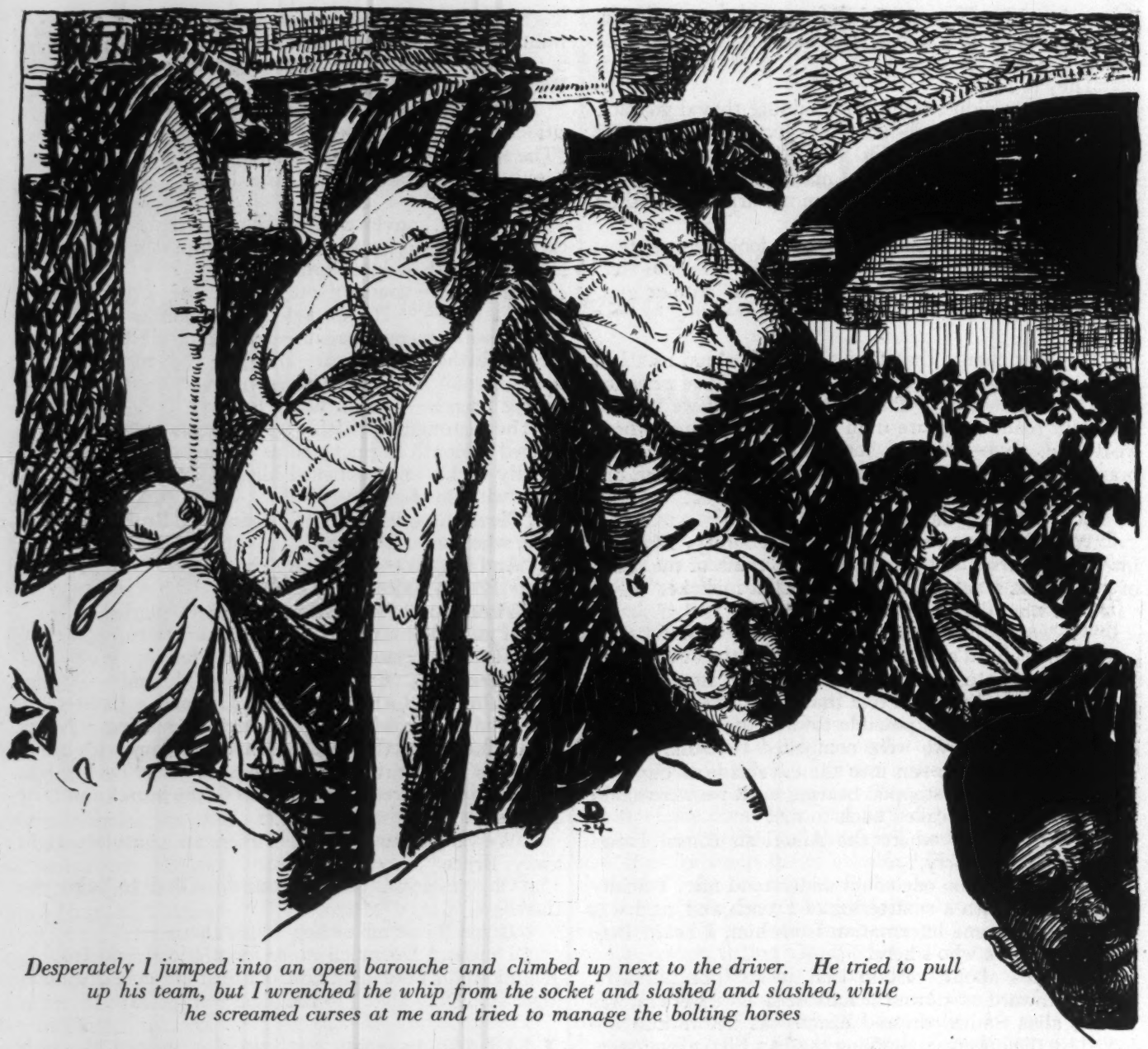
I will say for Bruce that he was one of the best natural actors I have met up with. His horror was perfectly simulated. A string of imprecations tumbled from his lips.

"Brigand—bandit—thief—old robber! Paid him myself—then collects from you. Miserable business! Sha'n't stand for it—close up his shop—give him a dressin' down. Would offer you remuneration, but know you wouldn't accept——"

"On the contrary, if you are really in earnest——"

"Don't say a word!" he interrupted. "Understand just how you feel. Gentleman—couldn't accept money—never done. Quite right! But I must insist on doin' the honors to-night—what say?"

I refused curtly, for we had emerged into a new, broad



Desperately I jumped into an open barouche and climbed up next to the driver. He tried to pull up his team, but I wrenched the whip from the socket and slashed and slashed, while he screamed curses at me and tried to manage the bolting horses

thoroughfare and, aside from my natural fear that we would be seen by some one who had been in the fight at the coffee-house, I saw that wonderful old bird, the American eagle, above the gateway of a palatial-looking residence. I'm no snob, but I wanted to get rid of Bruce and his disreputable follower. We would have a hard enough time winning the indulgence of the consul without being handicapped by that pair. I held out my hand.

"Thanks, Bruce, for showing us the way."

"Don't mention it," Bruce airily replied, disregarding my gesture. "A pleasure. Jemmie and I are in no hurry —we'll just step in with you. May be of assistance."

"Really, it isn't necessary."

"No trouble at all—do anything for our friends. Wouldn't we, Jemmy?"

That worthy had seated himself by the consulate gate and was wheezing softly on a mouth organ he had dug from his pocket. I was desperate.

"Look here, Bruce! It will be a long time before we are free."

"We have plenty of time."

"And besides, this is something that only concerns ourselves."

The Englishman's eyes sparkled. He scented money in the offing. "News from the States—wot?"

"No, it has nothing to do with America. The police and most of the natives are after us."

"Oh—er—I say!"

He lifted his eyebrows and moved back a step.

"We're in a frightful mess," I continued.

Bruce's manner grew slightly distant.

"In that case—shall respect your feelin's. Privacy best for that sort of thing. Friends can't help—what I mean to say—just a nuisance, wot? Jemmie!"

From the hurried way he lifted his ragged follower to his feet, there was no question but that Mr. Bruce-Smith had had previous dealings with the Turkish police.

"We'll be movin'—Jemmie always restless—needs the dear old exercise—er—I think you said you *would not* be with us this evenin', didn't you?"

I assured him that his surmise was quite correct, which seemed to relieve him immensely. With an airy wave of the hand and a cheery "Toodle-oo," he propelled Jemmie across the street.

While I had been talking to Bruce, Pete had disappeared somewhere with the horses. I stood there, waiting for him impatiently, imagining things that could have happened to him, growing more nervous every minute. Every figure that came into the street threw me into a fever. They all looked just like the men at the coffee-

house. All of them seemed to stare at me vindictively. A boy, apparently bent on getting somewhere quickly, ran around the corner, but stopped in wide-eyed astonishment as soon as he saw me and scampered in the opposite direction. Across the street, a bearded man came out of a lane, looked over at me and disappeared in a doorway. It was all distinctly ominous.

A man on horseback came into view at the end of the street and I dodged inside the gate and stood in the cool shadows of some eucalyptus trees where I would not be seen. I argued in my mind whether I should leave the comparative safety of the consulate to hunt for O'Gaffney. Something must have happened to him, but, since I had no idea where he was and we would probably miss each other if I left that spot, I decided not to move. The outer door of the consulate stood ajar, and, rather than remain in the open any longer, I mounted the steps and walked inside.

A hallway, high-ceiled and airy with black-and-white tile floor, led back to a sunny court with fountain and scrub palms. Arched doorways led into rooms on both sides and from one of these I heard the busy click of a typewriter. A bulletin board was fastened against the wall. Aimlessly, I stepped over to read the items posted there. The first notice I looked at riveted my attention, a card a foot square on which was printed in English and Arabic:

> ANYONE HAVING ANY INFORMATION OF THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE TWO AMERICANS DESCRIBED BELOW WILL COMMUNICATE AT ONCE WITH THIS OFFICE. REWARD!!

Below was a very accurate description of Peter and myself!

Chapter VII

I FLED from the consulate before any one should see me and hurried down the shady path to the sunlit street. Where was Pete? Except for an aged porter who had just passed the gate with an enormous wicker crate on his bent back, the thoroughfare was empty. I tried to whistle away my fears, but I was sick and miserable with apprehension. Every way we turned we were checkmated.

A handsome carriage, drawn by a pair of spirited horses, two blacks in white robes on the box, came dash-

ing around the corner. I started to step back inside the gate, but noticed that the sole occupant was a veiled woman, evidently the favorite of some rich man's harem. As the equipage came opposite, the woman leaned forward and spoke to the driver, who reined in the horses sharply. Before she lifted her veil, the paralysis of my heart told me who it was. I forgot Turkish custom, prudence, Peter, everything. With a glad cry I ran to her side.

"Anis!"

"You are hurt!" she cried in a voice that was almost a sob, pointing to my sleeve. "They told me that you had been killed. My own father told me that you were dead."

"THEY tried something of the kind yesterday. This is only a scratch."

"Oh, I could die of happiness that it is not so."

"Anis, where do you live? How can I see you?"

"There is no way. You must leave Kieff at once—please—please—for my sake."

"It is for your sake that I stay."

"You must not. Oh, believe me, you must not!" She spoke in hurried little gasps. "My father has sworn your death."

"Why?"

"He will not believe. He thinks I have disgraced myself and his name. Please—you must go! There is no safety for you in all Syria."

"I want to see you, Anis. I want to talk to you. There must be some way."

I put my foot on the step and leaned toward her. She shrank back.

"Oh, don't—don't!"

The stinging lash of a whip bit my head and shoulders. Again and again the black footman cut at me, snarling shrill imprecations. I was thrown to the ground as the driver slashed the trembling horses with the reins and they jerked forward. When I had picked myself up and brushed the dust off, the carriage with Anis was rolling rapidly away. I limped over to the consulate gate, and, because the screamed maledictions of the angry footman had brought several natives to their doorsteps, I retreated inside to get out of their sight.

A few minutes after, I heard the sound of running feet outside. The next instant Pete dashed inside the gate. He stopped at the entrance and looked back, down the street. He was breathing hard and from the tenseness of his attitude, I knew something had happened.

"What is it, Pete?"

My question made him jump, for he hadn't seen me when he came in. He waved for me to keep quiet and held his position.

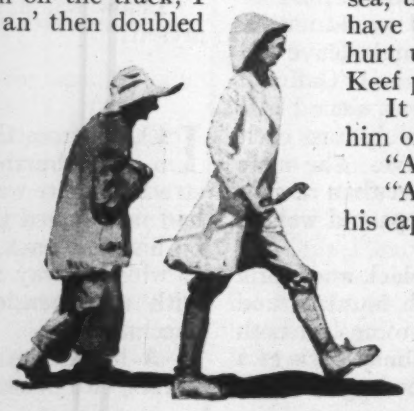
"We can't stay here, Pete."

"We gotta stay here. They seen me just as I was leavin' the horses. There's about fifty of 'em an' they got blood in their eye. I've threw 'em off the track, I think—I run in the opposite direction an' then doubled back through a gin mill, but the whole town is buzzin' like a hornet's nest."

I went over to him.

"Pete, there's a placard a foot square on the bulletin board inside offering a reward for information about us. Either the Greek or the café proprietor has been here and spilled the beans. We're wanted. As soon as we step inside that place we'll be arrested."

He turned around with stupefaction written on his face.



"Holy cat!" he breathed. "That ties the can to this place as a hang-out." For a moment he was buried in thought, then sighed: "All right! Let's go!"

"Where?"

"Away f'm here. Wait a minute till I see if tne Syrian army's outside!"

He went cautiously to the gate and looked out. Just then a smug-looking American with eyeglasses came out of the door of the consulate.

Pete saw him and whispered: "Coast clear, Duke! Beat it!"

"What are you doing down there?" the American called.

I didn't answer him, but dashed out the gate after Peter. We dog-trotted along for a block without saying a word, then O'Gaffney cut across the street to a narrow lane that seemed to offer us some protection. On one side ran a high wall, enclosing a garden; on the other, a gloomy, gray-stone building rose to a considerable height, with narrow latticed windows near the top. We had run for perhaps a hundred feet when we passed an ancient doorway, partly blocked with stone, let into the side of the building. The recess was deep enough to conceal us. Pete at once turned back and, after peering inside, vaulted the barrier. I followed suit and scrambled over moldy bricks and dirt to join my companion where he sat, in the darkest corner.

"Whew!" he sighed, as he uncovered his blond thatch and wiped his forehead with his cap. "I heard a p'fessor lecture about Turkey onct, an' that cockeyed guinny had the nerve to say that all they did over here was eat an' sleep an' grow fat. He said that nothin' ever happened. If he wasn't the nuttiest cuckoo that ever lived, I'm a liar! I ain't did so much runnin' around since we was huntin' Heinies the day before the Armistice."

"Well, you said you liked adventure."

"Sure. I like it all right, on'y not in such bunches. I'd like to see 'em spread it out more. Near as I can figure it, we got about half the Spicks in the world lookin' for us—an' we ain't did nothin' to speak of."

HE took a mashed cigarette from his pocket and lighted it. As he exhaled a great cloud of smoke with satisfaction, I noticed for the first time that his knapsack and my musette bag were missing.

"Cert'ny," snorted Pete. "We left the blamed things at the joint where we had the fight. We ain't got nothin' now except three cigarettes an' the clothes on our backs."

That led us to a discussion of what we were going to do. We seemed uncomfortably close to the end of our rope. Pete's idea was to stay right where we were until dark and then try to make one of the steamers in the port.

"I'm gettin' sick of this town already. I've saw enough of it already to know it's bad news. We won't get nowhere except in jail or kilt. If they's a boat leaving port to-night, we'll stow away on her. After she gets to sea, they can't throw us overboard. We may have to do a bit of stokin', but that wouldn't hurt us none—just so we get away from this Keef place. If we on'y had some jack——"

It seemed the psychological moment to tell him of our wealth.

"Aloysius."

"Aw, cut that stuff out!" he growled, pulled his cap over his eye and crawled over, on hands and knees, to the barrier.

"Don't interrupt! I am going to give you tidings of great joy. What would you do if you had five francs?"

He had his back to me and spat, dejectedly, into the lane.

"What we playin' now — riddles?" he asked curtly.

From my watch pocket, I brought out the two torn pieces of French money and flattened them together on my knee.

"Look and admire!"

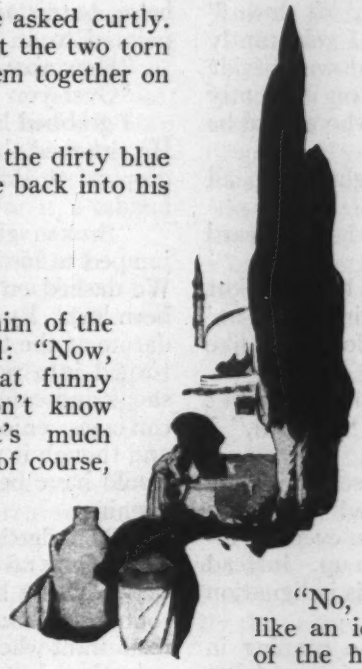
It was some time before he made out the dirty blue paper, but when he did, the sparkle came back into his eyes.

"Judas! Where'd you find that?"

"In the pocket."

"You been holdin' out on me!"

"Never, Peter, never!" I informed him of the circumstances of its discovery and added: "Now, Peter, I have a plan. You know that funny little railroad we saw at the port. I don't know where it goes, but let's take it. That's much better than your stowaway idea. It is, of course, perfectly feasible for you to talk about stowing away, but I can't think of any part of a ship, aside from the funnel, where I could put all of me without being discovered."



"No, sir!" Pete disagreed. "I'm agin' spendin' any good money for travelin' purposes. What are your feet for? You talk as if we was millionaires."

"And what would you do with this money, Peter?"

He smiled and wet his lips.

"Well, now that you ast me——"

"This is not going for liquor," I said seriously.

"What did you ast me for, then?" flared Pete. "I tell you this, Duke, if you buy me just one drink, I'll think of more ways of gettin' us outa the mess we're in than you can shake a stick at. I think twict as good wit' a drop under the belt. But, if you're goin' to be selfish——"

The words died in his throat, for just then a small, square white object fell at our feet. For a moment we gazed at it as if it were a coiled snake. Pete's expression was ludicrously perplexed.

"Who throwed that?"

He scrambled to his feet and walked over to the opening while I picked up the white square. I saw him look out and mutter:

"What the——"

"Isn't there anybody there?"

"Not a soul."

He stared at me foolishly as I stood up, then burst out:

"I don't like this place. I ain't liked it ever since we landed. First, we fight wit' each other, then we fight everbody in the country an' almost get kilt—now we got the jitters."

THE object thrown at us was a piece of paper wrapped around something hard. When I unwrapped it, I found in the center two Turkish gold pieces.

"Holy Saints, Duke!" gasped Pete as he looked at it. "Fer the lova Mike—that's money."

Written on the paper in very fine letters:

You are in peril of your life. I pray you to remain hidden until you can flee the country. My father was informed of our meeting this morning. He has taken a blood oath to kill you. My own death means nothing, but you must not be harmed. I could never forgive myself if that should happen. I return the money you were so kind to give. I hope it will help you to escape. I send this by my waiting woman, hoping she will find you. Allow no native to come close to you. Eat or drink nothing that has not first been tasted by a servant. Above all, do not go into the street. Farewell, beloved.

"It's the first ghost who ever give any sensible advice," Peter commented, when I had read the note aloud. "Most of this Ouiji board stuff is plain goofus. An' them gold pieces, Duke. Can you beat it?"

All I could think of was the line "My own death means nothing." It recalled the story she had told me of that friend of hers who had disobeyed her father—"the whip that does not mark, but hurts so terribly—her own father and brothers, *monsieur*—after that she was willing to marry the old one."

"*My own death means nothing.*"

I groaned, while Peter chattered on.

"Whoever wrote that was friendly to us, that's a cinch—an' I didn't think nobody was friendly, in this burg."

"Anis sent it, Pete."

"Who?"

"The girl on the boat."

"I keep thinkin' her name's Eunice. What's she mean about this mornin'—the fight we had?"

"No, I saw her and spoke to her on the street, like an idiot. It was while you were getting rid of the horses. Her father knows about it and she's in bad trouble. He may kill her."

"Aw, don't talk crazy!" Pete scoffed. "You didn't do nothin' to her. A guy don't go killin' his own daughter jus' for speakin' to somebody."

"They do in this country."

I MOVED to the barrier and looked up and down the alley-like lane. No one was in sight except an old woman driving home a single goat. The afternoon was golden with sunlight.

"If I could only find that waiting woman. I wonder how she disappeared so quickly."

"These people are great ackerbats. I seen some tumblin' A-rabs that was wit' a circus—— Hey, where you goin'?"

I was over the barricade and into the lane before he had finished speaking. I had the overwhelming conviction that Anis was close.

"Oh, fer the lova Mike, come back here! Are you crazy?" Pete bawled in a hoarse whisper.

I was crazy, driven mad by the threat in that line, "My own death means nothing." I examined the blank wall opposite. There was a handsome house inside the grounds, but only a portion of the roof was visible. Discouraged, I walked across the lane and examined the gray walls of ancient stone above our hiding place. The lattice windows, high up, gave me a momentary hope, but a long scrutiny of them convinced me there was no one behind them. All the time I was exposing myself, Pete kept up a blasphemous line of comment.

"Do you want us both kilt? What's eatin' you, anyhow? Rubberin' around as if you was a hick in front of the Woolwort' buildin'."

"We'd better leave here, Pete. If that waiting woman knows where we are, others will know it before long."

"I won't move a step. Come back in here! Didn't your girl tell you to keep off the streets?"

"Suppose we are inside there and are discovered by some of the men we fought with this morning? We'd be caught like rats in a trap."

"You never seen a rat sling one of these little articles, did yuh?" Pete asked, picking up a piece of broken rock half the size of a man's head. "Let 'em come. We'll give 'em a party as long as the ammunition lasts. Come back in here! It's the safest place for us. I ain't gonna set foot out of it till after sunset. That ain't hardly no

time to wait, so come on back here an' sit down!"

As it was useless to argue with him, I reluctantly crawled back over the rubbish, and sat down beside him. He lit another cigarette and sucked on it silently for a while, then broached the question of who should be custodian of the gold pieces.

"It's the Bible says you shouldn't oughta keep all your eggs in one basket."

I was so deep in thoughts of Anis that I hardly heard him.

"You might lose 'em. They ain't very big. Lookut how you went an' put that French money in a book an' then forgot about it. You never seen me do a trick like that, did yuh?"

"No, Peter, because you never had a book. I didn't mislay the bill. I put it there because it was torn," I explained.

"Well, gimme them gold pieces an' I'll see to it they don't get torn. Gimme one of 'em, anyhow!"

Knowing who had sent that money to us, even my affection for Peter couldn't make me give them up. Instead I handed him the torn French bill to calm his indignation at my refusal.

During most of the afternoon the lane running in front of our hiding place had been devoid of passers-by, but no sooner did the shadows begin to lengthen than it became the principal shortcut for most of the pedestrians of Kieff. We would arise to stretch our cramped limbs, only to duck down again in imminent fear of discovery. We were particularly nervous when horsemen passed, for our principal enemies were mounted and we were observable to riders if they should chance to look our way.

There is no real twilight in Syria. Night follows day with startling transition. But the crimson and gold sunset mist, for which we were waiting, seemed interminably delayed. When the purpling shadows against the opposite wall showed that it was safe to venture forth, there came the problem of escaping unobserved. Twice, Peter announced the coast clear and mounted the broken barrier, only to drop back with a grunt of disgust as some newcomer turned into our narrow street. Impatience finally gave us daring. Two Syrians passed, arguing noisily both with voices and hands. We waited until they were twenty feet away, then chanced our exit.

Peter got over without mishap, but in jumping down, I dislodged a loose stone which rattled against the wall and fell to the ground. It seemed impossible that those two men could have heard that slight sound, yet they turned. One of them recognized us, for he grabbed his companion's arm, jabbered something and took a few uncertain steps toward us. He stopped, as his friend yelled words of caution and started to run toward the street. Convinced that he was no match for two of us, he, too, took to his heels.

"The devil!" I muttered, brushing the dust from my hands.

"What's the matter wit' those dudes."

"They recognized us. We'd better run for it. They're going to raise the wind."

"Run—nothin'. We didn't do nothin' to 'em."

A TURKISH gendarme was just passing as the two Syrians reached the end of the lane. Peter and I were walking along in the opposite direction when we heard him blow his whistle. Nasty sound, a police whistle. He made no attempt to come after us—until we ran. We had done nothing to those Syrians, yet we ran. The sound of that whistle was enough. At the first corner, we dodged to the left and ran down a rock-strewn path toward the sea. Had we kept on, we might have outdistanced the pursuing gendarme, but Peter pointed to an eight-foot wall on one side, and panted:

"How about the wall?"

"Over you go."

I grabbed him around the knees and boosted him up. He clutched the top of the wall, gave a cry of pain and dropped to the ground, blood starting from cuts on his hands.

"Broken glass all over the top," he blurted as he jumped to his feet and wiped his hands on his breeches. We dashed on down the hill, but precious seconds had been lost. By the time we reached the bottom, the gendarme at the top had caught sight of us. The street we turned into ran along the sea front—a street of small shops and cafés. It was filled with people, afoot and in carriages, enjoying the coolness of the evening breeze, and though it was agony to walk with pursuit so close, it would have been sheer madness to attract attention by running.

We dodged across the street and walked into the first café. Only after we had gone clear through the place to a table on the balcony outside, did I recognize our surroundings. Our persistent bad luck had drawn us to the restaurant where Pete had passed the cigar coupons. Not only that, but, sitting at another table with his back to us, as yet oblivious to our presence, was the little Greek we had robbed on the boat.

CHAPTER VIII

THE placé was nearly filled with people and Pete was too intent on watching the front door to notice what I had seen. When he glanced around to pick a favorable exit, his eyes fell on the Greek. With the quickness of a scared rabbit, he froze, dropping his elbows on the table and cupping his hands over his face to hide his identity.

"Cheese it, Duke! Duck your head quick!" he whispered to me huskily. "The little Wop we gypped on the boat is sittin' right over there."

Scared and excited as I was, I couldn't help smiling over the humor of it all.

"I know it—and do you see where we are, Peter?"

"We're in the soup if he reco'nizes us. We can't leave here till the bull outside disappears."

"True enough—yet if we stay here, we may have to redeem a few cigar coupons."

Pete looked around him with a start. As recognition dawned on him he slumped down dejectedly in his chair and shoved his hands deep in his pockets.

"Aw, fer the lova Mike! I'm through. I've had some bum luck in me day, but I never seen the beat of this." He stared hard at the table, blinking back tears of anger. "Can you beat it? I ast you! What t'hell you gonna do when you're jinxed like we been ever since we hit this burg? They ain't nothin' you *can* do but sit back an' take it."

"There's one satisfaction, Peter. If the proprietor makes a fuss, we have enough money to buy back those cigar coupons."

"Buy back nothin'!" Pete stormed. "It don't do no good to try to change your luck when you're jinxed. The on'y thing I know 'at's any good, is to rub a hunchback, an' I ain't seen a real good one since we been here. No, sir, I'm through. They can pinch me an' jail me an' hang me an' be damned to 'em."

I thought he meant it, he spoke with such conviction.

"I've seen some tough luck in me day, but I never seen it like this," he repeated. "Why, Duke——" He stopped speaking, with his eyes riveted on the front door. "Here's where the peerade starts."

I followed his gaze and saw the gendarme, who was after us, entering the café. He came, slowly, in our direction, scanning the faces at the various tables. The aged proprietor, who had not been present when we entered, followed in his wake, washing his hands helplessly.

"Let's make a break for it, Pete," I whispered.

"I tell you I won't move!" Pete growled back.

At that moment the gendarme saw us, but, instead of coming out on the balcony and arresting us, he turned and made his way quickly out of the café.

"Now is our time, if ever," I urged O'Gaffney. "He's gone for help."

"Here's another to take his place."

TRUE enough. The café proprietor was at my elbow. He called to the boy who had waited on us the day before, then turned back to us, rubbing his hands and smiling his toothless, gummy smile. The boy, when he reached the table, stepped close to Peter and touched his fingers to breast, forehead and lips in salutation.

"*Ahalem sahalem*, most noble *Howajah*. Welcome and well come."

He reached for Pete's hand, to kiss it, but the Irishman drew it away with a snarl.

"Stop doin' that! What t'hell yuh want?"

"It is of the money you give so kind yesterday——"

"What's wrong wit' the money?"

Pete's face had that deep flush and his eyes the nasty, pugnacious glitter that meant trouble.

"The money for which I now use for go Turkish school."

"Well—what's 'at got to do wit' me?"

The boy turned toward me in hesitation, then began once more on Peter.

"This day, my father"—here he wafted his hand toward the old man—"give me, also, money in same kind for go Turkish school."

"What's he tryin' to say to me?" demanded Peter, his face twisted into a distressed pucker.

"He's going to follow your advice and go to Turkish school with the nice money you gave him yesterday. He's thanking you."

"He's—he's thankin' me for them—them——"

I nodded. The boy nodded also.

"It is for thenk you——"

Our attention was aroused by a general movement at all the tables. Every one rose, amid the scraping of chairs, and stood with fingers touching foreheads—a gesture I was beginning to comprehend. A premonition of what it was all about caused a sick chill to creep over me. I got up from my chair as I heard a smothered oath escape Pete's lips. The place seemed filled with blue-coated gendarmes and coming toward us, with a gold-braided official, was the Turkish lieutenant I had knocked down that morning—"Little Red Riding Breeches."

"Going to let them take us, Pete?"

"Not *him!*" Pete muttered through clenched teeth.

"Do we fight?"

"Not a chance."

He rushed to the railing of the balcony we were on and looked over. As he did so, I heard a cry behind me. The little Greek had spotted us and rose from his table with his napkin still tucked in his shirt front.

"You—you——" he screamed, raising two pudgy arms. I dodged over to Pete's side. He already had one foot over the rail.

"It's a nasty drop, Duke—rocks below. But we gotta chance it, anyway."

In far less time than it takes to tell it, we were both hanging by our hands to the lower part of the balcony. For a moment after Pete dropped, I hung on, afraid to let go. I had no idea how high the balcony was. Only the sudden rush of people to the rail gave me the courage to loose my grip. As I hit the ground, with a back-wrenching jar, I felt a stabbing pain go through my ankle, which was bent under me. I had just presence of mind enough to roll under the protecting cover of the balcony.

"All right, Duke?" Pete called anxiously in the darkness.

"All right," I gasped through teeth clenched in pain.

Above, the scraping thud of feet and confused shouting.

"Come on, then—this way!"

I had to think fast. The first pressure on my ankle made me sure I couldn't hobble twenty feet. No use letting Pete know. He would stick with me and be taken by the police.

"You go that way—I'll go this!" I commanded. "Better chance of getting through if we separate. Meet you at the consulate."

"But, Duke——"

"Dammit, don't argue—run!"

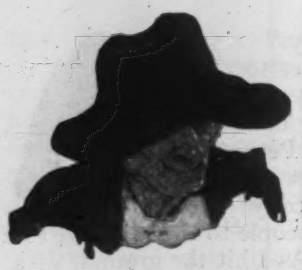
To convince him I was in earnest, I stumbled three or four steps into the darkness, then crawled on hands and knees over the slippery, moss-covered rocks under the café and sat down with my feet in a pool of salt water to wait for them to come and get me.

HAD they come at once I would have made no resistance, for the wind was partly knocked out of me by the fall and I was certain my ankle was useless. I felt as Peter did. I was through. Let them take me and get it over with. I was tired of being chased. But the enemy, for all my expectations, didn't come. At low tide, there were only two ways of approaching the spot where we had dropped. They could have followed our lead and dropped down on us, but with our fighting reputation and the knowledge that we were desperate, no one was anxious to go first. The only alternative was to run to one of the landing stages for rowboats at the end of the street. This they preferred to do, as it was much safer and still effectively cut off our escape.

All the time I was waiting for them, I massaged my ankle through my shoe, wiggled it to prove that it was not broken and slowly regained my wind and my confidence. On every side of me were moss-covered piles, supporting the café. I took a hesitant step on my injured ankle and found the combination of cold salt water and massaging had made the pain of walking on it endurable. With that knowledge, it seemed extremely silly to sit there and make no attempt to avoid arrest. I hobbled forward, peering vainly into the darkness above me for a place of concealment.

There were heavy cross beams that offered a possible solution, if the searching party were without lights—which seemed highly improbable. As I reached the front supports, under the balcony, I heard distant shouts on my right and saw the flash of an electric torch. Without waiting further, driven by the necessity of doing something, I grasped the rough sides of one of the balcony supports with my arms and slowly swarmed upward.

Even a man not naturally athletic can develop an astonishing agility under the pressure of necessity. Only a drunken sailor or an



acrobat could have climbed that moss-covered piling, reached backward for a precarious hold of the balcony's edge, swung free and finally pulled himself up to a kneeling position outside the railing. I made no attempt at concealment and I must have made quite a lot of noise, yet, when I crouched at last on the narrow ledge outside the railing, shaken and weak from the effort I made, I was undiscovered by either my pursuers below or the scattered groups on the balcony, still excitedly discussing the attempted arrest.

With infinite caution, I wormed my way along until I was in the shelter of a table, set close to the edge, and there I stayed, peering into the café and listening to the bickering and quarreling going on below, where "Little Red Riding Breeches" was venting his spleen on his myrmidons for having failed to catch the two Americanos.

I had no idea what to do next. Even with the concealment the table offered on that shadowy balcony, I was bound to be discovered sooner or later. A dash through the café seemed the most feasible, but I could see very little of the interior and had no way of telling how many gendarmes might be on guard there. The only other course I had was a jump of at least ten feet to a neighboring balcony, back of a dimly lighted store. No jump at all for a moving-picture hero, but quite out of the question for me.

Action was forced on me before I had come to any decision. The table, behind which I crouched, was the same one the Greek had occupied. The remains of his unfinished dinner lay where he had left it. A servant came now to clear this away. I was between the devil and the deep blue, afraid to stay where I was for fear he would discover me and equally afraid to move, for the same reason. Deciding that the former was the safer course of the two, I moved my hands out of the light and buried my head in my arms.

I could hear the soft swish of his slippers, right beside me, as he moved around the table; could even feel the slight brush of his skirt against my hands. Suddenly, I felt that he had stopped still. I cautiously raised my head to look and, as I did so, the native gave a terrified shriek and ran for the entrance to the café. I rose to start after him and then quickly crouched down again, but the movement, slight in itself, had cast my silhouette against the lighted background of the café and I was seen by one of the gendarmes below. I heard him raise a shout. A flashlight was turned in my direction.

With that, I hesitated no longer, but jumped over the railing and dashed through the tables, past the astonished groups on the balcony, who had not grasped the meaning of the terrified outcry raised by the servant; through the café, where people rose in their chairs, but made no attempt to impede my progress, and out into the street.

THE very unexpectedness of my appearance in the café from which I had fled aided my flight, but once outside the going was extremely difficult. I had not taken five steps before a policeman was after me. The street was crowded with carriages and people, and when I say the street, I mean it literally. No one used the sidewalks. They were reserved for men who were smoking narghiles, for snarling dogs and sprawled beggars. While the mob prevented me from running with any speed, it also served to impede my pursuer. My ankle hurt terrifically at each slight twist, but by running flat-footedly I was able to endure it.

I dodged in and out, using a sort of loping hop that earned me many a curse from people I bumped into. At the corner, still leading the policeman by fifty feet, I had a choice between going up a dark alley or keeping to the crowded thoroughfare. I felt I could probably outrun the Turkish gendarme, if neither one of us was obstructed by foot passengers. On the other hand, I had no guarantee that he wouldn't shoot me in the back, if there was no danger of hitting some one else. For this reason I kept to the well-lighted and crowded street.

By this time there were at least twenty who had taken up the chase behind me and with their hullabaloo they were attracting the attention of people directly ahead. One great negro ran out from the side and tried to stop me. I gave him a straight-arm in the face and, by sprinting, managed to get past him. A short distance in front of me, I saw a carriage going in the same direction I was headed. With a final spurt, I ran alongside—it was an open barouche and empty—jumped upon the step and climbed up next to the driver. He tried to pull up his team but I wrenched the whip from the socket and slashed and slashed. While he screamed curses at me and tried to manage the bolting horses, I felt in my pocket for a gold piece and shoved it into his hand. He must have thought me a madman, but the feel of the heavy gold was convincing.

"Faster, faster!" I yelled at him, plying the whip on the horses' flanks.

IT is a great wonder and a small pity that we didn't kill a few people as we rattled down the street over those rough cobbles at a speed that threatened to jolt every rib loose and break the ramshackle carriage in two. We gave plenty of notice of our coming, however, for rubber-tired carriages are unknown in Kieff.

At the third or fourth corner, when we had left our pursuers far in the rear, I grabbed the frightened driver by the arm and yelled:

"*Consulate Americaine*—American Consulate—*Consulado Americano*. Drive me there quick! *Schnell!* Hurry! *Vite!* Understand?"

Apparently he did. We turned off the sea drive, shortly after, and started the ascent of a steep hill, past slumbering gardens. Despite my anxieties and forebodings, I was keenly alive to the thrilling poignancy of the night. The warm spiced air vivified my perceptions and quickened my romantic susceptibilities—made me even enjoy, to a certain extent, the hazardous adventure I was engaged in—stirred strange unsuspected depths of passionate and voluptuous longing in me.

The moon seemed too beautiful to be a real moon, and the colorful world, bathed in its blue-white brilliance, was toned down to a soft unreality. It made all my adventures in that strange land seem like a play. I could laugh at my danger. It was all make-believe—part of a comic opera—perfectly natural in such a setting. If I was caught, they would only drop the curtain and make ready for the third act, where I was rescued by United States Marines. As we passed a dimly lighted mosque, with its moon-silvered minaret, the last touch was added to the perfect theatricality of the scene. A muezzin, on a balcony far above us, lifted his nasal chant to the stars.

While the fatigued horses panted their way up that hill, I felt to the limit the fullness of existence. I was intoxicated with romance and a bit touched with moon-madness. I felt that the only correct finish to that exciting day was to find the house that held Anis, force my way in and carry her away before the irate gaze of her Moslem father.

At the top of the hill we entered a broad thoroughfare that I dimly recognized as the street of the consulate. There were no lights, but the brilliance of the moon

showed me that it was as void of people as Main Street at midnight. As we passed the lane, down which Peter and I had dashed that afternoon, I said to the driver:

"Let me out here!"

It made no impression on him, but when I took hold of his arm and commanded: "Stop!" he understood, and pulled up his horses. I jumped to the ground and ran, at once, into the shadows close to the houses. I moved toward the consulate gate, cautiously, ready to stop at the first sign of danger, but there was no one around. The iron gate of the consulate was locked. I tried the handle twice, but it would not turn. I hesitated about pulling the bell for admittance. In the first place, that reward notice posted in the hall of the consulate made it probable that my reception would be anything but pleasant. In the second, I was afraid Peter might come a few moments after I had gone inside, and wait around at the gate for me until he was captured. While I was trying to come to a decision, I saw the flickering lights of a carriage coming down the street and stepped away from the gate into a pool of shadow cast by a buttress of the wall.

THE carriage stopped within a dozen yards of me and a man descended. There was an argument about the fare, and as the man stepped into the circle of light thrown by the carriage lamps, I recognized our arch enemy, the Greek. From the sound of his voice, he was in a temper and I suspected that it came from the failure of the Turks to capture us, rather than from the driver's overcharge. It gave me hope that Peter, too, was safe.

The carriage at length departed and the Greek pulled the bell sharply. I could hear the answering jangle somewhere within the grounds. For several minutes nothing happened. The Greek muttered a curse and lit a cigarette, then gave a second impatient pull at the bell. This time, there came an irritable mumble from some Arab approaching the gate and the next moment the creaking of the hinges told me the iron door had been opened. I stepped from my hiding place as the Greek passed inside and sneaked forward, catching the door just before it swung shut. Waiting a little, to give the two time enough to get to the door of the consulate, I cautiously stepped inside.

They were just mounting the steps—the Arab carrying an ancient tin lantern. I didn't close the gate, but held my fingers in the crack, hoping that Peter would come and I could flag him. If he could only elude his pursuers and get to the consulate ahead of them, the murky darkness of the consul's front yard would be a perfect hiding spot. My nostrils were filled with the heady, sweet scent of the night-blooming Cereus. A mosquito sang about my ears. Around the corner, a dog howled at the moon.

Chapter IX

SUDDENLY in the distance I heard the staccato beat of horse's hoofs, approaching the consulate. I ventured a glance out the gate, could see nothing distinctly, but closed the iron door as noiselessly as possible and moved back into the protecting shadow of the acacias to be on the safe side. The mounted men halted outside the gate. I heard much talk in Arabic gutturals, and guessed, from a crisply delivered order, that they were either gendarmes or soldiers. Afterward, there was the sound of carriage wheels, also coming to a stop outside. The bell was pulled harshly, and this time the old servant appeared almost immediately, bobbing down the path with his lantern.

As soon as he opened the gate, a dozen men entered and marched toward the consulate. I crouched low, on one knee, and strained my eyes to see if they had Peter with them, but, except that their flashlights showed them to be mostly gendarmes, I could tell nothing. The presence of such a crowd at the consulate presaged bad luck. Certainly we had had nothing else since we had come to Kieff.

After they had passed and had entered the building, I still remained where I was, miserably uncertain what to do. With the entire police force inside, all hope of entering the consulate had vanished. I contemplated going to the gate, to keep watch for O'Gaffney, but there was no telling when more Turks would arrive or the others would leave. There seemed to be no safer hiding place than the one I had selected. I was plagued by mosquitoes that seemed to understand and relish my inability to fight them off effectively. It added nothing to my ease of mind to remember that malaria was extremely prevalent in Syria.

While I was silently battling these pests and straining eyes and ears for any signal of danger, I heard some one on the path, close to me. At first, the sound only made me crouch lower and hold my breath, but when I noticed the indecisive way the person started for the steps of the consulate and then came back, I began to hope. I waited in anxious indecision, until the man passed slowly toward the gate, then I took a chance and called, very softly:

"Pete!"

The person stopped and came back quickly. My fears vanished in a second and I hurried to him.

"Thank Heaven, you're safe! Where did you go?"

INSTANTLY a flashlight was turned upon me. I was blinded by the sudden light. A hand grabbed my wrist and I heard the voice of the little Greek yell in triumph: "It is you! You!"

I nearly jerked him off his feet, trying to free my wrist. When he dropped the flashlight and grabbed me with both hands, I attacked him.

"Oh, no—no!" he squealed, as I threw him to the ground. I sat on top of him and choked him into submission and quiet.

"I'll choke the life out of you, if you make a sound," I hissed into his ear. At that moment the door of the consulate swung open. Men came running down the steps. I jumped off the little Greek and started for the gate—and bumped into two gendarmes who had been placed there as guards and who had hurried up the path at the first sound of the disturbance. With them hanging to me, I plunged into the shrubbery by the side of the path, struggling grimly, desperately, to wriggle loose. I mercilessly damned the little Greek as I heard him shout out my identity; then, as others rushed to the assistance of the two gendarmes, I gave up the struggle.

With studied roughness, they dragged me to my feet, shook me until my teeth chattered, slapped me around the face and head and pulled me to the steps of the consulate. With gendarmes holding my arms and another holding to my coat collar, I was shoved into the lighted hallway, to one of the wide-arched doorways. Here, the procession stopped. I saw that the room was filled with Turks, most of them in uniform. The Greek had followed me and began shouting something furiously, in Arabic.

I thought he was reviling me and paid no attention to him, until he rushed over and began tugging at the hands of the policemen who were holding me. They resisted at first, but something he said put the fear of God into them, for they released their grip and backed away from me.

The fat little Greek immediately began brushing the dust from my clothes, glaring at the gendarmes and muttering:

"You will excuse—excuse——"

The same American I had seen that morning, bespectacled, worried, came rushing from the room.

"Stop that racket out here! We can't have all this noise."

When he caught sight of me, he was startled. His mouth straightened to a thin, sharp line and his eyes narrowed unpleasantly.

"Oh—where did you come from?" Then, with sudden conviction, "You're Phelps, aren't you?"

The Greek answered for me.

"*Oui*, Monsieur Black. We 'ave find eem at las'."

"It's about time you were showing up. Just because you Americans have all the money in the world, you think you can come into a foreign country and run it to suit yourselves. All this"—he waved his hand at the crowd inside the room—"is because of you. You've caused us no end of trouble." He looked at me with keen dislike. "Where's the man who was with you?"

"I don't know," I said quietly.

"Out getting us into more trouble, I suppose!"

SO this was the man we had to count on to help us. I made no reply to his sneering gibe.

"Come in here!" he ordered.

I followed him into the room, glared at, right and left, by the Turkish officers and gentry who were gathered there. The first familiar face I saw was that of the immaculate young Turkish officer with the snapping black eyes and cruel mouth. He was standing behind the chair of his paunch-bellied parent and both of them became immensely excited at sight of me. The fat governor broke into speech and slapped a broad-topped desk with the flat of his hand.

He addressed his remarks to a heavy, grizzled American, in a wrinkled and baggy linen suit, who sat directly behind the desk, and when I saw the twinkling eyes and half-concealed smile with which he regarded me, I took heart for the first time. It was my introduction to Thomas B. Preston, consul-extraordinary and friend indeed—God love his soul! As though a sudden idea had come to him, he glanced out of the corner of his eye toward the plethoric vali, looked shrewdly at me, then ceremoniously rose and bowed low. When he straightened up, his face was red from the unaccustomed bending, the twinkle had disappeared entirely from his eyes and was replaced by a frown of fixed gravity.

"Welcome to the consulate, Your Highness—you don't mind my sittin' down?"

I was stupefied. So were the Turks. The spectacled American was the most stupefied of all.

"Why—certainly not," I stammered.

"We have to do these things proper," the consul commented, as he sank into his chair. "Your name is Phelps?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wallace Dangerfield Phelps, III?"

He let the name roll off his tongue.

"Yes, sir."

"Otherwise known as 'The Prince o' Philadelphy'. Ain't that right?"

I looked at him and took my cue.

"I—— Yes, sir."

"Oh, I know you want to preserve your incognito while travelin', but a situation's come up that makes it necessary to have everythin' open an' aboveboard. Now, then, where's that private secretary o' yours—O'Gaffney."

"I don't know, sir. I expected to meet him here."

"What you been doin' to get into so much trouble, Prince?"

"Very little, sir. I imagine you refer to the affair of this morning. We were sitting at a coffee-house, having breakfast, when for no apparent reason that Turkish officer, standing there, whipped my companion across the face with a riding crop. I knocked him down."

The Turkish lieutenant stepped forward, his eyes blazing.

"It is because he has insult and insult. Ferrst, he sticks the foot op, to show insult. Then more, he spits to show insult. I should have kill him, bot, instead, I teach him lesson with the whip. This *ibn al-Kalb* dares to strike me. For that, he shall be punish-ed, I demand it."

"Hold your horses just a minute, Shevket!" the consul interrupted. "An' don't go referrin' to His Highness disrespectful!"

He turned to me, leaning on the table in front of him.

"Look here, Prince, what does this man O'Gaffney mean, insultin' people thataway? I can understand about the feet—maybe he don't know how bad that's considered over here—but he don't go spittin' at people when he's home, does he?"

I did my best to exonerate Peter. I tried to make it seem just what it was: a vulgar habit, but an unconscious one. The consul understood, I think. His explanations, combined with the high-sounding title he gave me had a visible effect on the others, although at every mention of the blow I had struck that morning, the Turkish governor grew apoplectic with fury. The consul spoke fluent Arabic to the vali and his son, making frequent gestures toward me, and though I had no idea what he was saying, I could plainly see that I was gaining a considerable reputation in their eyes. When at last the obese governor settled back with frowning resignation in his chair, the consul turned to me. His manner was serious, but the same humorous glint in his eyes belied his fierceness.

"Mr. Phelps, through my explainin' to the Honorable Shevket Bey, son of our esteemed vali, Shuweifat Pasha, that you too are a prince of the blood—which that III after your name helped a lot in provin'—after tellin' them also 'bout the size an' importance of the estate you own in America and about the immense riches you have just fallen heir to, they are somewhat—er—ameliorated, you might say. I have also explained that the real culprit was your secretary and body servant, O'Gaffney, who will be suitably punished when found. Therefore, in consideration of a small gift—say, fifty thousand piasters, an' a suitable word of regret, on your part, they are willin' to drop the criminal proceedin's they was about to institute."

Fifty thousand piasters—great heavens!

NOW, I know you're quite willin' to say you're sorry," the consul continued.

"Why, I don't know. I suppose——"

"Come on. Say it, anyway."

"It wouldn't do any good," I burst out. "I can't pay any fifty thousand piasters."

The consul's frown deepened. He seemed really irritated.

"You mean, you won't? That's only about thirty dollars."

"I mean I can't—I can't pay ten dollars. I haven't that much money in the world."

"Please to remember he doesn't know—he doesn't yet know," the little Greek whispered, coming forward. "And please, *not* to forget it was I who find eem. It is to me the money must come."

The consul rummaged in the drawer of his desk. He finally pulled forth a sheaf of cablegrams.

"Ain't I a forgetful old fool? This other business knocked it plumb out o' my head. I speck you ain't seen this."

I looked at the first cablegram and the room suddenly started whirling. It said:

Notify W. D. Phelps III. Due Arrive Kieff *S. S. Scylla.* Dangerfield Phelps uncle dead. He is sole heir. Lend all assistance facilitate return America immediately.

HARMON, HARMON AND GATES.

AT first I couldn't believe it was true, yet the signature was that of my uncle's lawyers. It *had* to be true. I was—I was worth—wait just a minute, while I take a deep breath!—I was worth something over seven million dollars. While I was reading cables of instruction, cables of information, confirmatory cables and telegrams from the consulate trying to locate me—in other words, while I was still mentally fumbling over the wonderful news and trying to grasp its import, I didn't notice the sullen, low-voiced colloquy going on between Shevket and a group of Turkish officers. I had just looked up as the consul said: "It's the reason we offered a reward to try to find you," when the vali's son stepped in front of me and tapped me on the shoulder.

"*Monsieur*," he said, "when I have asked you should be punished to-night, I have not think you were of distinguish' rank. Since you are of equality, it simplify much. The Howajah consul talk of a gift and an apology. That is not enough. There are some things must be decide in different manner—on the field of honor. *Monsieur le Prince*, for the blow you give this morning, I shall have great pleasure in killing you."

With that, he slapped me sharply across the face with his glove.

"Look here, son, Shevket is the best swordsman in Syria—took a couple prizes in Germany, where he was educated — an' he's a mighty good pistol shot, too. You wouldn't have a Chinaman's chance with him."

We were sitting in the glass-covered court of the consulate. The Turks had left. I had employed the little Greek, at an unheard-of number of drachma, to try to find Peter, and the disagreeable assistant consul, Mr. Black, had gone to bed. The consul had insisted that I have coffee and fruit with him, while he tried to persuade me to take the first boat home. He had, also, tried to force one of his dried-up cheroots on me, but I managed to sidestep that.

"Nevertheless, I'm not going to leave," I replied.

"Sho—this ain't the time to get high-falutin' notions about defendin' your honor an' sech."

"I'm not thinking of my honor, although I wish you hadn't stopped me to-night, when he slapped me with his glove."

"I had to. I couldn't have a fist fight right in my office."

"I'm thinking of O'Gaffney. If he wasn't in trouble, he'd have met me here—and I won't leave Syria without him."

Preston, for the fifth time, licked a tattered leaf on his cigar and tamped it into place. Due to its dryness and the worm holes in it, he was compelled to smoke that cigar as if he were playing a clarinet.

"I said we'd find him—if that's all that's stoppin' you."

"It isn't—quite."

When I tried to tell him of Anis, I got rather balled up and the more I tried to explain, the angrier Preston grew. Several times he ran a hairy paw over his touseled head in a gesture of impatience. Unable to hold in any longer, he burst out:

"Jehoshaphat, no wonder Shevket wants to kill you. You know who this girl is you're talkin' about? She's the girl he's fiancéed to. At that, I bet he ain't heard the fumaddidles you been up to, or he wouldn't have waited for ary duel."

He rose from his wicker chair and tossed his cigar angrily into the fountain. He pulled a pipe from the gaping side pocket of his linen coat, wiped the bowl carefully with a flaming bandanna handkerchief and filled it with shag from a near-by table. When he had puffed it into a glow, he strode back.

"You youngsters are the all-firedest trouble makers I ever did see. If they's one thing a Turk is techy on, it's his women, but I never knew an American o' your age to come over here, but what he didn't, somehow, get mixed up with one of 'em. Why can't you leave 'em be? You all listen to the story 'bout how a Turk treats his womenfolks, an' because it ain't our way at home, you get the fool idea you got to rescue 'em. They get along all right. What call have you got to go nosin' into a fambly matter?"

"It was rather forced on me, don't you think? She fell into the sea——"

"That ain't what I'm objectin' to, an' you know it. After you drug her out o' the water, why didn't you leave her be?"

"I didn't force the acquaintanceship," I objected.

"'Course you didn't. She flirted with you an' you fell for it."

"I wouldn't call it flirting."

"I would. I know 'em better than you'll ever know 'em. These women are the worst in the world —because they're held in so

When I pulled open the door, I found myself confronted by three young Turkish officers

close. The menfolks bundle 'em up so's you can't even see their faces, but I never seen a pretty one yet who didn't manage so's the wind'd blow her veil aside just as she was passin' a good-lookin' foreigner. The veils is an advantage to the hombly ones an' no hardship to the cuties. Makes 'em all the more fascinatin'. This girl ain't in love with you. She's just playin' a game with you for the fun that's in it."

HIS words exasperated me. I pulled the note she had sent me from my pocket.

"Does that look as if she was playing with me?"

The perusal of it made him ominously silent. The muscles of his jaw tightened until I thought he would bite clear through the pipestem clenched between his teeth. After he had finished reading the message, he leaned over and solemnly expectorated into a huge brass cuspidor at his feet.

"Son, you got to skip outa these parts, *pronto*. The rest o' your troubles ain't one-two-three compared to this. I know the father o' this girl, and he ain't the forgivin' kind. He's powerful, an' if he's took a blood oath to get even with you for what you did to his daughter, he'll do it."

"But I didn't do anything to her," I protested.

"I know that—but he don't, an' no amount o' your tellin' him would convince him. You was on the boat with her for three days, wa'n't you? An' she appeared in front of you without coverin' her face, didn't she? That's most the same as an open confession o' wrong-doin'. No Turk would believe she wasn't a bad girl, least of all, one of her fambly. No siree, that poor little kid couldn't be wuss off if you'd run away with her."

I came to a sudden resolve.

"Could that be arranged?"

"What?"

"Can you get that girl out of her father's house?"

The consul's eyes sparkled dangerously and a red flush stained his neck and jaw.

"Just what do you mean by that?" he asked slowly.

"I mean that I'd like to marry her."

His hostility faded out and a smile crept to his lips. He chuckled to himself.

"I reckoned I wasn't mistook in you, son, but—pshaw!—for a minute you give me a start. I've had rich youngsters, like yourself, come over here, chock-full o' ideas o' Turkey took outa the 'Arabian Nights'—slave markets an' concubines an' sech. They've made me some mighty funny offers. Seems like they think a consul ought to pervide 'em with entertainment o' various kinds."

He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and regarded me soberly.

"Now, about marryin' this girl. Just bein' a natural, inquisitive, good-hearted American busybody, you've gone an' got yourself in a peck o' trouble, but the way out isn't by tyin' yourself up to a Turkish girl for life."

"Why not?"

"They's a thousand reasons against it, but I'll only give you one. Her father would kill her afore he'd let her marry you. Is that satisfactory?"

"Then what can I do? Something must be done and done quickly. If her father thinks I've harmed her, he's liable to kill her anyway, isn't he?"

"He's more liable to kill you, just like that letter says. They's some good advice in there. You take it! Go down an' see Winkler at the Hotel Ottoman. You'll need some money."

He took a huge roll of paper money from his pocket and handed it to me.

"But—that's too much," I argued.

"No it ain't. That's only about thirteen dollars in American money. Hire the best soot of rooms Winkler's got an' don't move out of 'em until I let you know. Tomorrow mornin' I'll go over an' see this girl's dad an' try to explain just what a harmless, well-meanin' cuss you are. Afterward, if he won't be convinced, I'll make arrangements to ship you back home by the first boat."

"I'm not going to leave this country without O'Gafney," I warned him.

"Yes you are. You're goin' to leave if I have to hog-tie you an' carry you on board. I ain't goin' to have the death of a seven-million-dollar American occur while I'm here. I'm too old to hunt a new job. I cabled your lawyers I'd deliver you safe, an' I'm goin' to make it my personal business to see you leave in good condition. If you get damaged durin' shipment, that ain't my fault."

I rose to leave, but Preston said:

"Wait till I call Sadich." He walked over to a bell cord and yanked it. "I'll go down to the cazerne in the mornin' an' see if your friend is there. You needn't worry about him. If the Turks have arrested him, I think I can get him out without much trouble. They know me down at that place."

As silent as a moving shadow, a huge Arab, in gold-embroidered coat and red trousers, with an enormous curved scimitar at his waist, appeared at the door.

"Sadich, I want you to take the Prince o' Philadelphy to the Ottoman Hotel. See that no harm comes to him on the way!"

"Hearing is obedience," the Arab answered.

"His honor is part of my honor," Preston went on. "Be as his own shadow! He has many enemies—see that none of these approach him! A wise man is he who taketh warning. If harm comes to him, by Allah, I will flay the skin from thy flesh and the flesh from thy bones!"

The big consul, whose speech to the servant differed so from his usual language, delivered the last sentence in a murderous growl. Sadich never took his eyes off the consul's face as he whispered:

"On my head and eyes be it."

Preston turned to me with twinkling eyes.

"Now, kite along, Prince, I'll see what I can do 'bout straightenin' up the mess you've got into."

When I had thanked him and started for the door, he called after me:

"If Sadich don't act right, growl pretty at him!"

CHAPTER X

"SEVEN million dollars."

It was morning. Arrayed in a brilliant blue-and-gold silk dressing-gown I had had purchased for me, I stood in front of a full-length mirror in the suite *de luxe* of the Hotel Ottoman and mouthed the words aloud, trying to grasp the full meaning of the sum. Seven thousand dollars I could easily understand, seven hundred thousand was within my comprehension, but——

"Seven million dollars."

Every time I said it, I felt a delightful shiver run through me, as if some one was tickling my back with a feather. I tried various pronunciations.

"*Seven* million dollars—seven *million* dollars—seven million *dollars*."

In my happiness, I danced a dignified bacchanal before the mirror, just to ease the excited beating of my heart. As I was in the middle of a kick, I caught sight of a door slowly opening behind me. I whirled and waited for some one to come in. No one came. Cautiously I walked across the room and glanced out the door. The hall was empty. Just then I heard a soft thud in my bedroom, as if some one had dropped a pillow on the floor.

With my heart in my throat, I started toward the sound, when my bedroom door slammed shut with a bang. The violence of it unnerved me. I stopped still and looked around for a weapon. The only thing that offered was a shoe. Picking it up by the toe, I tiptoed once more toward my sleeping chamber. Just before I reached it, there came a muffled knock at the door behind me. Throwing caution to the winds, I jumped over to it, holding the shoe upraised—and almost scared the life out of Herr Winkler, who was standing just outside.

"I yus game op. Der iss a gentleman below vants he should see you. Everyting is sadisfagtory, *ni't var?*"

"No, it's not," I blurted, throwing down the shoe. "Come in here while I see who is in my bedroom!"

"Some vun in your pedroom. Impozzible!"

I will say for the little German, he had plenty of nerve. He fairly bristled as he walked across the room and threw open the door. I followed, but slowly.

"Der is no one in here," I heard him announce from within the room.

I walked inside and watched him throw open the doors of a huge wardrobe and punch around the interior. I glanced under the bed, but, except for an accumulation of the dust of ages, there was nothing.

"Some one opened that outside door a few moments ago, and when I went to see who it was, I heard some one in this room."

"You heart somevun valkin' in dis room?"

"No. It sounded like a pillow hitting the floor. When I came to see about it, this door was slammed shut."

"De pillow vas on de floor," Herr Winkler laughed. "Und—loog!—you leaf de vindow op. Dat is vy de toors slem—ha-ha."

A hand grabbed my wrist and I heard the little Greek yell in triumph: "It is you! You!"

His explanation made me feel very foolish, but I was absolutely convinced that it was something much more solid than the wind that opened that hall door so ominously.

"Who is downstairs?"

A sudden hope came to me, which died a quick death when Herr Winkler said:

"He iss Greek oder Idalian—I dun't know vich."

The little Greek.

"Send him up, and bring me some breakfast—lots of it!"

"Vill you hef recular breakfast, oder someding spezial?"

He shoved a chair an inch or two out of its regular alignment. The pride he took in that awful red-plush parlor made him swell like a pouter pigeon as he glanced around.

"Bring me whatever is ready—two helpings of everything."

"*Rechtig!*"

He dry-washed his hands and bowed with military precision.

"And if a towheaded American asks for me——"

"Dough-hetted?"

"No, not dough-head—towhead—blond. He comes about to my shoulder. If any American asks for me, send him up *schnell!* Get me?"

"*Zu befehl, excellenz.*"

He clicked his heels together and almost saluted as he left.

"Well, what have you found out?" I demanded of the little Greek—Christodoulos—as he rushed into the room. He was in a fury of excitement.

"Per'aps nothing—per'aps somesing. I 'ave talk wiz a man who 'ave seen. Zey inform a man was arrest' last night."

"American?"

"Zey could not inform."

"Was he dressed in soldier's clothes?"

The Greek shrugged his shoulders.

"Zey could not inform. It was black—bot 'e fight an' fight."

That was Pete all right.

"Where did they arrest him?"

I was already stripping off my gaudy dress and reaching for my dusty, olive-drab shirt.

"You know ze place call' 'Batignolle'?"

"Is that close to the American consulate?"

"Nearly."

I struggled into my shoes and tried to unravel my puttees, which I had thrown in the corner the night before, thinking I would never need them again. While I was busy, there came a knock at the door. The talk of O'-Gaffney made me think it might be news of him, and I ran across the room, just as I was, sans trousers and with a roll puttee dangling from my hand. When I pulled open the door I was faced by three young Turkish officers. They were immaculate in red broadcloth coats, blue breeches and polished boots. My uncouth appearance startled and embarrassed them.

"What do you want?" I fired, backing behind the door.

They held a whispered conference in the hall, then one took a step forward as spokesman. His English was excellent.

"Perhaps we may come back later."

"I won't be here later. What do you want?"

He hesitated a moment, then said:

"We have come to arrange the details of the affair of honor between Your Excellency and the Honorable Shevket Bey."

"Oh, confound Shevket Bey!" I blurted out, having forgotten all about the incident of the previous night. I walked over to put on my trousers, as I said: "What does he want to do? Come on in, all of you, and close the door!"

They edged inside the room, all three very ill at ease.

"This gentleman is your second, perhaps?" the spokesman suggested. I looked around. He was pointing to Christodoulos, who drew himself up, looking very fierce and said:

"It will be a ho-nor."

"No, he's not my second," I dryly replied. "I don't need any second. I'll do this all myself. What does your man want me to do?"

"There is the matter of naming the time and the place of the meeting and the weapons to be used," the Turk gravely answered.

"Oh, I have that privilege, have I?"

"You have."

I sat down on a chair to put on one of my puttees.

"All right. Tell Shevket I'll meet him in this room at five o'clock this afternoon."

"In this room——"

The exclamation broke from the lips of the spokesman. Consternation was written on all their faces. The leader conferred with the other two, then turned back.

"And what weapons do you prefer, *monsieur*?" he asked.

"Fists—of course."

There was a dead silence.

"Fists?" the spokesman finally gasped.

"Certainly. I have the choice of weapons, and I choose fists—bare fists."

"But, *monsieur* — that is impossible. It is—it is quite unethical——"

"Just a minute! I didn't want this duel. I would have had the whole thing over with last night, when Shevket flipped me in the face with his glove, if the consul hadn't interfered. You admit I have the choice of weapons——"

"Certainly," the Turk put in eagerly. "Sabers, pistols, rapiers—anything you like."

"And I choose fists. When we doodle in America, we do it that way. I understand Shevket is an expert with all those tools you named. Well, I'm pretty good in my line."

"But, Excellency, you cannot kill with fists——"

"Can't you? So Shevket wants to be killed, does he? Well, you tell him to come here at five o'clock and I'll do my best to oblige him." I went on fastening my puttees. "However, I see your point, and I will modify my choice to this extent. If he would prefer bricks, I'll let him have his way."

"Bricks?" all three echoed.

"I said bricks. You are evidently unacquainted with dueling in Ireland. If Shevket is unprovided with a set of dueling bricks, I will go so far as to supply them. I will be in this room at five o'clock, waiting for your candidate to show up. It is either bricks at ten paces or bare fists—he can have his choice. And if he doesn't show up, after all the fuss he's made, I shall consider him a coward and beneath my notice. Now, I am busy. Good day, gentlemen."

They made no move to go, evidently feeling that the interview had been unsatisfactory. As for me, I walked into my bedroom, closed the door and noisily performed the dear old morning ablutions.

WHEN I came out, all except the Greek had gone. "We'll go right to the prison," I said, "and see if the man they arrested last night was O'Gaffney. If it is, and I can't get him out with a bribe, we'll go to the consulate."

We descended to the lobby, a bare, sunlit room with a few wicker chairs and rubber plants set around it. Over the desk was an ancient print of the Kaiser and on the opposite wall was a picture of the Goeben, renamed the Sultan Selim. There was an iron drinking table over in one corner of the tessellated floor, on which was a German newspaper, attached to a stick. As we made our way toward the door, Herr Winkler bustled out of the dining room and handed me a slip of paper.

"Id yust now game."

I opened it and read: "Don't leave the hotel under any circumstances.

PRESTON."

Good advice, but I couldn't take it. With Pete in jail, it seemed the part of a coward to hide in a hotel all day. Besides, I felt that Preston was unduly concerned over my safety. He was an old man—with the imaginative nervousness of old age. My wealth and the flood of cablegrams from my uncle's lawyers, made him over-anxious. I tore the note up and walked to the door, followed by Christodoulos. One thing Preston's warning did for me—I looked out the hotel door before I stepped outside. No one was in view except a bare-legged native astride a somnolent donkey and two French officers, members of the mandatory commission. Herr Winkler had come to the door with us and bowed unctuously before the uniform of the conqueror, but the French paid no attention to him. I saw his face grow red with fiery hatred and he stamped back into the hotel.

At the same moment, I spied a cab coming around the corner and ran for it. I heard a crash behind me and saw that a heavy flowerpot had fallen on the exact spot

THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING

WHEN Wallace Dangerfield Phelps III, disinherited nephew of a millionaire, and Peter Aloysius O'Gaffney, soldier of no fortune, find themselves without funds or the prospect of funds after a sea voyage to distant Syria, they refuse to worry about the state of their exchequer. But when Phelps rescues from drowning a beautiful Syrian girl, and later offers to pay for her passage to Kieff, the situation grows desperate.

However, Peter the Resourceful appropriates money from a Greek whom he had caught going through Phelps' papers—and the girl is saved from the captain's insults. Anis Bin Adham is the daughter of a notable of Kieff and is affianced to a Turkish youth whom she dislikes. Phelps finds in her dark beauty and tragic love affair an appeal to his chivalry and soon falls in love with her, though the girl warns him that he cannot hope to see her again.

On leaving the boat, the two Americans are met by a friendly Englishman, who pretends to have known them before and invites them to dinner—which, to their dismay, he fails to pay for. Again Pete saves the day by paying the bill with cigar coupons in lieu of cash. As they depart from the café, a dagger is sent whizzing after them, but misses its mark. Realizing that they are in danger, they decide to leave Kieff, on foot.

Next day they enter a coffee-house for breakfast and there two Turkish officers object to Peter's table manners. The younger officer slashes Pete with his riding crop and Phelps leaps to his rescue, knocking down the officer with one blow.

In an instant the place is in an uproar and the two Americans find themselves fighting for their lives.

where I had been standing. Dirt and débris were all over the pavement. I glanced up at the façade of the hotel, but there was not a soul at any of the windows. The incident took all the confidence out of me. I felt suddenly weak about the knees and my heart, which up to that moment I hadn't noticed, almost suffocated me with its pumping. If Winkler had not been standing with me, or if I had not moved just when I did—ugh!

The morning was glorious, with a sun not too hot and a slight breeze that puffed and flirted around the carriage, but I took no joy in it. Every native I saw seemed to glance at me with veiled vindictiveness and when we came into the crowded bazaar section, where the carriage was obliged to slow to a walk and the people pressed close to the step, within a foot of me, I began to repent my rashness in disregarding Preston's advice. After all, he had lived in Syria a long time and knew what he was talking about. If any one of the hundreds we passed wanted to kill me, it would be the simplest thing in the world. I was unarmed and completely open to a bullet or a swift dagger thrust. They wouldn't even catch the murderer. As if that were something to worry about after you are dead!

TO raise my drooping spirits, I listened to Christodoulos detailing the frantic efforts he had made to find me, after the consulate had offered a large reward. It seems that he had been following me, at my uncle's instigation, since we left Athens. He was an operative of an international detective agency. Had I known it, I could probably have borrowed the money from him to pay Anis' passage, instead of resorting to the primitive methods Peter and I had used. He was not vindictive, however, certain as he was of being compensated for the ills he had suffered.

Because of a passing camel train, our carriage came to a stop in a narrow street. The Oriental life around me was vivid enough, Heaven knows, but the more I saw of those unfriendly, swarthy-skinned Moslems, the more I realized my aloneness and the mysterious, ever-present, scarcely-veiled threat of the East. No stranger is welcome in Turkey, he is merely tolerated. If he becomes unwelcome, he disappears or dies. I remembered the story of the Prussian general who allowed his temper to override his judgment and who slapped a Turkish officer of high family for some stupidity. He died within a week of spotted fever.

The world thought it accidental, but the general exodus of German officers immediately after proved that they had an inkling of the truth and preferred the known dangers of the Western front or the freezing weather of Russia, to the insidious machinations of their wily allies. In the long and bloody history of the East, men have been done to death in every conceivable manner and the Orientals have forgotten not a single formula. It was with a vast sigh of relief that I stepped from that carriage and hurried up worn stone steps into the gloomy interior of the cazerne.

The cazerne was to Kieff what the courthouse and jail is to an American mid-Western town—the seat of the civil authority and the place from which issue all edicts and proclamations. There was this grave difference, however—the civil authorities had the power of life and death, with or without trial, over every inhabitant of that Syrian community. Though the corruption of American politics is bad, the flagrant injustices of even the Tweed régime could hardly compare with the open depravity that daily takes place in Syria, even under French mandatory direction. This is not the fault of the French. It is a state of things that has existed and will exist in every land where the Turk holds power.

The entire power of the officials of Turkey from the sultan down is built on an immense and unchecked system of bribery and extortion. If you have money enough, you can obtain anything you want: the death or imprisonment of your enemy, his estate, his wife, his ox, his ass or anything that is his. The French tried to better conditions, but the inhabitants so confused them by cluttering up the courts with a mass of false charges, innuendo and chicanery, that they soon gladly washed their hands of the entire local administration and left it to the brutal ruthlessness of the Turks. I knew all this, and was satisfied that if Peter was confined in the cazerne, a liberal sum of money would obtain his release.

As soon as I entered the door, I was challenged by a gendarme. The Greek, who spoke Arabic fluently, explained that we must see the chief of police. We were told to wait, while the soldier policeman, instead of busying himself with our affairs, leaned against the opposite wall and rolled a cigarette. For upwards of half an hour we stood in the corridor, which, for me, soon became a chamber of horrors.

They were conducting some kind of a trial, behind closed doors, a short way down the hall. Every few moments we heard a high-pitched voice raised in a wailing negation of some charges—a negation cut off as soon as started. Suddenly the wail changed to sickening screams—a maudlin, chattering, shrieking hysteria. Some one was being exquisitely tortured. I couldn't bear it. It was like standing outside the doors of an inquisition chamber. I knew it was not Pete. If they had dipped his fingers in boiling lead they could never have wrung animal-like cries like that from him. But it gave me an understanding of what they might do to any one they had within their power. I asked Christodoulos to find out, from the gendarme, what it was all about. He approached the man, who was smoking with his arms crossed in stoic indifference.

"He says it is only Armenian."

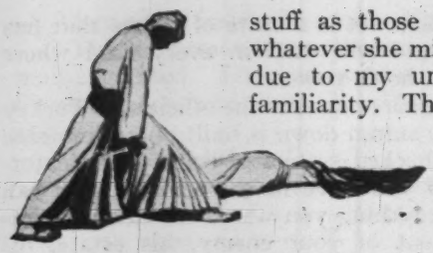
"But what has he done?"

The Greek shrugged his shoulders.

"No-thing—he was borned Armenian—it is enough. Ze Turks 'ave done ze same to my people, but already ze noble army of our great King—Constantine—are preparing to punish. Bot so short time and zer will be no more Terrky."

THE screams had changed to shuddering moans—worse than the other. For the first time, I realized what the Armenian massacres of 1915-16 meant. This sort of thing had happened to millions. Unable to stand it longer, I walked to the door and stepped out into the sunlit fresh air. My head felt hot and tight, as if iron bands bound my temples. My chest felt sore and my legs were trembling, as if I had a chill, yet outside everything was going on the same as usual. A shabby little park in the middle of the square, enclosed by a high iron fence, offered scanty shade from the blaze of sunshine. The lemonade vender rattled his cups and the coffee-house patrons played their dominoes, just as if a man was not being tortured to death within a hundred yards of them.

I had ceased thinking about myself. The visit to the cazerne had thrown a terrible new light on what might be happening at that minute to Anis. There was no exaggeration of her plight in those simple words: "My own death means nothing." Her father was of the same



stuff as those devils inside. And whatever she might be suffering was due to my unthinking American familiarity. The thought drove me frantic. I could hardly wait to start for the consulate.

Filled with impatient rage, I stepped inside the cazerne, just as the door of the room farther down opened and two soldiers came out dragging after them, by the heels, a wilted, ragged bundle. No moans came from the victim, now. Death had mercifully intervened. Several Turkish officials and officers followed the body out, chatting and smiling in amused unconcern. For them, the whole incident had been a rather satisfactory matter of routine.

The gendarme threw away his cigarette and stood at attention as they passed—all looking at me with cool suspicion—then resumed his lolling attitude against the wall. I thought I recognized some of the men from the night before, but I couldn't be sure. When they had gone, I said to Christodoulos:

"Ask that gendarme if we can see the chief of police now."

The Greek talked for a moment, then turned to me with a hopeless gesture.

"He inform ze chef of gendarmerie 'ave goned."

"You mean the chief of police was among those men and that idiot didn't tell me?"

"So he inform."

I was boiling.

"Ask him whom I can see? Who is on duty, now that the chief has had his fun?"

CHRISTODOULOS held another confab with the policeman, who answered his excited questions with sleepy indifference.

"Is no one." He turned to me, holding his palms out, helplessly.

"Here, give him this and see if it will wake him up!"

I held out a Turkish pound note. Immediately, there was action. The gendarme took the money with alacrity, looked it over to see that it was good, slipped it into his *tarboosh* and hurried down the corridor. Without knocking, he entered the torture chamber that the others had so lately quitted. Shortly after, he returned with the request that we follow him.

He did not take us to the inquisition chamber, but to a room directly across the hall—a sort of guardroom—where we were told to wait. Sitting around on benches and on the floor were a number of gendarmes who glanced at us with hostility as we entered, then paid no more attention to us. One was reading a newspaper, two were playing checkers, several were dozing, one gazed steadily out of a barred window into the street below. In the center of the room was a flat-topped, battered desk, covered with a litter of papers. It belonged to a sergeant of gendarmes, who came in the door just then. He was a tired-looking little man, over fifty, thin, with sallow cheeks, dyed mustache and deep circles under his eyes. I found that he spoke bad French, but only after I had waited five minutes for him to finish fussing with the papers on his desk.

"May I speak to you, please?"

"What is it that you want?" he asked, curtly.

"Have you an American here by the name of Peter O'Gaffney?"

His eyes hardened.

"We have no Americans here."

"Didn't you arrest an American last night?"

He turned back to his papers without deigning a reply.

"Would it be possible for me to see the man you arrested last night?"

He reached into a bottom drawer and brought out a book, opened it and started to make an entry.

"Say—I'm talking to you!" I angrily blurted out.

He closed the entry book with a snap, threw down his pen and glared at me as he sat back in his chair with folded arms.

"I have said there were no Americans here."

"And I asked to see the man or men you arrested last night."

"That is impossible."

I pulled out a handful of bills.

"It is——" His eyes widened at the sight of so much money. His speech faltered and he sat forward in his chair. "It is—understand, I do not say it is absolutely impossible. It might be arranged."

He grew quite respectful, almost courteous, but insisted that he could do nothing without the consent of his chief. I offered him all I had in my hand, but fear of his superiors made him adamant. He constantly reiterated that no American was there, but his very asserverations had a specious look—he protested too much. Had he been telling the truth, he would have been more indifferent. He asked me to return that afternoon with the American consul, which I promised to do.

I left after that, and stood in the hall while the Greek went for a cab. I wasn't afraid to go out on the street, but the indifference with which they put men to death in that country gave a new meaning to the warnings I had received. In fact, I began to regret exceedingly the way I had manhandled the vali's son and the flippant way I had answered his challenge. I had picked out about the most dangerous man in the community for my personal enemy.

All the way to the consulate, I kept a sharp lookout for hostile developments. I was suspicious of the driver, and of every one who approached the carriage. But when we reached there in safety, I was ashamed at my own chicken-heartedness. I was making a mountain out of a molehill. After all, I was an American citizen, protected by my flag and the huge resources of my country. They couldn't lightly disregard that fact.

Sadich, the resplendent consular servant, opened the door for me, but said that the consul was out. He seemed surprised to see me. I told him I would wait, and walked back to the sunlit court with its splashing fountain. Christodoulos, on the plea of important business, left me alone.

HE had hardly gone, when the consul came in the front door. He had his handkerchief tucked into his collar and wore the same baggy linen suit and a varnished, brown straw hat that had seen much wear. He was the exact image of some small town judge in the middle-West entering his Main Street office on a hot summer day. Sadich told him where I was and he came back to see me.

"Didn't you get my message?" he asked, with a frown creasing his forehead.

"Yes."

"Then, why in tarnation blazes don't you have some sense and do what I tell you?"

"Because it's more dangerous in that hotel than out on the street. Besides, I heard that O'Gaffney was in jail and went down to get him out."

"Did you find him?"

"No. The police say he's not there and I had to take their word for it. They wouldn't let me go through the jail."

"Nach'ly not," the consul grunted, his anger somewhat appeased. "I sent Black down there, first thing this mornin', but he won't find out much, I expeck. He's a sissy an' they got him bluffed. But we ain't goin' to worry much 'bout that friend o' yours. I'll look out for him. They's an Eyetalian steamer due in here this afternoon at four o'clock. It leaves at eleven o'clock to-night an' you got to be on it."

"You saw the father of Anis?"

"Yes, I saw him, but that's all. Couldn't get a word out of him. No doubt about it, he thinks his daughter's disgraced the fambly an' he blames you for it. I could tell that more f'm the way he acted than f'm what he said. He give me about the most uncomfortable fifteen minutes I ever spent—suave an' polite, but there's murder in his heart. One thing he convinced me of, you got to quit the hotel an' move up here to the consulate or your life ain't wuth a nickle."

"Did you see the girl?" I asked.

"No. I don't reckon any one could see her. They're callin' in the tribe. Two of ole Bin Adham's brothers was there—one of 'em come clean f'm Aleppo, so you can see how serious it is." He pulled the bandanna from his collar and swabbed his face and neck with it. "I'm afraid somethin' terrible is goin' to happen to the poor kid—but we can't do nothin'."

"You've got to do something!" I said, harshly.

"Son, wait a minute! You ain't home now."

"You're going to take me up to see that girl's father!"

"You've mixed enough in this a'ready. You wouldn't have the chance of a fried snowball of gettin' out o' this country alive, if they once got a good look at you."

"Nevertheless, I'm going."

"Oh, no, you're not."

"If you don't go there with me, I'll go there alone."

He frowned at me, looking me squarely in the eyes.

"What do you think you can accomplish by goin' up there?"

"I can explain what actually happened on the boat."

"I've already done that—you'd only make matters worse."

"I can ask the father to let me marry Anis," I said.

"Which would convince 'em they was somethin' wrong. No, sir. You leave matters be in that house an' bring your truck up here to the consulate where I can keep an eye on you."

"Listen, sir," I said, trying to hold my temper. "All my life until the last six months, I've had to suit my wishes to some one else's orders. That is one reason why I've made such a mess of things when trying to take care of myself. Now, I'm on my own. Through an accident, I've gotten this young girl into trouble, and I'm going to get her out of it, if it takes every penny my uncle left me and my life into the bargain. I don't leave Syria unless she is safe. I need your help, but if you don't feel that you can give it to me, then I go alone. Which is it to be?"

Preston's frown had gradually died from his face and was replaced by a shadowy smile around the lips. For a second after I had finished speaking, he didn't say anything; then the twinkle came into his eyes and he remarked:

"Dogged if you don't talk just like a melerdrama." He settled the varnished straw on his head and stuffed the bandanna back into place around his neck. "All right. Come on! I reckon if it comes to bein' with you or against you, I may as well line up with the home team—but we'll take Sadich with us."

Chapter XI

NO one could imagine the magnificence of the interior of the Bin Adham house by studying the unexciting exterior. After we had passed the outer gate, the three of us were led by a swart, stocky servant through an overgrown, sweet-smelling garden to a gloomy Byzantine doorway. From the outside, the huge stone house seemed falling to ruin and decay, but once past the doorway and through a dark corridor, we found ourselves in a paved court that matched for beauty the fairy palaces of India.

There were arched galleries of mosaic on all four sides. Above was a balcony, enclosed with a lattice of such fine workmanship that it resembled lace. Several small, square windows, set into the lattice work, opened on the court itself. In the center, bathed by the warm sunlight of afternoon, was a pool of sky-blue water, with steps of whitest marble encircling it. There were many varieties of plants spilling out of marble urns. A fountain played at one end. This was the home of Anis.

As the stolid manservant led us down one of the galleries to an arched, central doorway, my ears caught the distant, muffled sound of the voices of many women, weeping. Before I could place it, almost before I realized what it was, the sound died out and we were conducted into a high-ceiled salon of magnificent proportions. Though the day had been warm outside, this room was refreshingly cool, but it was not the temperature of the room that made me shiver as I crossed the threshold. The walls were festooned with colored brocades, bright shawls and silken prayer rugs. Other thick rugs, from Tabriz and Bokhara, deadened our footfalls. At one end was a long divan, covered with pillows. Near it was a screen of shiny inlay. Several chairs of odd, uncomfortable design, set with mother-of-pearl, were placed against the wall at severe intervals. Your Turk seldom visits and expects few callers. In one corner was a coffee set of brass and silver, on a small, square tabaret.

After waiting for fully five minutes, Preston walked over to one of the chairs and sat down. I followed his example. Sadich took up a position near the consul. We resembled two patients waiting for a physician. The consul looked exceedingly uncomfortable, not only from the unyielding contours of the chair which pressed into his paunchy sides, but more from the situation I had forced him into. Though the room was cool, he dabbed at the back of his neck with his florid handkerchief as he growled:

"Now, I hope you're satisfied."

"I won't be satisfied until I find that they aren't going to harm the girl," I answered.

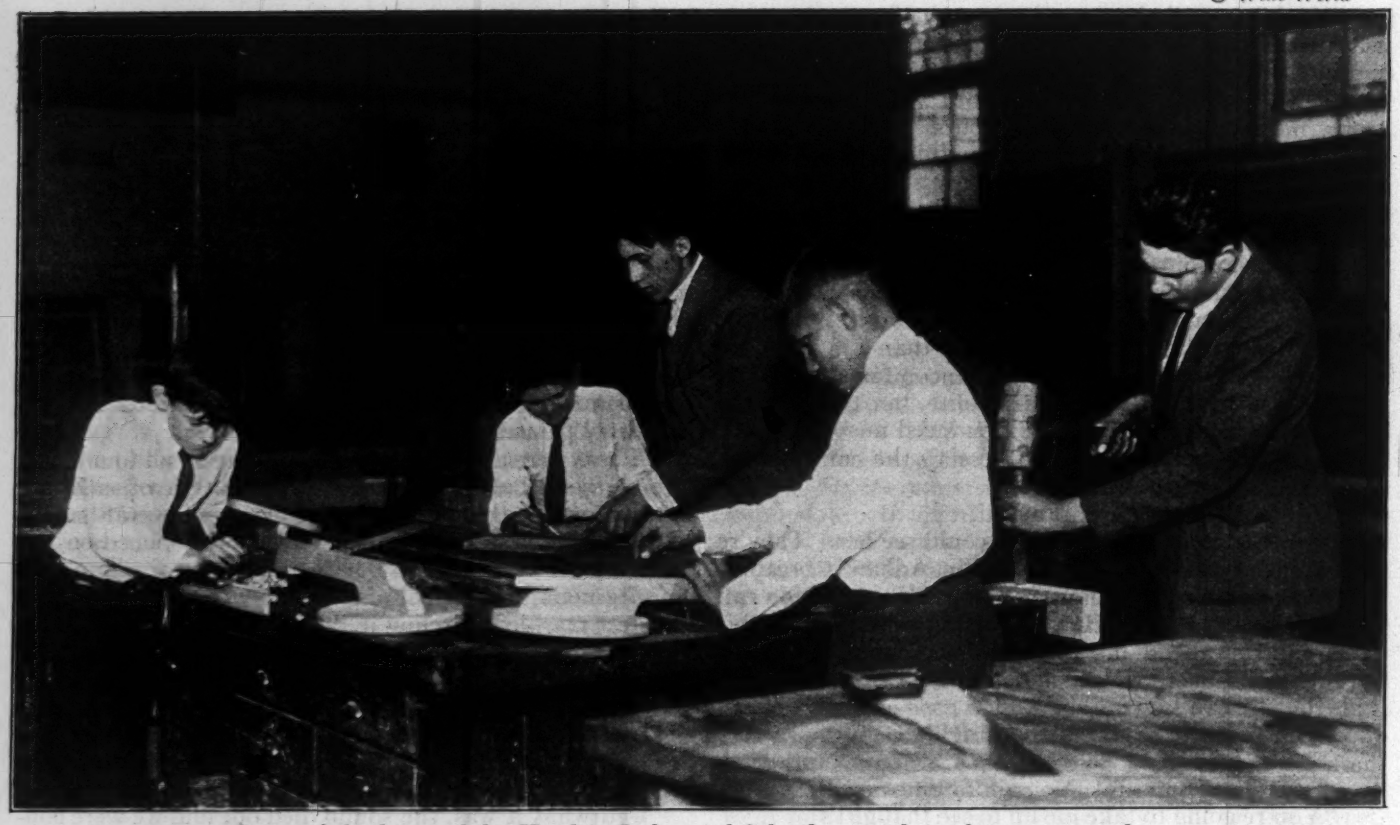
"An' how in tarnation do you expect to find out? The father won't tell you."

As I said nothing, the consul sighed.

"Well, you better begin figuratin' on what you want me to say——"

While he was speaking, a tall, gray-bearded man entered with the hook-nosed, vulture-faced major-domo who had met Anis at the boat. Bin Adham, the gray-beard, was dressed in flowing robes of silk, but his dress, his face and his turbaned head cloths were covered with dirt and ashes. I thought perhaps he had been attacked or had fallen beneath some [*Continued on page 89*]

© *Wide World*



Some of the boys of the Hershey Industrial School at work in the carpenter shop

How Hershey Pays Back His Chocolate Millions

By Edward Mott Woolley

BEING one's own executor in the disposal of sixty million dollars must be a masterful sport. Milton S. Hershey, of his own town of Hershey in Pennsylvania, treats himself to this rare luxury.

Having originally provided in his will that his great chocolate factory and all its allied activities be continued for the benefit of orphan boys, he tore up the testament and turned his fortune over to a trust of his own making. Doubtless as long as he lives he himself will be the trust, to all intents. He is still in command of his huge chocolate works, which take on a new meaning now that the boys of the Hershey Industrial School get the net earnings—at present some four million dollars a year, after all deductions have been made.

Though sixty-six years of age, Mr. Hershey looks ten years younger; he is vigorous enough to jump at frequent intervals between Pennsylvania and Cuba—where he directs 50,000 acres of sugar plantations, also for the benefit of the orphan boys. Incidentally, he runs a railroad in Cuba, and two great sugar mills—likewise for his wards. Most fascinating indeed is this mighty game which Milton S. Hershey plays in the years of his prime.

Retaining personal reservations said to be a million dollars from the preferred stock, and doubtless providing for relatives, Mr. Hershey has consolidated for the trust all his immense industrial activities: his New York chocolate and chewing gum factory, which of itself might be considered large; likewise the thousands of cows on Mr. Hershey's 8,000 acres of Pennsylvania farms. Some sixteen corporations in all turn over their profits to the school.

I went to the town of Hershey to get from this self-dispossessed millionaire something of his outlook. As a human identity, the world has scarcely known him.

It is interesting to discover how rich men do their thinking. We know that great fortunes in their acquisition afford scope for ruthless greed. Seldom do we find the possessor of a great fortune who accepts responsibility to the submerged nine-tenths of the populace. How many of Mr. Hershey's contemporaries in royal wealth have tried his sport of remodeling the lives of boys who never would have a chance otherwise?

Mr. Hershey gives practical evidence, in more ways than one, of a wealth conscience. His town of Hershey is idealistic proof of this. So also is the profit-sharing which his employees enjoy, at present 25 per cent of the net earnings, distributed in proportion to wages. Altogether, the Hershey doctrine may be offered to our great American group of Cristos.

Back in 1898, Mr. Hershey first began to revolve in

the contemplative lobe of his brain the problem of his money, and the obligation to the genus homo which its possession imposed. Mrs. Catherine C. Hershey, wife and associate in his extraordinary financial romance, was then living, but no children of their own had romped through their home. The chocolate money, in its large stream, was just beginning to flow in upon them, but even then it gave them pause.

Later, Mr. Hershey was appalled at the flood-tide of riches. He says he does not really know how or why it all came. The people just acquired the chocolate habit, and money bubbled up—out of those springs which men now and then tap by accident or destiny.

Mr. Hershey had long looked upon urban congestion as an alarming feature of American civilization. He had lived in Philadelphia and New York; had worked at the confectioner's trade in various cities when scarcely more than a youth. Always he found crowds of incompetent persons, lured from the country and held captive in the great centers by poverty or other circumstance. The more he reflected, the more convinced he became that his money would serve its best purpose if applied to the care and vocational education of poor boys.

The Location of the Hershey Industrial School

SO this was the genesis of the Hershey Industrial School, which he and Mrs. Hershey established in 1909 with a gift of 500 acres—subsequently largely increased. They constituted the Hershey Trust Company as trustee of the school, and the same trust mechanism now assumes responsibility for the greater gift.

Through all the momentous events connected with the Hershey fortune has run a vein of melancholy sentiment, not the least of which was the location of the school farms on the land over which Mr. Hershey had roamed in his earliest years. For its center he gave the fine old stone house in which he was born, together with all the fields, meadows and barns where his happiest days had been spent. To these he added the adjoining farms.

Mrs. Hershey lived only a few years after this, yet in his loneliness the head of this vast chocolate business saw the high waters of his fortune rise to a tidal wave. More and more, he had planned to give away his business and its assets, but during the war and post-war periods he delayed doing so for good economic reasons.

Before going to Hershey, I heard many criticisms of this gift on the ground that its perpetuity depended solely on the continued success of a single allied group of industries. If the chocolate business were to slump for a period of years, what would become of the great school which by that time might have been developed?

I put this question to Mr. Hershey himself. "One must have a reasonable optimism," he answered. "It is the force that makes the world go. I cannot guarantee that the business will go on successfully forever, but I believe it will continue indefinitely. There are brands of chocolate which have been on the market a lifetime or more, and mine should have as good a chance. My organization is of the best; our people are all financially interested in maintaining it. And as long as I live I shall devote myself to perfecting it."

Another member of the chocolate family put the thing this way: "If the company were to stop today its assets of themselves would be a huge endowment. Its holdings of the best agricultural land and equipment are enormous. And most likely the yearly earnings of the company during the present era will accumulate an unexpected surplus for the school and give it a real independence of industrial conditions."

Several groups of Hersheys came to America from Switzerland more than two hundred years ago, settling in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. The Hersheys have been prominent ever since in that rich agricultural region.

The ancestral home of Milton S. Hershey, on the outskirts of the present town of Hershey, resembles the beautiful old Dutch homes still standing in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and the suburbs of New York City. Mr. Hershey's parents belonged to the reformed Mennonite denomination, and one of his Pennsylvania forbears was a Mennonite preacher, riding his horse long distances to spread the gospel—without salary. He earned his

© Wide World

A characteristic picture of Milton S. Hershey, at the age of seven

living in other occupations.

Mr. Hershey himself, liberal in religious views, provided that his industrial school be undenominational.

As a boy, with a common school education, Milton S. Hershey followed the custom of his age and learned a trade—that of printer. He abandoned this as uncongenial, and became a confectioner's apprentice—not because he had a preference for it, but for the lack of anything better.

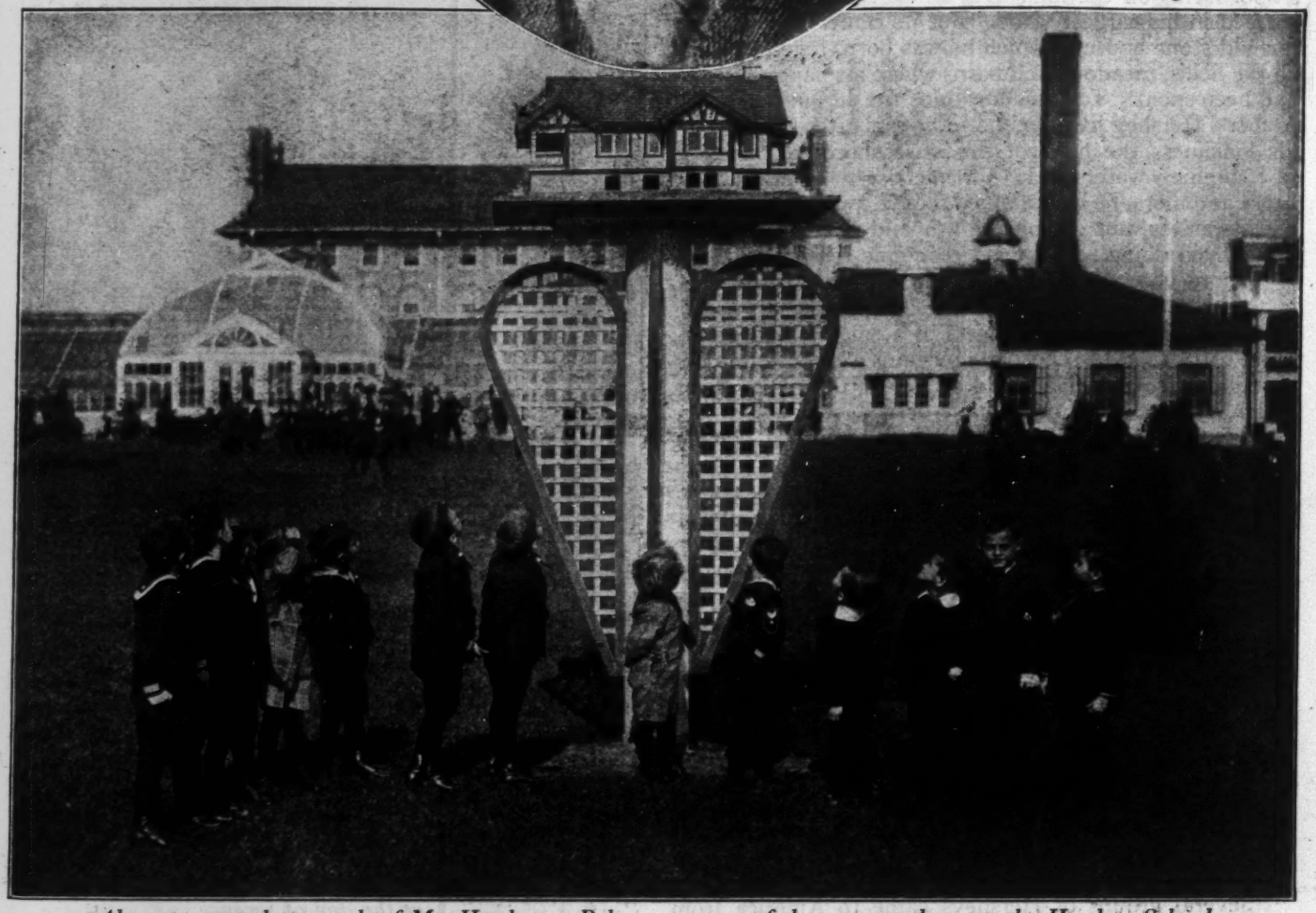
He had the merchandising instinct, and at twenty-one went down to Philadelphia, with $150, and started a little confectionery store, catering especially to school children and their pennies. In the same quarters he made candies. This business did not prosper. To its other woes was added a runaway accident which destroyed a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of stock and left the young merchant on the rocks.

"I failed," said Mr. Hershey, meditatively, as he talked to me in his spacious office. "It was a bad beginning. Yes, and I had later troubles. I suppose I never would have done anything if I hadn't kept coming back."

A very likable man Mr. Hershey is, friendly and democratic, comfortably stout and quite easy with his smile—he is fond of a joke. There is no solemnity or hauteur hovering over his office, or anywhere in his organization, so far as I could see.

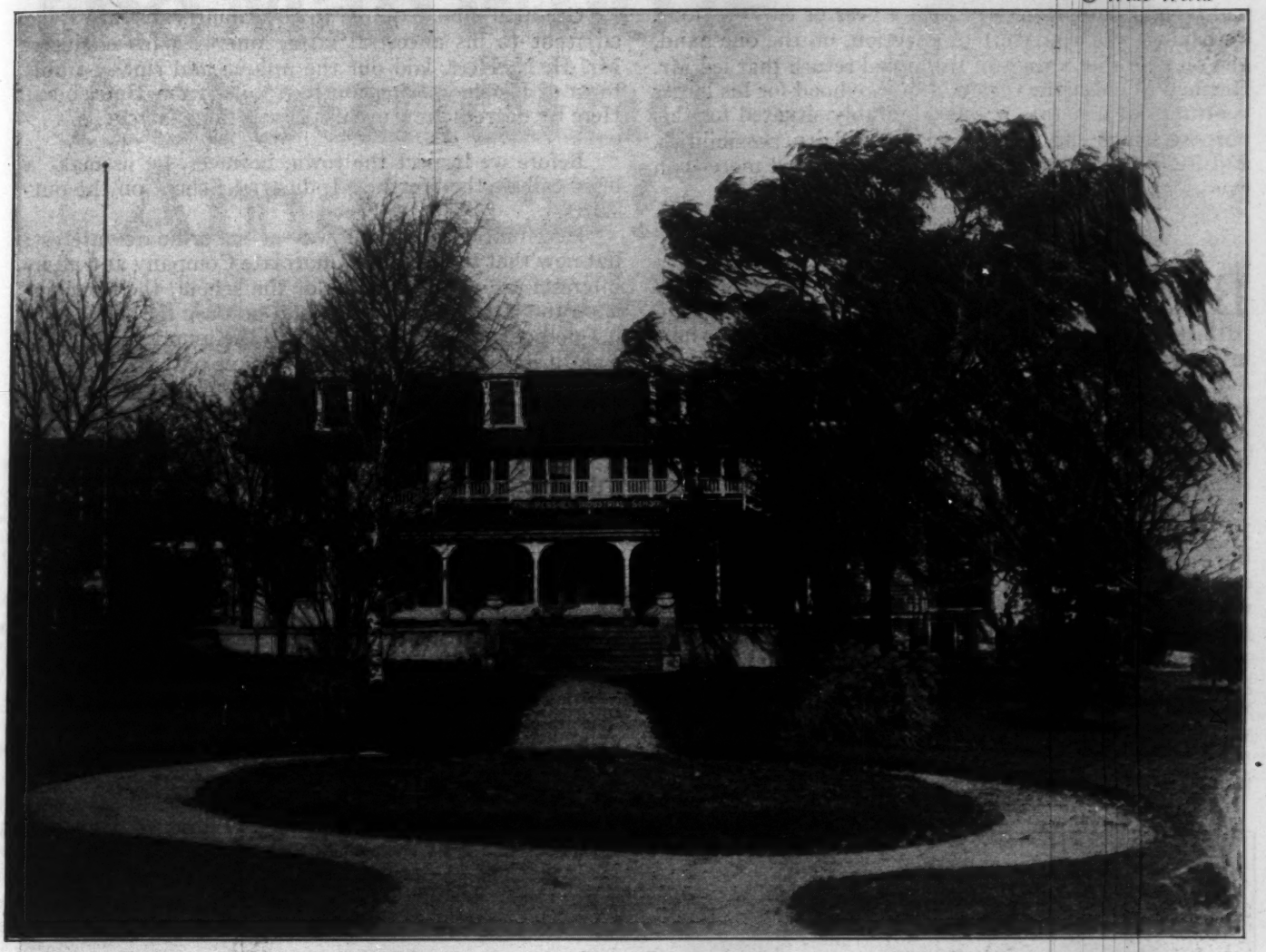
For a time he explored the West, working at his trade to defray expenses. He

Photos © Wide World



Above, recent photograph of Mr. Hershey. Below, a group of the younger boys at the Hershey School

© Wide World



The main building of the Hershey School which is located in the town of Hershey, Pennsylvania

liked the East better, and went to New York to try his hand at caramel making. Caramels just then were especially popular, and chocolate had not yet entered his scheme of things. Something like two hundred dollars was his capital, built up since his debacle in Philadelphia, and for a time things looked promising in the little manufacturing loft he had settled in.

"I knew how to make candy," he assured me, but added with rueful humor, "If I had known as much about New York and the ways of the world perhaps I might have made my enterprise go. Not understanding the snares of renting, for one thing, I tangled myself in a net by moving to another loft without legal ceremonials. I had overstayed my allotted period, and the landlord held me for another year's rent. This was one of the rudest shocks I ever got," he ruminated. "The world turned black. I struggled along under the double rent, but finally my creditors forced me against the wall and my caramel factory shut down."

The Aladdin-like Romance of Caramel Making

AT this juncture in his narrative the giant voice of the chocolate factory broke in, and the Hershey works stopped for the noon breathing spell.

"Yes," he went on, "the whistle blew quits. I could have gone back to my trade—people said this was where I belonged. I could have taken my place among the job hunters in New York—but I'd had enough of New York, and of jobs. I was bankrupt, but not altogether lacking in assets, and my creditors were quite willing to settle at forty cents on the dollar. They thought that was the end of me, and I suppose they laughed at my innocent offer to pay the remaining sixty per cent when I could."

Having thus bought and partly paid for this fine experience, he cleared himself of the New York wreckage and took a train for Lancaster, Pennsylvania—the scene of his apprenticeship, and not far from his home. An aunt still had faith in him and his caramels and loaned him a small sum. In a poor little shop he began again, in 1886.

"It wasn't long before I ran up to New York and paid off that sixty per cent," he said, "and nothing I have done since has satisfied me more."

The caramel business was good in Lancaster—astonishing, overwhelming in its Aladdin romance. The little shop was touched with the scepter of the golden goddess and metamorphosed into a factory that drew the eyes of other manufacturing confectioners who had consolidated. They invited Mr. Hershey to come in; but such an arrangement was distasteful, and in 1900 he sold to the larger concern—for a million dollars!

The people evidently had liked his caramels, some of which were flavored with chocolate—and there you get the cue for the later romance of the chocolate millions.

Some time previous to the sale, Mr. Hershey had begun the manufacture of chocolate as a side issue, utilizing a small building adjoining his big Lancaster plant. He reserved the right to use this structure for a brief term of years.

Meanwhile he looked around for a new location, and his thoughts turned again to the old homestead, which he

had bought back from strangers a year or two previous. Perhaps it was a mixture of affection, on the one hand, and on the other a tinge of triumphal return that led Mr. Hershey to select the region of his boyhood for his larger venture. At any rate it was admirably situated for this purpose, since the valley had great dairy possibilities, and fresh milk in huge quantities was needed more than ever, for chocolate.

The Town that Hershey Built

BY this time Mr. Hershey had evolved a deeper consciousness of industrial living conditions. His sympathies were with the masses in the vortex. Everywhere in manufacturing regions he saw factories located without any planning for the people who worked in them; he saw families jammed into hovels in the midst of unspeakable dirt and dilapidation, or in tenements with rooms in perpetual twilight, halls dark as night, and sanitation horribly lacking.

Especially did the plight of the children appeal to him. He speculated on their future—saw it typified in the older boys and girls. Thousands of these young people he observed growing up without trades or occupations, with nobody to guide or direct them, and with an obsession for the city, but no love or aptitude for the open.

Strangely, such conditions do not appear to worry the general run of multimillionaires. To Mr. Hershey they were like a bad dream. Within a few years he had made what seemed then a great deal of money, and he began to think Providence had picked him to transpose his industrial wealth into benefits for these hapless people.

Gradually, he acquired a vast country acreage lying adjacent to his ancestral farm, and with his engineer, Mr. H. N. Herr, laid out the unique and since notable town of Hershey, lying fourteen miles from Harrisburg. Here by degrees grew up his present huge factory.

Before we inspect the town, however, let us make a brief call at the Hershey Industrial School on the outskirts.

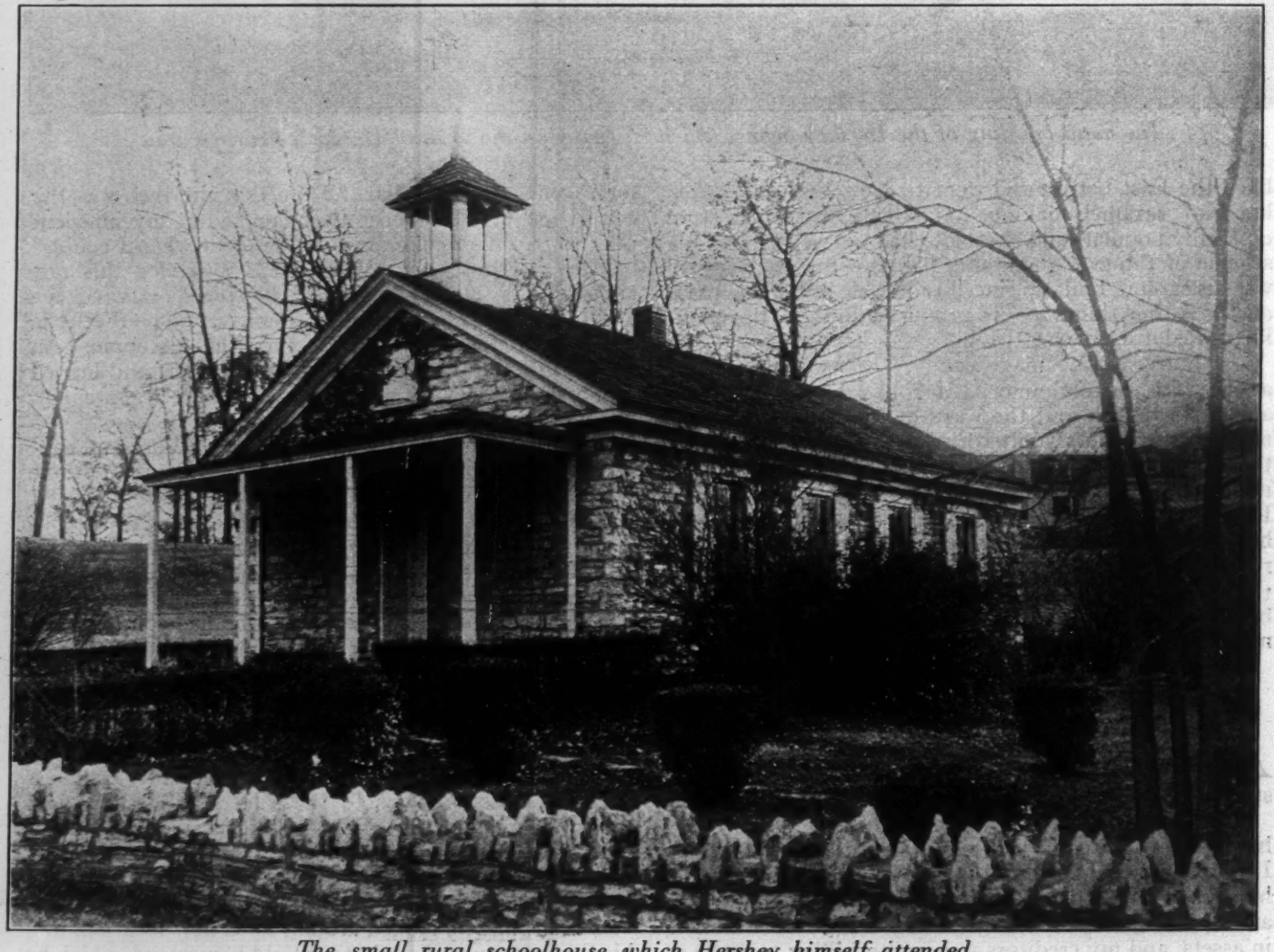
Heretofore the school was of subordinate interest; but now that the Hershey Chocolate Company and all its interests are appurtenances of the school, the spotlight is on the latter institution. And because the school and its methods are synonymous with the founder, let us see what it is, and may become. We have only to study the aims, philosophy, manners and curricula of the Hershey Industrial School to know how Milton S. Hershey thinks.

At present the school has only 124 boys, but Mr. Hershey told me he expected to have a thousand within a decade. Comprehensive building plans are under way.

The school farms now constitute eight hundred acres, but can be expanded to embrace almost any acreage desired for the school trust holds nearly all the land in sight. The old Hershey homestead is occupied as a dwelling and office by Mr. George E. Copenhaver, a Pennsylvania teacher who was made superintendent when the school was founded. The homestead has been changed little, but about it has grown up a group of buildings which form the central unit of the Industrial School.

Four or five other units are scattered over the estate, each with a converted farm- [*Continued on page 84*]

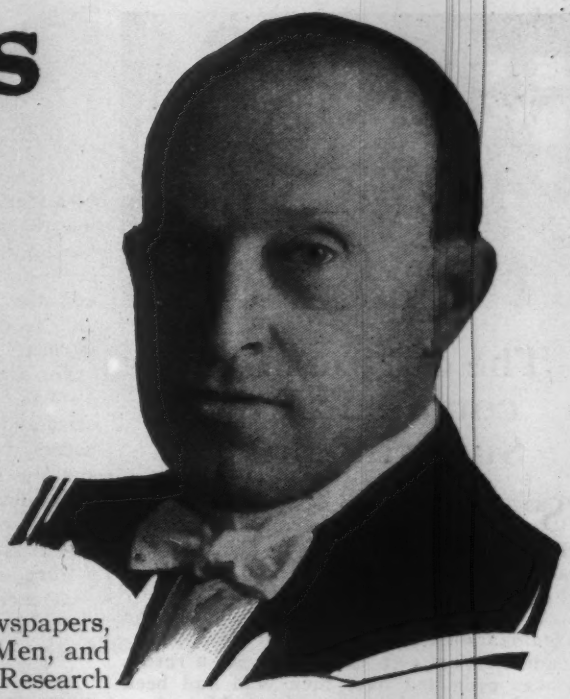
© *Wide World*



The small rural schoolhouse which Hershey himself attended

The Man Who is Astounding America!

What is the mysterious power wielded by this man—a power he also shows others how to use? What is this new method which has started thousands of despairing persons on the road to health, happiness and prosperity?



DR. DAVID V. BUSH
Editor of "Mind Power Plus"

THOUSANDS upon thousands have been turned away from the great theatres and auditoriums in Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Denver, Boston, and practically every great city in America where Dr. Bush has been lecturing! These vast halls could not accommodate half of those who heard of his wonderful powers and had heard how he disclosed the secret of his powers to others!

Those who were ill had been shown how to become well and strong by a method to which other mental science movements were as the first step in a mammoth, far-reaching stairway.

The worried and the nervous had been shown how to rise above their mental and nervous troubles in a single evening and how to attack and solve their problems with a keener mind unhampered by despair.

An Astounding New Power

But that wasn't all. As wonderful as it is to have the secret of mental and physical health in one's grasp—there is still a greater force at work in the universe. This force can be harnessed in such a way as to bring us the MATERIAL things we want—money, power, influence, no matter what it is. And Dr. Bush has harnessed this force; has proved its value in his own case; and has proved time and again that he can show others how to use this power.

Long before the lectures were over the reports began to come in showing how quickly his audiences had been taught to use this wonderful power. Reports so amazing that they were instantly investigated by Newspapers, Scientific Bodies, Medical Men, and Societies for Psychological Research—and found absolutely true.

"By your method of visualization I secured the funds to build my home," writes one of Dr. Bush's Chicago listeners. Mrs. Mary Roberts of Denver writes, "My salary was increased 40% in one week by following your psychological method and my powers of salesmanship were DOUBLED."

Partial List of Contents

The Law of Suggestion
The Subconscious Mind
The Law of Abundance
The Cure of Poverty
How to Double Efficiency
The Unseen World
How to be Beautiful Through Mysterious Force
How to Develop Personality
How to be Popular
Chemistry of Emotions
How to Sow Thought Seeds
Power of Word to Destroy and Kill or Save and Build, etc.
How to Find the Work You Were Born For

His Teaching Now in Book Form

Dr. Bush's sole idea in giving these lectures is the same idea that actuated him in his earlier days before he had discovered this amazing new force. Then as an earnest and brilliant young minister of the Gospel he had refused honors and financial returns in order to apply his efforts where they would do good to the greatest number. His lectures are given for the same reason—to teach this new force to every one who will learn. And to reach still more people he has incorporated his lectures in an absorbingly interesting book, "Applied Psychology," which, will be sent on FREE TRIAL, to any earnest seeker after knowledge. Luther Burbank says, "'Applied Psychology' appears to me the most practical and useful work which has been published on these and similar subjects."

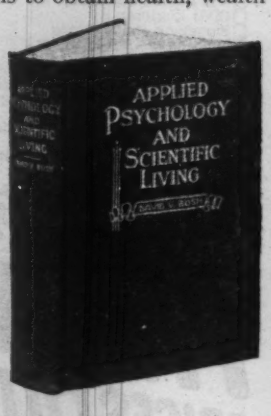
When You Need This Book

Are you nervous or depressed? Do you feel old? Have you lost your grip? Have you a worrying disposition? Have you a personality that fails to attract others? Are you timid? Are you misunderstood. Do others seem inclined to give you always the worst of everything? Do you lack the aggressiveness necessary to bring you position and power? Are you in ill health? Have you any chronic disease? Is anyone in your family or among your friends so affected? Are your children wilful and disobedient?

Examine It FREE

But no description can begin to give you even an idea of the starting truths explained and proved in this wonderful 400-page book. The very first page will be a revelation to you, just as Dr. Bush's lectures have been a revelation to keen, thinking, analytical minds in every city. One enthusiast says, "It can be understood by everyone. And if everyone would read it and then use this new force, humanity would advance 5000 years overnight."

But you be the sole judge of this wonderful value. Mail the coupon. This remarkable book will be sent at once. Read it for 5 days. Practice this new force yourself. At the end of that time if you find it the most inspiring, the most valuable means to obtain health, wealth and happiness, send us only $3.50—which, as you will realize, pays only for the cost of printing, advertising and distributing the 400-page book. Otherwise return the book itself within 5 days and you will not owe a penny. But begin to enjoy the benefit of this new force at once. Mail the coupon today.



DAVID B. BUSH, Publishers, Dept. 124
1320 F Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

DAVID B. BUSH, Publisher, Dept. 124
1320 F Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

Please send me a copy of "Applied Psychology and Scientific Living" for approval. I agree to remit $3.50 or remail the book in five days.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

The only man who could talk to the Superintendent

"SOON after I began studying," a student wrote to us the other day, "we had a change in management at our plant. I certainly was glad then that I had decided to study in my spare time. For, thanks to my I. C. S. course, I was the only man in the organization who could talk to the Superintendent in his own language. As a result, I was promoted over men who had been here from ten to twenty years. My salary has been increased 90 per cent in the last ten months."

THAT'S a true story of what just one I. C. S. student has done. There are thousands of others. Every mail brings letters from men and women telling of promotions and increases in salary due directly to spare-time study.

One hour a day, spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home, will prepare you for success in the work you like best. *Yes, it will!* Put it up to us to prove it.

Mail this Coupon To-day

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 2957-C, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management	☐ Salesmanship
☐ Industrial Management	☐ Advertising
☐ Personnel Organization	☐ Better Letters
☐ Traffic Management	☐ Show Card Lettering
☐ Business Law	☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Banking and Banking Law	☐ Business English
☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)	☐ Civil Service
☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Bookkeeping	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Private Secretary	☐ High School Subjects
☐ Spanish ☐ French	☐ Illustrating

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Electrical Engineering	☐ Architect
☐ Electric Lighting	☐ Blue Print Reading
☐ Mechanical Engineer	☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Railroad Positions	☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Civil Engineer	☐ Automobile Work
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Metallurgy ☐ Mining	☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Steam Engineering ☐ Radio	☐ Mathematics

Name.....
Street Address.....
11-21-23
City.....State.....
Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT

Your choice of the World's best typewriters—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—full size, late model, completely rebuilt and refinished brand new. Prices smashed down to half. Act quick.

$2 and it's yours Free Trial

Just send your name and address and we will mail you our complete **FREE CATALOG** prepaid, fully describing and showing actual photographs of each beautiful machine in full colors. Tells every detail of our direct-to-you small-payment plan. Write now for tremendous saving. No obligation whatever. Still time if you act now.

International Typewriter Exchange
177 North State Street Department 4-40 Chicago, Illinois

How Hershey Pays Back His Chocolate Millions

[Continued from page 82]

house for its center. The boys now comprising the student body are divided among these units. Some of them have their meals at the dining hall near the old Hershey home, and most of the food served in the various units comes ready-cooked from the main kitchen.

For a moment keep in mind this incomplete but cheering picture of eight hundred acres and the groups of comfortable farmhouses, barns, greenhouses, poultry yards and the abundance of good things—along with educational facilities for turning boys into self-reliant men. Then let us see where Mr. Hershey gets boys for this training.

First of all, Dauphin County has the preference, next Lancaster and Lebanon Counties, then the State of Pennsylvania, and finally the United States. If a boy's father is living, he is not eligible, and his mother, if living, must be too poor to care for him properly. Boys may be admitted only between the ages of four and eight according to the original plan, but some boys have been taken at three and a half. Boys not over six are preferred.

"We must start boys very young," says Mr. Hershey, "not when their characters are formed—badly formed. You can scarcely change them after certain characteristics are rooted. The start has a tremendous influence on a boy's later life." Physical condition is important, and in certain directions mental capacity has its part. Yet Mr. Hershey observes, without irony, "We do not expect to turn out a race of college professors."

No mere academic training here. "Too much a luxury for the poor boy," adds Mr. Hershey. "Most of all, such a boy should know how to make a living in some definite, skilled way—a trade or well-defined occupation. We are not set against the college, and if boys of special promise develop, we expect to find methods for aiding them in a higher education. The school, however, is not designed toward that end. We want to help boys of the masses to become good American citizens—farmers, artisans and some of them perhaps business men, ultimately—leaders in the mercantile, industrial and social life of their communities."

So out of impoverished homes, often from desperately bad surroundings, these little chaps have been transplanted to the farms you have glimpsed, with the invitation to stay there until they are eighteen if they behave reasonably well. Mr. Hershey is very fond of the smaller boys, especially, and spends his happiest days among them. His mighty chocolate plant, within sight of the school farms, now has less direct interest for him than the school.

Mr. Hershey has had well-turned ideas of his own about educating the poor to be self-supporting. So far, the school has been planned and conducted without the aid of special experts in education. He knows what he wants, or is content to trust the board of ten managers—plain men like himself, mostly connected with the Hershey interests. One thing he does not want is emphasis on the theoretical. At the Hershey Industrial School theory and practice go together.

The youngest boys are sheltered in a group under a house mother, and after a couple of years are transferred to another group under a house mother and father. In this way they finally reach the dormitory of the final group.

At seventeen, the boys become self-supervised, under restrictions. Each boy is given a chance to show how he can be trusted with his liberty, and is allowed in town alone or to visit relatives, and to enjoy other benefits—which are withdrawn if he proves unfit. Mr. Hershey believes in developing responsibility. Boys under fifteen are supervised in a measure by these older boys. No younger boy is permitted to leave the farms unless accompanied by an older one.

One fundamental purpose of the school is to educate every boy in agriculture, regardless of other vocations he may learn, so that when he leaves he can make a living for himself on a farm.

The trades are pursued only by boys who have passed the first year of the institution's high school course. The full course, three years, is taken only by boys who show the "high-school mind."

Let us survey rapidly the chief activities in the various courses, beginning with agriculture.

Almost from the beginning, they absorb farming, and gradually learn how to prepare the soil, do the planting, and till and harvest. They make researches into the quality and adaptability of soil, location of crops, fertilizers, conservation of plant food, drainage, and the care of farm machinery and implements. They learn how to milk, care for milk, test it, and how to use and care for modern dairy machinery. They learn how to judge quality products of the dairy, and prepare them for market.

The school barns have the most modern equipment and sanitary appliances. The herds of cows are of blooded pedigree, and the horses and mules are splendid stock. The buildings used for swine and poultry are modeled after the best to be found. Poultry work receives careful attention.

The boys acquire the principles and practice of breeding, balancing of rations in raising stock, and feeding stock for work, milk, or weight.

Then there is a veterinary department, dealing with the anatomy and physiology of domestic animals, together with diseases, treatment and sanitation.

In horticulture, the boys study budding, grafting, pruning, and the care of trees, vines and shrubs. They delve into location, the mysteries of soil, the exposure of fruit trees. Other subjects concern injurious insects, scales and fungicides. Also something of landscape gardening, the propagation of plants and flowers, and practical greenhouse work.

The school has machine and carpenter shops, foundry, blacksmith and cobbler shops, and an electrical department. Concrete work is taught, and a bricklaying department will soon be installed, for Mr. Hershey thinks the need for this very great.

In the manual training classes the boys are taught to draw plans for ordinary farm build-

ings, and to estimate the cost. They are given sufficient practice to build, for example, an addition to a plain house or barn; or to make and hang a gate; or shingle a roof.

The proximity of the chocolate plant enables students to learn various trades largely in the factory's big machine and repair shops. The company's woodworking plant turns out fine fixtures as well as packing cases.

The boys raise the small fruits and vegetables, and do a great deal of canning. They perform much of the work in the kitchen, dining hall, laundry and dormitories. In a model store they learn actual buying and selling.

Mr. Hershey ordained that the boys should not be identified by distinctive dress. Particularly does he desire to build up in his boys an intelligent appreciation of the advantages of rural life. Then he wants to inculcate a love of the sort of home life most of his boys might never know except for him. For instance, every boy on his birthday has dinner at the home of the superintendent, and gets a present. There is also a homecoming day, when all graduates are invited to the festivities.

As yet, only twenty-seven boys have left. Fourteen of these graduated, one died, and the others have been released for various causes. A few of the mothers, becoming self-supporting, have asked for the return of their sons.

It is characteristic of Mr. Hershey that he keeps close watch on the boys who finish the course and leave. For ten years every such boy is to be followed up in his progress, and perhaps the keenest pleasure Mr. Hershey finds in this study of practical results. He knows his boys personally and delights in their success. As the years pass, the methods of the school will be molded by the showing its graduates make.

One of the youths who reached eighteen and departed a year ago has the trade of acetylene welder, and already has saved several hundred dollars. Another has a similar record as a machinist. A recent graduate is now employed at the Hershey Trust Company's bank.

"If I live ten years I expect to be repaid a thousand-fold for my efforts to lift the handicap from boys of this group," Mr. Hershey said to me. "And if I should drop out to-morrow the reward would accrue just the same. I never could see what happiness a rich man gets from contemplating a life of acquisition only, with the cold and legal distribution of his money after he is gone. For myself, would I find any further zest in accumulating wealth?" he added, and answered the question himself: "No; but now I am more interested than ever in maintaining and improving the morale and efficiency of all my companies. I want to devote the rest of my life to that end, for the school."

So do not imagine for a moment that Mr. Hershey has simply given away his fortune and retired. He never was further from quitting. He is Chairman of the Board of his far-reaching chocolate and sugar industries, but not a chairman who sits behind closed doors in an inner office and directs through exclusive conferences and balance sheets. Wherever he is, in America or Cuba, you will find his desk closed most likely, and his office people will tell you that Mr. Hershey is somewhere about the works.

[Continued on page 86]

Mrs. Martin Johnson, wife of the famous wild-animal photographer, seems quite at ease as she demonstrates Corona to a group of head-hunting savages. Mr. Johnson has carried this Corona twice around the world and says it works as well today as the day he bought it.

STRANGER *than* FICTION

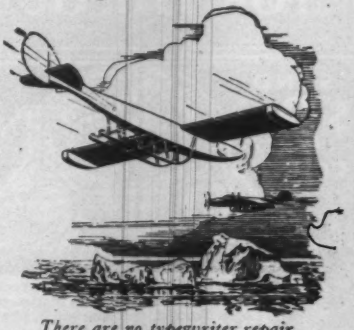
Travel—adventure—danger—hairbreadth escapes! The stories Corona has told—the sights it has seen! The deadly African jungle, the Chinese bandits, the head-hunters of the South Seas, the huddled ice huts of the Arctic.

NO ORDINARY typewriter can stand the hardship of the explorer's life. That is why nearly every explorer carries a Corona in preference to any other machine. *Corona stands up!*

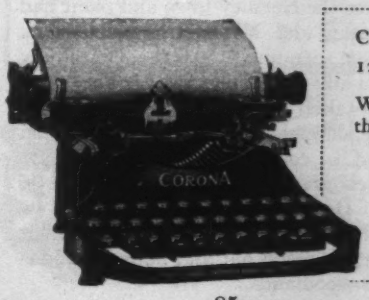
Corona went to Africa with Col. Roosevelt in 1909 and to Brazil in 1916 when he explored the "Mystery River." Corona was with Sir Ernest Shackleton on his last fatal dash for the pole—and spent 270 days under ice and snow with the MacMillan Arctic Expedition.

Corona is compact and portable, yet it turns out the same quality and quantity of work as a heavy office typewriter and it *stands up!*

You ought to own a Corona. It is the personal typewriter used by successful, ambitious people the world over. $50 buys one complete in carrying case. Easy terms arranged if you desire. Mail the coupon *now!*



There are no typewriter repair shops in the Arctic, but that doesn't worry Captain Roald Amundsen who will carry Corona on his trans-polar flight. Mr. H. H. Hammer, one of the Captain's associates, says, "Corona has been chosen particularly on account of its thoroughly tested and proved durability."



CORONA TYPEWRITER CO., Inc.,
123 MAIN STREET, GROTON, N.Y.

Without any obligation, send me complete Corona literature and the address of the nearest Corona dealer.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Science proves the danger of bleeding gums

MEDICAL science proves that unhealthy gums cause serious ailments. People suffering from Pyorrhea (a disease of the gums) often suffer from other ills, such as rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders or weakened vital organs. These ills have been traced in many cases to the Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about the teeth.

Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. It begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs.

Guard your health and your teeth. Keep Pyorrhea away. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and make daily use of Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
FORHAN CO. New York
Forhan's, Ltd. Montreal

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

SEND $2 DOWN

PAY $6.70 PER MONTH

Seven brilliant, blue white, perfectly cut diamonds are set in platinum. Looks like 2 ct. solitaire worth $600. Fully guaranteed to stand any test.

TWO BLUE SAPPHIRES are set in the shanks of this 18 kt. solid white gold engraved and pierced ring to add beauty and style.

FREE TRIAL

NO RED TAPE

Just send $2.00 deposit to show your good faith (or pay postman $2.00 on delivery) and we will send this handsome diamond ring. The balance you can pay in **ten small monthly installments of $6.70 each**—total price, $69.00. Former price, $100.00. Give finger size.

ALL DEALINGS CONFIDENTIAL

No one knows you are buying on our dignified credit system unless you tell them yourself. **A written guarantee accompanies each ring.** You can return the ring within ten days if not satisfied. Send order today.

Write for Bargain Catalog

It brings our large jewelry store right into your home. **It tells the exact weights and quality** so you can buy like an expert. See valuable information on page 6.

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO.

(Diamond Importers—$1,000,000 Stock—Est. 1879)
63 PARK ROW, Dept. 1363 , NEW YORK

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today enclosing 3 stamps. **We teach Beauty Culture.**
D. J. MAHLER, 244-A Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

How Hershey Pays Back His Chocolate Millions

[Continued from page 85]

With his engineers and technical men in general, he spends a great deal of time on the practical, everyday problems of cutting out unnecessary motion, for example, and on constructive improvements in a hundred directions.

THE town of Hershey has few if any prototypes. Here is an industrial community of 3,000 people actually without a tenement or slum. It has no "East side"—no ghetto. Every resident realizes his equity and joint interest in the combined natural and created beauties of nature.

The city was planned and zoned before building work was begun. Winding streets were mapped through picturesquely undulating ground. Chocolate and Cocoa Avenues were the whimsical names given the main thoroughfares, and the other streets derived their cognomens from chocolate associations—such as Granada, Java, Trinidad, Para, Arriba, Ceylon and Caracas. Rigid restrictions were provided.

The town was not incorporated, but remains part of the township, as a safeguard against political possibilities. About a thousand acres are included in the plan, and much of this is yet undeveloped.

Mr. Hershey built twenty-one dwelling houses at the start; but did not like the idea of employer paternalism, and resolved to let his townspeople buy their lots if they chose, and build on their own account. To that end he established financial mechanism for borrowing.

Meanwhile, the problem confronted him of getting sufficient labor. Either he would have to shelter all his people or devise some method of getting them to and from his new plant—which at that time was relatively small. It comprised sixteen one-story buildings, each housing a department.

Mr. Hershey is endowed with that rare trait which for want of a better word we may call audacity. All through his career we stand in awe of his audacious moves. He has the habit of cutting straight through the obstacles, working with fast strokes and extraordinary self-confidence.

So he announced his plan to build an interurban railroad. He was not qualified to judge the need for a trolley line in that region, people said; the project would ruin him.

He went ahead and built the road, at first eight miles, reaching into surrounding farming districts. This Hershey interurban today owns and operates thirty-five miles, connecting with another line into Harrisburg, and at the other end running to Lebanon and Elizabethtown. The superintendent of these lines told me they were self-supporting.

Of course the Hershey town and plant had to get water, and Mr. Hershey undertook this job too, spending $150,000. The supply came from hills three miles away. The enterprise now takes care of itself financially.

The Hershey plant is the only industry in town, and is constructed and adorned to weave itself gracefully into the structure of Hershey. Hershey Park, 75 acres, lies at its portals, and the mighty stone and brick wings of the factory reach out and flank its boulevards and woodlands.

The park was a gift from Mr. Hershey to the town. Containing as it does a large swimming pool and many features of the modern amusement resort, it is extensively utilized by people for miles around. A sylvan river winds its way through the park's dales and woods.

Hershey Park is even more famed for its great "convention hall," seating more than 4,500 people. The building might be called more appropriately the opera house or music hall. Mr. Hershey has made possible metropolitan events, and these in connection with athletic affairs in the park have brought thirty thousand visitors in a day.

The town of Hershey has no litter; absolute cleanliness is everywhere in evidence. There are no rickety sheds, no tin cans decorating vacant lots, no waste paper lying about, no ash heaps or junk piles. You find no stores usurping locations between houses, no apartment houses cutting off neighboring dwellings. Here in Hershey, city zoning and planning are worked out to an ideal consistent with the character and means of an industrial population.

Seventy-five per cent of the families of Hershey own their homes. It has been no part of Mr. Hershey's plan to make the town wholly a community of his own factory people. The residents may work elsewhere and his employees may live where they please. Many of them are not prepared to buy in Hershey, or prefer other towns; but the restricted and improved town of Hershey has done much to give the Chocolate Company a substantial body of workers on a higher plane of living than those of most factories. The result is distinctly felt, Mr. Hershey says, in the morale of the plant.

Every deed to land in Hershey carries the iron-bound restrictions. In accepting land, the buyer agrees not to erect or permit to be erected any "hospital, hotel, saloon, piggery, tannery, slaughter house, butcher shop, livery stable, or building intended for a glue, soap, candle, lamp black, or poudrette factory, or for a blacksmith, carpenter, machine or wheelwright shop, or for steam mill or any factory where power is to be used." The restrictions prohibit all uses in any way dangerous, noxious, unwholesome or offensive.

No portion of a lot may be used for any business or factory except by permission of the Chocolate Company in writing; and no permission shall be granted which conflicts with the restrictions.

The buyer covenants not to erect any building costing less than a sum agreed upon. He promises to erect no building whatever except a dwelling house and the outbuildings appurtenant. The type of house is specified, and it must not have a flat roof. Nor may any dwellings be occupied by more than one family unless the plans are approved in writing by the company. The building of obstructing sheds is restricted, and there are regulations concerning garages, stables, sidewalks and fences.

All the obnoxious but necessary activities of the town are sequestered together in the outskirts—the stables, abattoir, coal yards, grist mill, grain elevators, lumber yards and box mill.

Mr. Hershey has never taken any profit from his land or buildings. Values in Hershey have risen, along with prices everywhere, but I saw attractive houses that were selling between $2,500 and $6,000. There are whole streets, however, built up with rather pretentious homes, valued from $12,000 to $15,000. These are occupied by the higher salaried Hershey people. Perhaps to prove the idealism of industry, the more pretentious homes in Hershey are nearest the factory.

I found numerous families of plain factory workmen living in trim little houses, some of which had cost $5,000 or more. These are the same general class of people who in most industrial cities live in disreputable tenements or tumble-down shanties, surrounded by hideous litter and filth.

The contrast between living conditions in Hershey and those in regions immediately adjoining are graphically illustrated in groups of new houses just inside the Hershey line. An Italian family, for example, bought for $4,000 half cash, a modern semi-bungalow with all conveniences, and moved out of a dilapidated tenement just across the line. This family had saved the $2,000 from wages and profit-sharing in the chocolate factory.

From the large-city viewpoint, rentals in Hershey are absurdly low. The highest rent paid in Hershey to-day is $55 a month—for a two-story eleven-room house set among trees and shrubbery and having all modern equipment. The lowest rent is $15, for a five-room cottage with running water and bath.

The retail mercantile business of Hershey is heavily concentrated under the management of the Chocolate Company—replacing a co-operative store which did not prove successful. There is now a single department store, ultra-metropolitan in quarters and atmosphere, and unique in small-town merchandising. It is optional to buy there or not. There are numerous other stores in the settlements surrounding Hershey.

Hershey boasts three dining places, likewise controlled by the company. One is a pretentious place seating hundreds. Hershey's two-story semi-Colonial inn, with a hundred rooms—but not serving meals—is another institution for which the town owes Mr. Hershey.

Mr. Hershey also built and presented to the town a large modern schoolhouse and high school, and here are concentrated educational facilities formerly carried by fifteen small schools in the township. This gift will be largely expanded in 1924.

On the outskirts of the town crowning a hill which had been shot to pieces by the operations of a stone quarry, Mr. Hershey built a beautiful home. The landscape architects worked a miracle out of the upheaval, turning 30 acres of chaos into rugged, glorified nature, set with trees, shrubbery and flowers, and traced with winding roads. Mrs. Hershey was not destined to enjoy the beauties of this home. She died eight years ago.

Since then, Mr. Hershey has been much away—often abroad, and in recent years has occupied himself with the development of the newer town of Hershey in Cuba.

In the intervals between his absences Mr. Hershey lives in his big house. He is given to simple habits, and is averse to display or social functions. Sufficient for him are a housekeeper, one maid, a man to look after the grounds, and a chauffeur. As companion in his home he has had for several

[Continued on page 88]

Each Serves Its Community

In Frazer, Colorado, a log cabin of three rooms shelters a telephone exchange that connects with the mountain homes of cowmen, miners, homesteaders and tie-cutters. In the heart of New York City a new building of twenty-nine stories is to become the home of several metropolitan central offices serving some 120,000 telephones. This building will contain, as well, offices for executives and for engineering, commercial, plant and accounting forces, providing space for over 7000 telephone workers.

Each of these buildings helps to render adequate and economical telephone service in its own community. They stand at the extremes in size, equipment and personnel. Yet they both indicate the nation-wide need for adequate housing of the activities of the Bell System; and they illustrate the varied ways in which that need is being met. One of the largest single items of plant investment of the Bell System is real estate, comprising nearly 1700 buildings acquired, with their sites, at a cost of $180,000,000.

It is continuously the aim of the Bell System to construct and so to situate each new building—whether executive office, central office, storehouse or garage—so that it shall serve its community with the utmost efficiency and economy, and remain a sound investment throughout its period of life.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

HOME STUDY
Become More Efficient
through courses in Mathematics, History, English, Chemistry, Psychology, Education, Business and 35 other subjects which the University gives by mail. They command credit toward a Bachelor degree and may be begun at any time.
The University of Chicago
23 Ellis Hall Chicago, Ill.

High School Course in 2 Years
You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.
AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H 456 Drexel Av. & 58th St. © A.S.1923 CHICAGO

SELL OUR SHIRTS MAKE BIG MONEY
Quick Profits
Quick Money for You, Selling Shirts Direct from Factory. Big Profits in our Plan. No money—no experience demanded. Makers of finest shirts for 25 years. Better quality goods, snappy styles, newest patterns, fine finish and workmanship make "HILL" Shirts self sellers, big repeaters. You take the profits—we do the rest. Act quickly. Write for FREE SAMPLES.
HILL SHIRT COMPANY
1548 N. Front Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

Factory to Rider
Saves $10 to $25 on the Ranger Bicycle you select from 44 Styles, colors and sizes. Delivered free on approval express prepaid for 30 Days' Free Trial.
$5 a Month if desired. Possession and use at once on our liberal Monthly payment plan. Bicycles $21.50 and up, lamps, wheels, equipment at half usual prices. Write for marvelous new prices, wonderful 30 day trial offer and terms.
Tires
Mead CYCLE COMPANY DEPT. D-32 CHICAGO
Write us today for free catalog

HOME-STUDY COURSES

THAT LEAD TO BUSINESS CAREERS

Do you want an important, high-salaried position? You can have one if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems. Our plan enables you to train during spare hours without interference with your present duties. Give us your name and address and mark with an X below the kind of position you want to fill. We will mail catalog and full particulars regarding our low cost monthly payment plan. Also our valuable book for ambitious men, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." Tear out, mark and mail the coupon today. No obligation to you. Find out about the new "LaSalle Problem Method," what it is and how it works. Let us prove to you how this step has helped thousands of ambitious men to real success. Check and mail the coupon now.

— Coupon —

LaSalle Extension University

Dept. 456-R Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Send without obligation to me information regarding course indicated below, also copy of your interesting book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship
- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Railway Station Management
- ☐ Law—Degree of LL.B.
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ Industrial Management Efficiency
- ☐ Banking and Finance
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
- ☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods
- ☐ Personnel and Employment Management
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Commercial Spanish
- ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching

Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

Free Trial Bottle—Postage Prepaid

Gray Haired People

—learn my story!

I can't tell it in this small advertisement, so I ask you to send for the special patented Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full explanation and directions for making convincing test on one lock of hair.

When you learn how I perfected my Restorer to bring back the original color to my own gray hair, what perfect results it assures, how easy is application, you will realize what my offer means to all gray haired people.

My Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural in all lights, no danger of streaking or discoloration. Results just as satisfactory when used on faded, bleached or streaky, discolored dyed hair. Mail coupon today for absolutely Free Trial package and learn my wonderful story and what it means to you. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in letter.

MAIL now

Please print your name and address

MARY T. GOLDMAN

210-D Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

Street..... *City*.....

HOTEL ST. JAMES

TIMES SQUARE :: NEW YORK CITY

Just off Broadway at 109-113 West 45th Street

An hotel of quiet dignity, having the atmosphere and appointments of a well conditioned home. 40 theatres, all principal shops and churches, 3 to 5 minutes' walk.

Send Postal for Rates and Booklet

W. JOHNSON QUINN, President

Hershey Pays Back His Chocolate Millions

[Continued from page 87]

years an old friend and employee who dates back to the little candy store in Philadelphia—Mr. Harry Lebkicher, bachelor, once a Philadelphia street-car conductor, as he himself told me. For years he has had an executive function at the chocolate offices.

Altogether, the vast Hershey factory affords a spectacle uncommon in this age of unadorned industry, and worse. Its thirty-five acres of interior likewise conform to the most advanced thought for its two thousand people.

To this plant come the cocoa beans from the tropics, to be roasted and crushed. The sugar comes from Mr. Hershey's Cuban plantation. The visitor traverses miles of broad aisles between the vats, mixing machines, automatic carriers, molding appliances, and tremendously fast wrapping machines. All the chocolate is mixed and ground four days and nights without cessation. In the rooms where the finished chocolate is aged, the temperature never varies more than one degree.

To print the millions of labels, wrappers and similar material used daily, twenty big presses are in service.

On the 8,000 acres of Hershey farm land are several thousand cows, all pure bred. Every farm has its modern farming and dairying equipment, with a separate dairy force. To get the 160,000 gallons of milk consumed every day in the chocolate plant necessitates buying also from thousands of individual farms. Tank automobiles and trolley tanks on the Hershey interurbans bring in this milk, the automobile trucks hauling some of it forty or fifty miles. The trolley tanks have a capacity of 3,000 gallons. Eighteen thousand cows altogether work for Hershey.

THE Cuban sugar plantations which are now working for the Hershey orphans lie adjacent to the north shore of that island. The town of Hershey in Cuba is twenty-eight miles from Havana, and about the same distance in the other direction from Matanzas.

The 50,000 acres owned or under lease supply the two Hershey sugar mills. One of these mills supplies the chocolate factory in Pennsylvania. The combined production is 450,000 bags during a season.

All the properties in Cuba cover seventy-eight square miles, and employ 5,000 people.

The Hershey Cuban Railroad extends from Matanzas to Havana, and is now operated by seven sixty-ton electric locomotives, which displaced steam locomotives on account of the fire hazard. A passenger train runs every hour between Havana and Matanzas, in sight of the ocean nearly all the way.

From the sugar plantations the cane is hauled to the railroad loading points on two-wheeled carts, each drawn by six oxen.

Mr. Hershey first went into Cuba in 1913, and since then has invested $25,000,000 there, incidentally doing more for Cuba than any other American interest has ever done.

"When I first began to look around down there," he told me, "the Cuban folks didn't think I had any money. I lived modestly in Cuba—did not measure up to what was expected, apparently, in the way of display.

FREE

140-page Book full of life-size ruled forms, each one completely filled in. The answer to problems of accounting and record keeping for any business or profession.

Send for this book today

John C. Moore Corporation

(*Established 1839*)

2125 Stone St., Rochester, N. Y.

MOORE'S LOOSE LEAF SYSTEMS

In Use In More Than 300,000 Offices

Genuine Diamond RING

Marvelous Value

Brilliant Blue White, Perfect Cut Diamond

$37.50

Cash or Credit

Mounting is 18-K Solid White Gold. Diamond set in hexagon top, popular Engagement Ring. Cased in handsome ring box. Delivered on first payment of $1.00; then $1.00 a Week thereafter.

Money Back If Not Satisfied.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Est'd 1858

THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL CREDIT JEWELERS

DEPT. M862

108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Stores in Leading Cities

Priscilla Personal Stationery

gives distinction to your correspondence. Dainty, correct, inexpensive. Mail me a dollar with your name and address plainly printed in 3 lines. You will promptly receive

200 Single Sheets 6 x 7 in.

100 Envelopes to match

(*Both White Bond paper, handsomely printed in rich Blue Ink*)

$1 *West of Denver and outside U.S. add 10c*

Satisfaction guaranteed. Send your order now.

HERMAN GOLDBERGER, 110-R High St., Boston, Mass.

In business since 1909

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph System, supply you with work and pay you cash each week. Write today for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED

Authorized Capital $1,250,000.00

118 Colborne Building, Toronto, Can.

And when we began to acquire property, they thought I'd be broke in a couple of years."

In the recent sugar troubles the loss of several million dollars did not break him, though the financial problems of that period necessitated a bond issue of $15,000,000, which is now being retired.

The Cuban town of Hershey is modeled in many respects after the home Hershey, except that the company retains ownership of the three hundred houses. The little city luxuriates in tropical beauty, and the mill workmen live on a plane quite new to them. Mr. Hershey told me that no steps had been taken toward a Cuban Industrial school, though the matter has been discussed.

Doubtless Mr. Hershey will find ample field in America, and inconsequential competition, in helping boys escape the job-clamoring crowds of our great cities. Independence of character is a trait fast on the decline here in this country, where it should be in the ascendant.

Two Arabian Knights

[Continued from page 77]

carriage. Then I noticed that the grayness of his beard was due to crusted dust and ashes. I was the first person he saw, and as the sallow-faced servant beside him hissed something in his ear, he stopped as if struck dead. It looked, for a moment, as if he would either retreat or attack me, but at the first words of Preston in Arabic, he remained stationary.

Two other figures entered, both bearing a striking resemblance to Bin Adham. One, quite old, was thin and emaciated, as if stricken with some wasting disease. The other, a younger man, was quite elegantly dressed in a frock coat of bizarre cut. He was of medium height and had a stolidity about him that was more German than Turkish. On the faces of both the brothers was a look of fixed resolution and passive cruelty.

All the ceremony of politeness was ignored during the interview. The consul and I had evidently arrived at a most crucial time. Every one stood. Necessarily, every word spoken at that meeting was in Arabic, which had to be translated by Preston, but for the sake of clearness I shall repeat the conversation as if there were no halting waits for interpretation.

"May Allah whiten thy countenance," Preston began, putting a sirupy sweetness into the Arabic gutturals that rolled from his tongue. "Oh, most noble *Hajj*, we beg a few words with thee."

As if pulling himself together with tremendous effort, Bin Adham whispered.

"The prophet—whom Allah bless and preserve—hath enjoined honor to strangers. Speak on!"

"Thou knowest that thine honor is sweet in my sight. Through all the chances and changes of years, my breast has broadened with delight in thy friendship. The sun hath warmed it and the moon hath shined upon it. Say, if I speak truth!"

"Thou hast been the guest of my hospitality, and bread and salt hath made a tie between thee and me. Speak on!"

"This morning I approached thee with gladness in my heart and the language of brothers on my tongue to inform thee of the

[Continued on page 90]

Generations of travelers in Europe have seen women washing clothes, like the woman in this illustration, on the banks of rivers.

Shall the river work— or shall you?

Too many women, abroad, are still washing clothes like this.

They go to the river. Our American rivers are being trained to come to *us*. Water-wheels drive electric generators—thus water is supplied to your home, and electric current runs the washing machine which has banished so much toil.

Back of every great step in woman's progress from a drudge to a free citizen has been some labor-saving invention. Back of most inventions in electricity's progress from a mystery to a utility has been the research of General Electric Company scientists and engineers.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

A Spare Time Income for YOU

McClure's Magazine is a publication of high literary merit for thoughtful Americans. Interesting fiction and unusual articles that deal with the life of America fill its pages, reflecting the progress of the United States. New things in the life of its people, whether on Main Street or Broadway, are chronicled in McCLURE'S each month. McCLURE'S takes in the whole broad span of human affairs.

The best fiction appearing in any American magazine today is to be found in McClure's. During a year its readers get 50 short stories and three complete novels of book length in serial form and from seventy to seventy-five articles, and editorial talks by S. S. McClure.

This is YOUR chance. You can profitably employ your spare time introducing McCLURE'S to your friends. The field is unlimited; there are no restrictions of territory; you may get subscribers anywhere and you will be well paid for your efforts. Write for terms to

Department S

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

80 Lafayette Street **New York, N. Y.**

She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used *Marmola Prescription Tablets*, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that the *Marmola Prescription Tablets* give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell *Marmola Prescription Tablets* at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

MARMOLA COMPANY

253 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Beautiful Catalog FREE

Write **today** for the **Sweet** Catalog—Shows thousands of beautiful gift suggestions in Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. Every article is the greatest value at the very lowest price. Ask for **Catalog 344J**

Diamond Solitaire Ring

Only $4.00 a Month

A fiery blue-white Diamond in a graceful 14K Solid Gold mounting. The ideal Engagement Ring. Sent **Free** for your complete examination. If satisfied, pay only $5.00 upon arrival, and $4.00 a month for 10 months until the total of $45 has been paid. Send for this exquisite gem **Today.**

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY

L·W·SWEET INC.

Dept. 344J 1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

District Salesmen Wanted, all or spare time. Earn $1500 to $3600 yearly. We train the inexperienced.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO. 5 Bar St., Canton, Ohio

Two Arabian Knights

[Continued from page 89]

lies whispered in thine ears concerning thy daughter."

Bin Adham's eyes widened with the light of madness. He pulled at his dirt-encrusted beard with palsied fingers.

"I have no daughter."

An icy douche of horror swept through me as I heard his moaning cry. He gazed steadily at the floor, his mouth open, his head wagging.

"The light has become night before my sight. Now, by the right of my forefathers and the tombs of my forbears, I could wish that I had died childless ere such a stain had come to my house. My anguish burns me as a fire of Gaza wood. *Awah! Awah!*"

"*Yabarid!* Oh, foolish one, who openeth thine ears to thine enemies and closeth thy reason to thy friends," the consul chided. "Here stands a youth who loveth folk. Mean deeds come of men who are mean of blood and breed. Look and see if thou canst find aught of guilt in his countenance. The jackal shunneth the light of day, but the lion proudly faceth his pursuers."

"I am an old man, foully wronged," Abu Bin Adham complained, eying me with smoldering hatred. "There is left to me only what the days have left. My heart is burst by devil bolts. Weakness binds me like a chain. My side muscles tremble as I speak. The world is black in my sight. Allah, the decreer, who decreeth all things, hath smitten me with a plague of plagues and a pest of pests. The jewel of my house hath been stolen. The light of my old age hath been snuffed out."

He beat his breast impotently with his fist while tears trickled down his cheeks.

"An infidel dog hath despoiled me—*N'yhara, n'yhara dinak*—but I know what is in my right hand for him. By my right hand and the beard of the prophet—whom Allah bless—the insult cast upon my house shall be wiped out in blood. There shall be no profit in his days, neither shall his nights bring comfort."

"*Hajj Bin Adham,*" Preston interposed, "let thine eyes be cool and clear. Allah, who for every effect hath appointed a cause, so decreed that thy daughter, Anis, was in danger of death. A water-devil, lurking just beneath the waves, bewitched by the beauty of her loveliness, snatched her in his slimy arms and carried her to his palace in the depths of the sea. She was affrighted by the horror of that graybeard of hell whose face was the face of an ass, his shape that of an ape and his look the look of a malignant snake. Blacker than the night was his blackness and more fetid than the lion was his breath for foulness.

"In her distress, when her youth seemed lost in Allah's way, Anis, thy daughter, breathed the Friday prayer to Allah, the compassionating, the compassionate, who sent a champion to defend her—an Infidel, 'tis true, but a lion of courage and a camel of strength. Such an one as fought the mighty Sa!ah-Din for fourteen days and nights without rest. It was no time to take exception. There were Christians who held to his arms and would have stopped him, pointing ou that thy daughter was a hated Moslem and should be left to her fate. He closed his ears and mind to their evil whisperings and plunged, forthwith, to the bottom of the sea.

"For a day and a night, he battled with the Jinni for possession of Anis. The waters of the sea were tossed high in the air by their terrific combat. Ships were lost and monsters, long hidden in the depths of the ocean, were blinded by the light of day that was let in by the thrashing of the waters. Victorious, at last, this noble youth brought thy daughter to the surface. For an hundred leagues, he swam through the heaving ocean to a vessel—the only one that had outlived the tempest. Holding thine honor precious in his sight, full knowing what evil tongues would whisper in thine ears, he gave her into the keeping of many waiting women and sought to shut the vision of her beauty from his sight.

"But there was one, an evil man, the captain of that vessel, who no sooner saw thy daughter than he lusted for her. He tried, in devious ways, to bring her to his desires. With a score of men, one night he broke into the presence of Anis — where she was sitting with her handmaids, and dragged her away toward his quarters. This noble youth, son of noble forbears, who holds honor above price and who loved thy daughter with the love of brother for sister, fought the score of men and another score that came to their assistance. After that, having taken her from the captain's hands and beaten him with his fists until he repented of the day he was born, he stood guard at the door of her cabin through sleepless days and nights, until the vessel came to port.

"This is the true story of what occurred. Naught of harm came to the jewel of thy house. She is as chaste and pure as the day her mother bore her. Gaze at this youth! See if thou canst find aught of evil in his countenance. His face showeth the signs of gentle breeding. Doth the horse resemble the ass; doth the lion resemble the ape; doth the stately palm resemble the lowly cactus? No more doth a noble youth, the son of nobles, resemble a man, mean of word and deed. Again, I repeat, thy daughter's life was saved and saved again—Allah be praised! — by one who felt toward her only the anxious solicitude and care of a brother for a beloved sister. Come, acquit him of the responsibility he hath incurred!"

The impassioned, dramatic harangue had its effect on all of them. They had gradually fallen under the spell of the consul's eloquence. It was sort of tale that they loved to hear—the kind of story repeated daily by the story-tellers of the coffee-house. Had we been dealing only with Bin Adham, we might have convinced him of his daughter's innocence, but in the hush that followed Preston's question, the frock-coated brother sneered:

"If he hath done all that thou sayest, he hath also extracted a pretty price for his labors."

"By Allah," Preston fired at the sceptic, "I have sworn that he hath entreated her as a brother."

"Ofttimes it behooveth a wise man to speak nonsense."

"What manners are these, O *Hajj* Bin Adham? Dost thou permit thy brother the luxury of insulting thy guests? It is from the poisonous counsels of such that I have tried to save thee."

Bin Adham, still in sullen mood, uttered a short reprimand. At once he drew upon his own head the combined ire of both of them. The palsied elder b other was particularly bitter, reminding Bin Adham of a promise he had made and that remained unfilled. A deep frown gathered between Preston's eyes as he listened to their quarrelsome bickering. At a wailing question from Bin Adham, answered sharply by both of the others. I heard Preston suck in his breath sharply and his teeth close with a snap.

"Listen not to such words!" Preston interrupted. "Wouldst thou murder thine own flesh and blood? After all that I have spoken, wouldst thou strike down one who is innocent of any wrong?"

"What is it?" I asked.

"Those two bloodthirsty brothers have got the upper hand of him. They've passed sentence on the girl and now they're tryin' to make Bin Adham stick to it."

"Did you tell them I wanted to marry her?"

"No—and I ain't goin' to."

"You promised you would stick by me."

"I'm stickin', ain't I? It wouldn't do any good."

"Try it, anyway!"

He looked at me with a frown of disapproval, then turned to them.

"Abu Bin Adham, my thoughts having been driven from my head in horror at the evil counselings of thy brothers, there is a matter—most important—that I have not told thee. Wilt thou listen to the light of clear reason and follow the mandates of the prophet—whom Allah save—or wilt thou obey thy flesh and the devil? The generous man is Allah's friend—*Amma ba'ad*—know then that what I am about to tell thee was also written in the book of destiny.

"In saving thy daughter from the dangers of land and sea, this noble prince, whose every thought is bent on gaining thy just regard, had the misfortune to glimpse the face of one who dims the stars with her beauty. The sight bequeathed him a thousand sighs and a thousand thoughts of care. Her loveliness overthrew him. Love got the mastery of his heart. Not by word or look did he announce his condition, until he had brought her, who was his constant care, to the safety of her father's threshold, but now, O *Hajj*, he begs thee to further that which Allah hath decreed and give to him the jewel of thy possessions, as his wife."

Preston was right when he had told me that such an offer would be ill received. All three burst into a storm of protest. Bin Adham's eyes flashed fire as he replied.

"Thou art convicted out of thine own mouth. The thief now offers to pay for that which he hath stolen, to avoid the penalty of his crime. Such an offer coming from such an one who hath despoiled me, is nothing short of insult."

"The offer was given in all honor as the man himself is honorable. Glory be to the uniter of hearts. Look you, they are one in comeliness and one in desire."

"He is a Christian dog. Thus do I answer his desire."

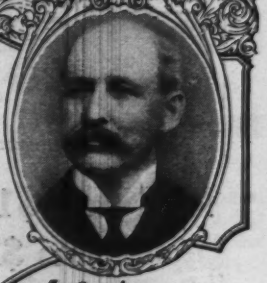
"He is also a prince—of vast estates and untold riches," countered Preston. "His gold pieces are as unnumbered as the sands of the desert. He has a multitude of camels and his horses and herds are without number. His palace could contain this city—ay—and yet there would remain a wilderness

[Continued on page 94]

W. L. Douglas

$7.00 and $8.00 SHOES

Many at $5 & $6 ~ Boys' at $4.50 & $5



W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe trade-mark in the world. It stands for a high standard of quality and dependable value. For economy and satisfactory service wear shoes that bear this trade-mark.

Stamping the retail price at the factory

W. L. Douglas
PRESIDENT

W. L. Douglas "CORFLEX" for Women

Made of a fine grade of Brown Kid, also Black Kid, in Blucher Oxford pattern. A very neat model of the corrective type with splendid fitting qualities. The corset effect gives COMFORT and SUPPORT to the ARCH. Exceptional service at a low price. $7.00.

Campus

A bright tan Russia Calf Oxford for Men on a wide brogue last. New, attractive pattern with black stitching and eyelets. Patent Leather Cork Welt and trimming around top; rolled heel. A smart, up-to-the-minute style for Spring and a wonderful value. $8.00.

W. L. DOUGLAS name and the retail price are stamped on the soles of every pair at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against unreasonable prices.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes are demanded by more people than any other shoes in this country. They are put into all of our 116 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to know that when you buy shoes at our stores ***You Pay Only One Profit.***

NEVER have you had the opportunity to buy such wonderful shoe values as you will find in W. L. Douglas shoes in our retail stores in the principal cities and in good shoe stores everywhere. If you do not live near one of our stores, ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you, write for catalog showing how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE COMPANY
150 Spark Street, Brockton, Mass.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD
Suite 237, 70 5th Avenue - - New York City

BE AN ARTIST

WE CAN TEACH YOU DRAWING in your own home during your spare time. Twenty-five years of successful teaching proves our ability. Artists receive large salaries.

Write today for Art Year Book
SCHOOL of APPLIED ART
Room No. 3 BATTLE CREEK MICH.

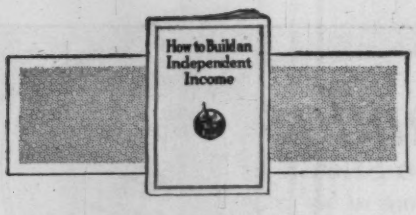
$3 DOWN BRINGS YOU GENUINE UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. Try it, test it yourself, then decide.
EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS. So small you will not notice them.
5 YEAR GUARANTEE with every Shipman-Ward factory rebuilt Underwood, a late model, perfect machine that will give you years of service.
FREE BOOK OF FACTS. Write today, inside story about typewriter business, typewriter rebuilding, how we do it, our wonderful offer. Act now.

SHIPMAN WARD MFG. CO.
2094 Shipman Bldg.
Montrose and Ravenswood Aves.
CHICAGO, ILL.

SELL US YOUR SPARE TIME

You can earn $15 to $50 a week writing show cards in your own home.—No canvassing.—A pleasant profitable profession easily and quickly learnt by our new simple graphic block system. Artistic ability not necessary.—We teach you how, and supply you with work—Distance no object. Full particulars and booklet free.
WILSON METHODS LIMITED—DEPT. H
64 East Richmond, Toronto, Canada.



Read How $10 a Month Becomes $22,000

BETWEEN the vigorous age of 25 and the retirement age of 65, a man or woman can amass more than $22,000 simply by making a first payment of $10 and then putting aside $10 a month under our Investment Savings Plan.

Of that $22,000 only $4,800 is principal paid by the investor. All the rest—$17,200—is compound interest.

Our *free* booklet, HOW TO BUILD AN INDEPENDENT INCOME, explains how anyone can follow our plan with safety, convenience and profit by investing $10, $20, $50 or more a month in our First Mortgage Investments at **6½% and 7%**

The coupon below will bring this booklet without any obligation on your part. Send for it now.

No loss to any investor in 51 years

The F. H. SMITH CO.
Founded 1873
SMITH BLDG., WASHINGTON, D. C.
Please send me your Booklet No. 25J

Name .....

Address .....

GET THE GROSS RETURNS

Our City Bonds Yield 8 Per Cent

In the large competitive centers interest rates to the investor have been sliced by brokers and middlemen. The city bonds we offer are in the soundest of small communities, and we are the only intermediary between you and the borrower.

EDGERTON-FABRICK COMPANY
Dept. O-4 Pocatello, Idaho

Please send me copy of booklet "Idaho Mortgages."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

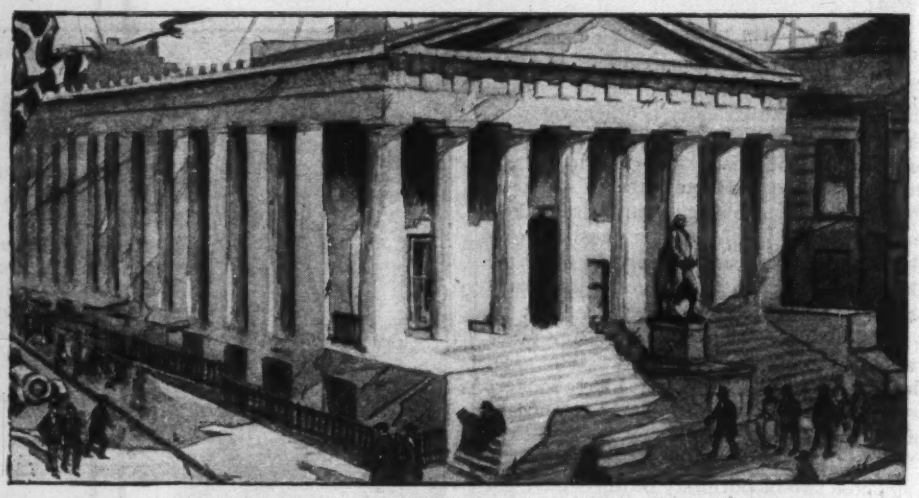
HOTEL
HAMILTON
Fourteenth and K Sts.
WASHINGTON, D.C.

The latest constructed and finest hotel in Washington.

Four hundred rooms, each with tub and shower.

The finest service and furnishings possible to obtain have been installed.

Reasonable rates.



Financial Problems

THIS department of financial advice freely offers its services to all readers. Send your query to the Financial Editor of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 80 Lafayette Street, New York City, and you will receive a prompt reply. Correspondence will be held confidential, but investment questions of general interest will be published anonymously.

Q. Please inform me regarding the present financial position of the Mountain Telephone & Telegraph Company, a subsidiary of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. What denominations in bonds do they issue and what is bid and asked on their preferred stock? Have they paid regular dividends since their incorporation?

A. The Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Company has paid dividends at the rate of 7 per cent a year on its stock since 1911, the year of its incorporation as a consolidation of the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company, the Colorado Telephone Company and a subsidiary of the latter company known as the Tri-State Telephone & Telegraph Company. Earnings were at the rate of $7.77 on the stock in 1922, $7.50 in 1921, $7.19 in 1920 and $7.19 in 1919. The company is in good financial condition. It has no preferred stock and no funded debt outside of a real estate mortgage amounting to $100,000.

Q. I am thinking of buying 65 shares of West Penn Company 7 per cent preferred stock, at $90 a share. Would like to have your candid opinion of it as an investment.

A. Your action in West Penn Company preferred stock should be influenced largely by the extent and nature of your present holdings and the degree of your dependence on the income from investments. Inasmuch as we are not posted on these details, our reply must be confined to the rather general statement that this stock measures up to that standard which may be followed only by persons who are able to assume some business risk for the sake of a more than normal income return. It is by no means a first-grade preferred stock.

Q. Kindly give me your opinion and advice as to the value and advisability of buying Star Motor stock put out by the Durant Corporation some time ago. Have a chance to buy some from a man in financial difficulties. Do you anticipate any dividends being paid on this stock within the next year or so?

A. Star Motor stock cannot be regarded as anything but a speculation. This company is a new one, entering the field at a time when the motor industry is highly competitive. The outlook for dividends is by no means bright.

Q. Please give your opinion as to the financial standing of the Mack Corporation, manufacturers of Worm Drive Automobile Truck Axles.

A. There is no available information on which we could form an opinion as to the financial standing of the Mack Corporation. If you are a stockholder, you have the right to demand of the company a statement as to the earnings and a copy of its last balance sheet. We suggest that you write direct to the company's secretary for this information.

Q. I have 31 shares of Middle States Oil, bought outright at $13 a share. I am tempted to buy more to average down the cost. Please advise whether you think the purchase of more shares advisable at the present low price.

A. The very fact that you are a man of small means is argument enough against the purchase of additional Middle States Oil stock or any other stock that has so remote a claim to investment merit. There is a chance that stock bought at the current reduced market price would result ultimately in a profit overbalancing all that you have lost up to the present. On the other hand, there is a possibility of further extensive decline that would carry the stock to a level at which the temptation to sell all would be overpowering. Speaking frankly, we do not know whether this stock is going up or down, and we doubt whether any one else has any strong convictions on the subject. Averaging on the way up is one thing—it is sometimes called pyramiding. Averaging on the way down is a process that often resolves itself into a question of sending good money after bad.

Q. I work on salary, but have a little money saved and can save a little each month. My savings bank account pays me 4 per cent. Would you advise me to buy Northwestern Hydro-Electric stock, and then take up their monthly-payment plan?

A. The monthly-payment preferred stock purchase offer made by the Northwestern Electric Company to its consumers is attractive as a means of accumulating good securities while saving. This stock, while by no means the highest type of electric power preferred issue, is a reasonably sound investment.

Q. Please tell me whether the Women's National Oil & Development Company is still in existence: it was located in 1919 at Douglas, Wyoming.

A. As far as we are able to determine there has been no change in the office address of the Women's National Oil & Development Company. The company offered an additional block of stock last year at 4 cents a share, but we are unable to find any market for either this or the first issue of stock.

Q. What information can you give me regarding the safety of Empire Tank Line 8 per cent bonds? I have one $1,000 bond. Should I sell it or hold it? How about Dupont de Nemours?

A. Empire Tank Line 8s are secured by more than 2,000 standard steel tank cars having an original value of $4,443,000 and the bonds are outstanding to the amount of $2,267,000. While these bonds do not rank with ordinary railroad equipment trusts, they have much investment merit and are suitable for any one who can assume a slight business risk. Dupont 7½s are a good investment, even though they are not secured by any property mortgage. They are redeemable at a price approximating the present market quotations.

Q. Please advise me as to the condition of General Motors and the advisability of investing in this stock.

A. The General Motors Corporation, and in fact, the motor industry as a whole, is in a highly prosperous condition at the present time. It is generally recognized, however, that motor-car buying has reached its peak in this business cycle and uncertainty as to future production and profits are clearly reflected in the market for General Motors stock.

In brief, there is a lack of confidence in the ability of the corporation to continue the present dividend rate. Do not forget that, as a result of conditions in the industry during 1921, General Motors Corporation was forced to suspend dividend payments for an entire year. You have no assurance that the same condition will not prevail again. Herein lies the speculative element that makes possible the purchase of this stock at a return of close to 9 per cent. Do not buy this stock unless you can afford to speculate.

Q. Would you advise the purchase of 50 or 100 shares of Oklahoma Producing & Refining, or Pierce Oil, common? Are they paying dividends? Has Standard Oil sold its interest in Pierce? Are Northern Pacific and Great Northern paying their usual 7 per cent dividend? Why are their stocks so low? Would you advise purchase of them?

A. Neither Pierce Oil common nor Oklahoma Producing & Refining pays a dividend or is likely to do so for some time. You cannot regard them as anything but extreme cases of speculation at a time when the stocks of even the strongest oil companies are speculative.

We have not heard that the Standard Oil companies ever had an interest in Pierce. Northern Pacific and Great Northern are receiving 5 per cent, the rates having been reduced in 1922. Furthermore, neither company is now earning its present dividend and both stocks, therefore, must remain in the semi-speculative class. In semi-speculative stocks the chances of a gain are no greater than the prospects of a substantial decline. Our advice is to let speculative stock strictly alone. If you want to invest, you can do it through your regular banking connection.

[All inquiries receive prompt and careful attention. Correspondence is treated as confidential and is answered by Mail. Questions relating to subjects of general interest will be published each month. Address, Financial Editor McCLURE'S *Magazine, 80 Lafayette St., New York City.]*

He Came 2,000 Miles for a Good Investment

Up in New York State an old gentleman died the other day, leaving a fortune running well into six figures. The amount was surprising, for he was extremely conservative and shunned speculation. He belonged to the old school that prefers a first mortgage on real estate.

This man, an extremely good judge of values, was one of this firm's first customers. Years ago, on a visit to Florida, he bought a Miami mortgage from us, and year after year thereafter he was a steady and liberal buyer. He did not hesitate to invest 2,000 miles from home, because he found in Miller first mortgage securities the two essentials—safety and a good rate of interest.

Miller First Mortgage Bonds pay up to 7½%—the prevailing Florida rate. They are available in $100, $500, and $1,000 amounts. They never caused a loss to any investor. Mail the coupon today for informative booklet, "Florida Today and Tomorrow."

G. L. Miller
BOND & MORTGAGE
Company
Florida's Oldest First Mortgage Bond House
404 Miller Building **Miami, Florida**

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Company
404 Miller Building, Miami, Florida.

Please send me, without obligation, the booklet, "Florida Today and Tomorrow," and recommend a good investment for $....., maturing in about .... years. (These blanks need not be filled in, but they help us to give you personal attention.)

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

7% NO LOSS IN 58 YEARS

How to Invest
to get Maximum Safety and Highest Income

Fully explained by the Oldest Mortgage Investment House in the South

FOR over half a century the name Adair has been recognized as the highest authority upon Southern Real Estate conditions and values. For 58 years an ever-increasing list of customers have placed their confidence in the ability of this house to select for their funds, first mortgage real estate investments which combined absolute safety with high income. ***And not a single customer has ever lost a dollar.***

Today you can secure a high return, plus maximum safety, by investing in the best type of Southern Real Estate Bonds, yielding up to 7%.

Write today for "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds," a booklet which contains the net of our knowledge gained through 58 years experience in this field. Ask for full particulars on our Monthly Investment Plan.

ADAIR
REALTY & TRUST CO.
Established 1865
1100 Healey Building, ATLANTA

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation your booklet "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Resident Schools

Write to the schools for full and complete information, which will be gladly furnished to readers of McCLURE'S.

Posse Normal School of Gymnastics
Massachusetts, Boston, 779 Beacon Street
For women. 34th year. Modern building. Comprehensive courses. Present conditions have created great demand for our graduates. Courses in Medical Gymnastics and Playgrounds. Register early. Summer Camp. Apply to The Secretary.

The Sargent School for Physical Education
Established 1881 Booklet on request
D. A. SARGENT, 28 Everett Street — L. W. SARGENT, Cambridge 38, Mass.

Lindenwood College Founded 1827. 50 minutes from St. Louis. Standard College for Young Women Fully Accredited. 2 and 4-year courses. Home Economics, Business, Oratory, Music. 138 Acres. Gymnasium, Swimming Pool. Catalogue. J. L. Roemer, President, Box 1224, St. Charles, Mo.

The Ithaca School of Physical Education
Dr. Albert H. Sharpe, Dean. Graduates eligible to teach anywhere in U. S. *Normal Course. Athletic Coaching Course.* Co-educational. Athletic Field. Gymnasium. Dormitories. Graduates in great demand. *Fall term opens Sept. 20.* 220 De Witt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

Putnam Hall A School for Girls, midway between Albany and New York, on the Hudson. Prepares for all colleges. Old and New Plan examinations taken successfully. Music, Art. All outdoor sports. Campus of four acres. Ellen Clizbe Bartlett, A. B., Principal. Box 806, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

When answering advertisements appearing in these columns please mention McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

PATENTS Write for free Guide Books and "Record of Invention Blank" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch of your invention for Examination and Instructions. No Charge for the Above Information.
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO. 750 Ninth Washington, D. C.

PATENTS Write for *free* Guide Book, "How to Get a Patent" and Evidence of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch of your invention and we will give our *prompt* opinion of its patentable nature. RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 50, WASHINGTON, D. C.

16 lbs. Gone in 2 Weeks

"I lost 16 lbs., in two weeks after all other methods had failed," writes Miss Caroline Levine of Chicago. Many others tell of just as amazing results.

Lose Fat While You Sleep

"The latest discovery represents the only way in which one should lose fat," says an eminent scientist, member of the American Society for the Advancement of Science, for there are no strenuous exercises required—no starvation, sweating, belts, drugs or discomforts—and the method is safe and ethical.

A famous Vienna Doctor, inventor of the Tonometer, commonly used in measuring high blood pressure, recently reduced over 1600 people without a single failure. Now, through the efforts of American Scientists you can apply the vitals of this treatment at home.

The method is easy, pleasant and requires no great effort. Many use it while sleeping. It is directed towards the very cause of obesity—so it not only helps you to regain your slender, youthful figure, but increases your health and vitality as well.

FREE BOOK Don't wait another day before finding out about this scientific discovery that makes reducing so easy. A remarkable book called "Sleep it Away" will be mailed you free without obligation upon request. Write for it now, before you turn the page.

Address Miss Litia Miller

Dept. A-1, Beauty Science Institute
Columbus, Ohio

Whooping Cough

Asthma, Spasmodic Croup, Bronchitis Coughs, Influenza

A household remedy avoiding drugs. Cresolene is vaporized at the bedside during the night. It has become in the past forty years the most widely used remedy for whooping cough and spasmodic croup.

When children complain of sore throat or cough, use at once.

Vapo-Cresolene

Est. 1879

Send for descriptive booklet 71A

For Sale by Druggists

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, Canada

FREE Marvo BEAUTY BOOKLET

explaining how the FAMOUS MARVO LIQUID SKIN PEEL PREPARATION removes all surface blemishes, Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, Eczema, discolorations, etc. Wonderful results proven. *GUARANTEED* absolutely Painless and Harmless. Produces healthy new skin as Nature intended you to have. Write NOW—before you turn this page—for full details and free "MARVO BEAUTY BOOKLET."

Marvo Beauty Laboratories, Inc., 1658 B'way. Dept. 316N, N.Y.

Two Arabian Knights

[Continued from page 91]

of rooms unoccupied. His menservants could defeat the Turkish army. Thy daughter, married to such an one, would be the princess of the world, and her jewels and silks would suffice to carpet thy old age with abundant pleasures. Think well before thou disagree with this condition!"

As he paraded my wealth to them with facile tongue, we gained an unexpected ally in the younger brother. War and occupation had told heavily on the Bin Adham fortune. He was inclined to take a cosmopolitan viewpoint on the question—to make the best of a bad situation.

"Would thy friend, the prince, accept the faith of Islam?"

Before Preston could address a question to me, the aged one broke out in unbridled vehemence.

"How shall the dog sit in the lion's stead? Wouldst thou open thine ears to the bragging tongue of *al Bakbuk*, the gabbler there, and spit upon the name of thy father and the prophet by consorting with Infidels? Thou art no brother of mine. I cry against thee. Only consider the evil that has befallen thee. Thy daughter—a curse upon her head!—was betrothed to one of rank and station, a very pearl of delight for thine old age. This Infidel, this beardless one, this pewling bag of rotted meat, hath defiled thy daughter, hath raised a stench to heaven with his accursed act that cannot be wiped out save with blood. Hath the word 'vengeance' been forgotten? Did manhood die with our father and our father's father? Dost thou turn barterer of thy daughter's flesh? Remember thy promise! Thou hast sworn by Allah and the right of thy *tarboosh* that the shame cast upon thy house by thy daughter—may her entrails rot!—and this gutter scum should be wiped out in blood. I put a curse upon thee and spit upon thee if thou fail to keep thy oath."

Cunning greed, impotent desperation and implacable vengeance were written on the faces of the three, as they stood there. At that moment a servant came to the doorway and salaamed to some one who was approaching. I heard the click-clack of heels on the stones outside and Shevket Bey came to the door.

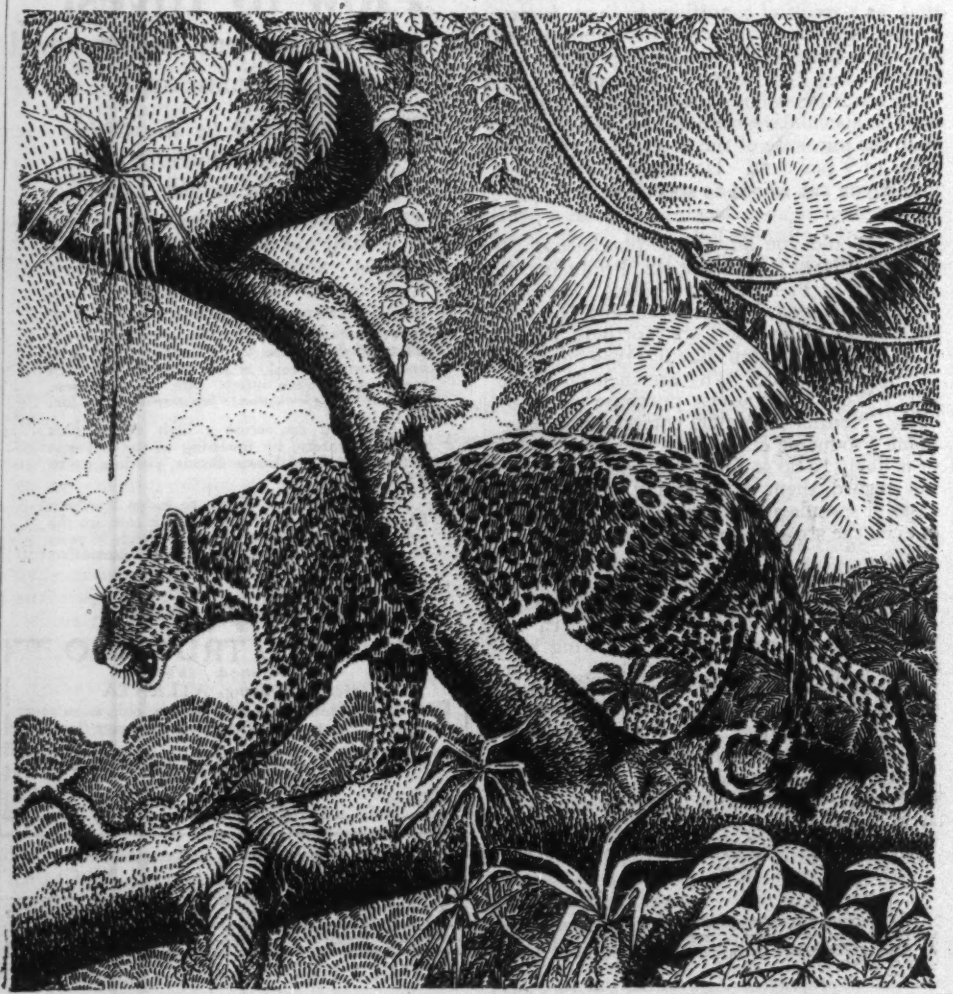
He swept the room with his dark eyes and when he caught sight of me, a look of madness and unbridled passion came to his features. He solemnly touched breast, mouth and forehead in salutation to the three brothers, before advancing into the room.

"I have heard," were the only words he said, in a low voice, but Bin Adham broke into a high-pitched wail of frenzy, bowed his head and buffeted his cheeks with his open hands.

"*Aywah*! *Aywah*!" he moaned. "Thou hast come to revile me in the hour of my disgrace."

Shevket paid little attention to him. His burning gaze fixed on me as he reached slowly into the side pocket of his tunic and drew forth a revolver.

(To be Continued)



HEALTH

Results from the Adaptation of the "Power Within" to the Stress of Environment

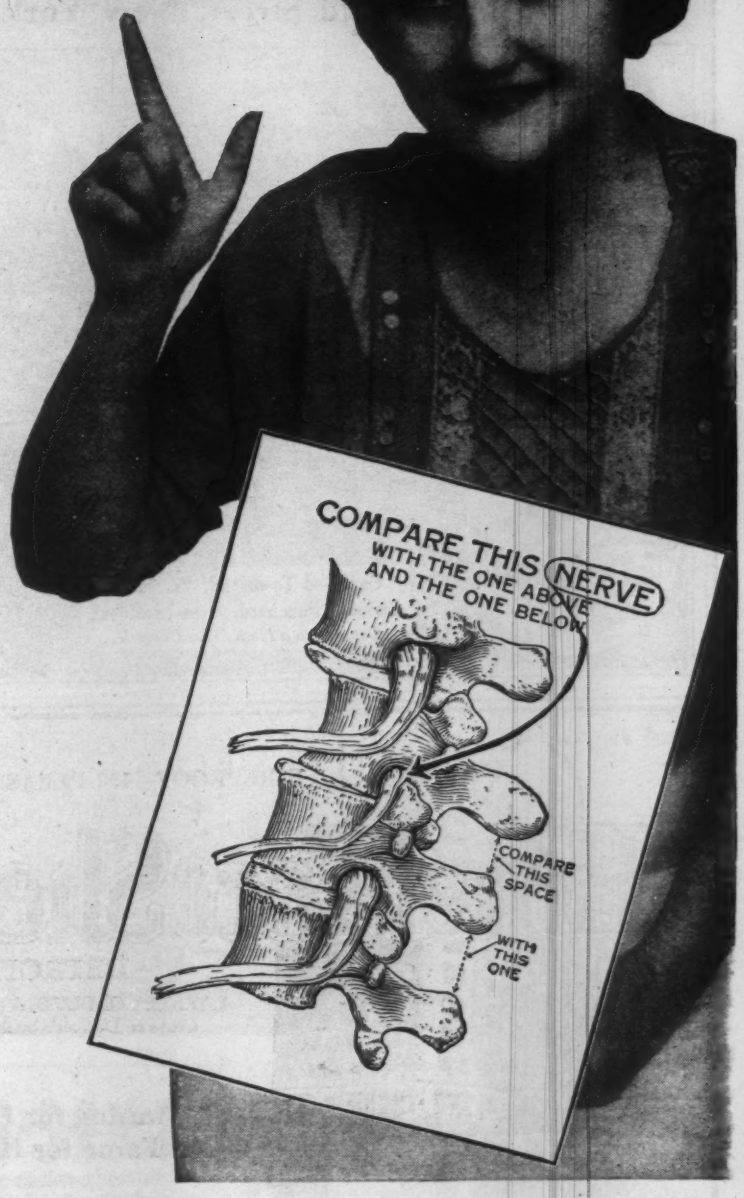
IT IS a question of relativity. Disease is the result of supernormal stress or of subnormal resistance.

When the nerve, over which the "power within" sends its adaptative impulses to the cells, is impinged by a subluxated vertebra, the "power within" cannot adapt the organism to the stress of environment and we become sick.

To regain health it is necessary to turn on the power of adaptation—resistance.

To turn on the power, the impingement must be removed from the nerve, in order that it may again function normally.

To remove the impingement the misaligned vertebra must be adjusted, and this adjustment of the vertebra is the work of the chiropractor.

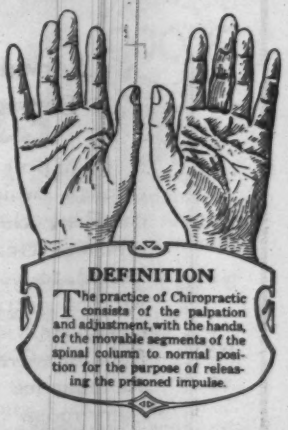


By giving Chiropractic a fair trial millions have recovered their health.

Write for information regarding Chiropractors or Schools to the

UNIVERSAL CHIROPRACTORS' ASSOCIATION

Davenport, Iowa,
U.S.A.

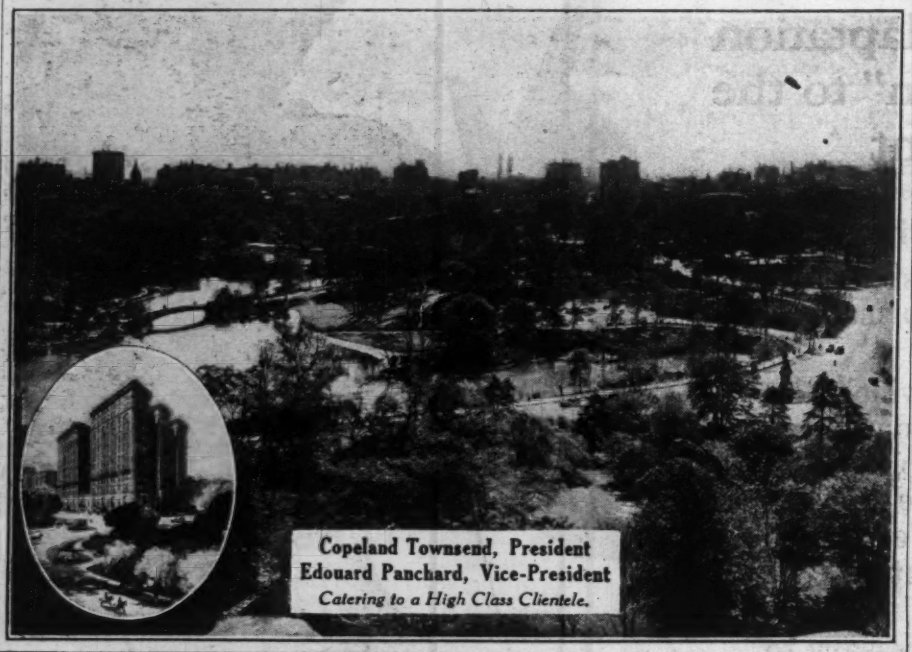

DEFINITION
The practice of Chiropractic consists of the palpation and adjustment, with the hands, of the movable segments of the spinal column to normal position for the purpose of releasing the prisoned impulse.

All Rights Reserved

Panorama of Central Park and Fifth Avenue
viewed from

Hotel Majestic

Entire Block Fronting Central Park
Two West 72nd Street, New York City



Copeland Townsend, President
Edouard Panchard, Vice-President
Catering to a High Class Clientele.

FIREPROOF—400 PLEASANT ROOMS

Hotel Fort Shelby

DETROIT

LAFAYETTE BLVD. AT FIRST ST.
Close to Detroit's busiest corner

Winning for Detroit Fame for Hospitality!

Convenient to theatres, stores, shops, banks, business houses and all forms of transportation.

The genial atmosphere, cheerful service and moderate rates have won for this hotel the sincere regard of tourists, business men and their families.

Here is every modern convenience. Large, light, airy rooms, day and night valet service, etc. And the Fort Shelby Hotel cafe ranks first for quality of food at prices not excessive.

Automobilists will find unusual accommodations at Fort Shelby Hotel Garage.

Servidor Service

A compartment through which merchandise, clothes for pressing, etc., are delivered to your room without intrusion of employees. Protects from excessive tipping. Running ice water in every room.

E. H. Lerchen, Jr. Secreta y-Treasurer
Seth E. Frymire Manager

Theodore Roosevelt's Grandchildren

[Continued from page 12]

Aunty Sister (Mrs. Longworth) gave me a book. it's ever so exciting. Teddy and I went on a picnic with Richard and Edith. Here we are going in wading. I wear my hair in braids now. Please give my love to Aunty Sister and Commander Warren and everybody. Much love and kisses from Gracie."

Three years ago, when she was nine, Gracie started a Sunday School for her brothers. She had visited one which she liked at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Hartwell, in New York, and she decided to start a branch organization. Gracie has held the class conscientiously, as she felt that the boys were not getting enough religious instruction. All of the necessary materials are sent to her from New York, and she requires each child to keep a book containing pictures illustrative of the lessons. Not long ago, Gracie showed me these books. Quentin has been recently admitted to the class, and on the first page of his book, to illustrate the Flood story, Gracie has pasted an ark, cut from paper. The edifice has windows which fold back, revealing some animal—rooster, dog, etc. In the attic window a lion's head appears! Each is gaily colored. The ark is surrounded by very blue water in which people are violently swimming.

"How is this?" I inquired densely. "Did the people in the ark go in swimming?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Gracie, in horror. "Don't you remember the wicked people?"

But Gracie is already straying from the ranks of the Fundamentalists, for she turned to me earnestly, asking, "But is that really true, or is it only a story? It seems very queer—the animals going in two by two."

Last Easter Gracie invited the older members of the family to be present at the special exercises. Everything went well until she put the boys through a review to show off their Biblical knowledge.

"What was last Sunday?" demanded Gracie.

"Palm Sunday," said Quentin.

"Who rode into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday?"

Dead silence.

Evidence of embarrassment on the part of the teacher.

"Who rode into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday?" she persisted.

"Noah!" came the reply.

The following report of the work was sent to Mrs. Hartwell last spring.

"Not exactly a report," said Gracie, "but a letter written very grown-up."

"This is the Easter contribution of the Washington branch of the New York Sunday School of which Bishop Manning is chaplain.

It is extremely pleasing to see so much contribution this year. It was increased to an extent of nine dollars on Easter, because the branch demanded an audience. Six dollars were collected on Easter.

A younger member has been coming by the name of Quentin Roosevelt. He is too little to colour the books, so blocks, dolls, and animals are all that is required for him. The dolls impersonate Noah, Daniel, Moses, Adam, Eve, etc. While the animals represent Daniel's lions, Noah's beasts, Adam and Eve's snake, birds, animals, etc. The blocks

serve for constructing the world, the Garden of Eden, Noah's ark, the lion's den, etc. Theodore Roosevelt 3rd got first prize which was a license for the pushmobile. Cornelius Roosevelt got second which was some post-cards of the Holy Land. Quentin Roosevelt got the Junior member's prize.

Much love, and hoping to see you soon. Gracie. (Principal of the Washington branch of the New York Sunday School of which Bishop Manning is Chaplain.)"

Gracie's love for her brothers—that half-maternal affection peculiar to older sisters—is a tender and beautiful thing, and although I might quote here verses of hers which are real poetry, I like better this *vers libre* which she cails,

My Brothers

I have got three brothers,
and I pity others
who have not got them.
you must not take them away.
No! not for twenty sisters a day,
I love them almost as Fathers and Mothers
I never oh, never will give up my brothers.

Delicious, cunning, delightful—yes, all of these. Yet the thing which strikes me most forcibly in thinking of these children is not the fact that they form a group of unusual interest, but the realization that the essentials of their environment are within the reach of every American parent; that we might have more children of this kind in our country. An illustrious heritage—no. We cannot all have that. But companionship, community of interests, wholesome pleasures, strenuous work, sympathetic guidance—every child can have these, and these are the elements which help to make 100% Americans.

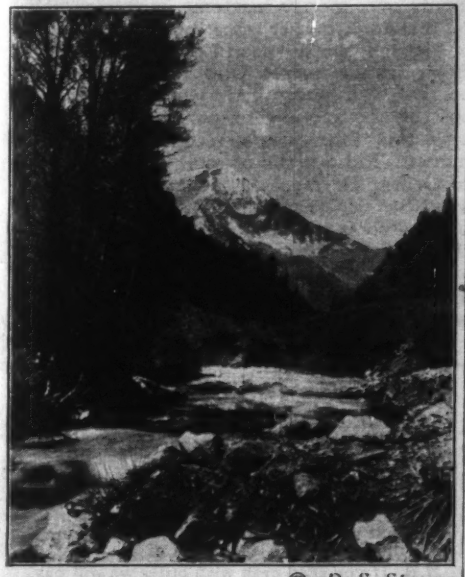
Are they interesting?

Would their grandfather enjoy them—approve of them?

Well, what do you think?

(To be Continued)

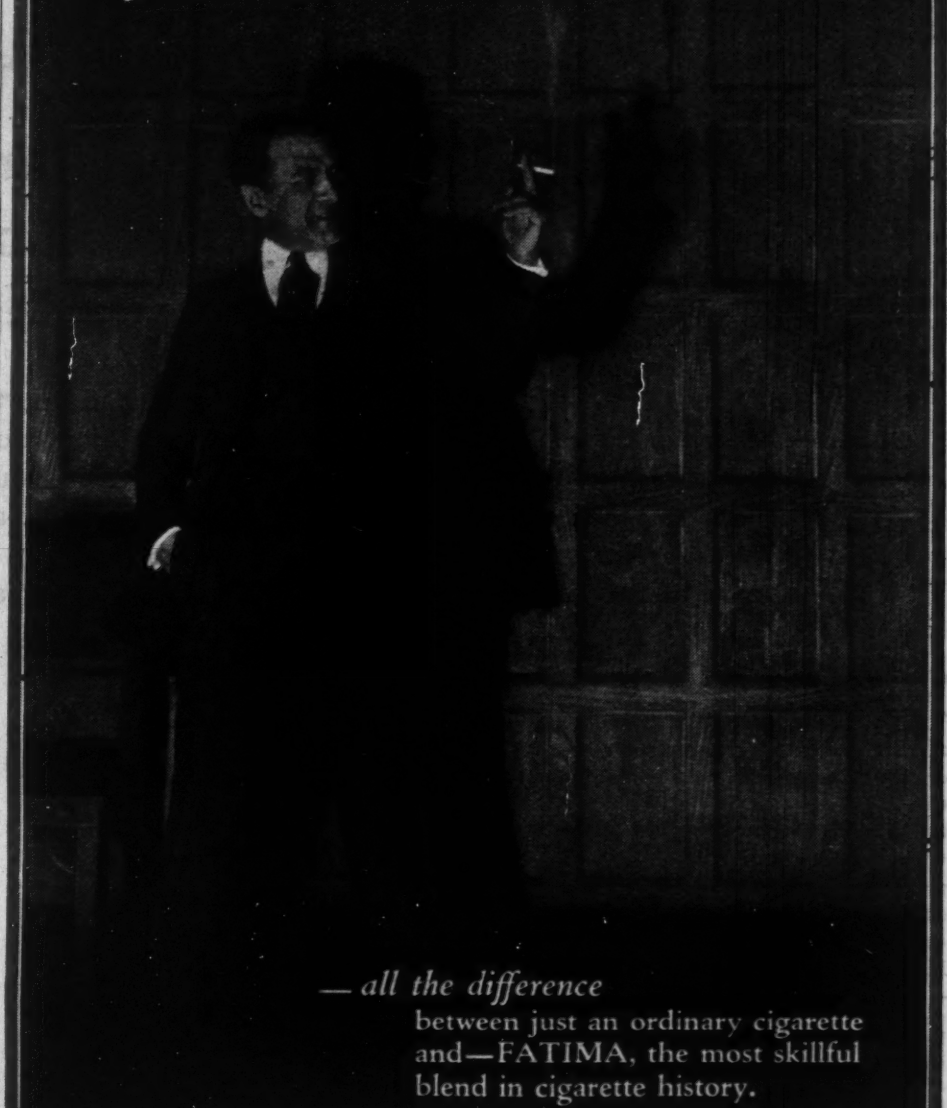
A Snow-Capped Peak of the Wasatch



© *D. S. Spenser*

Mount Timpanogos, beautiful and lofty peak of the Wasatch Range, is famed as the harbor of one of the few remaining glaciers of the world accessible to the traveler. It is glimpsed here through the charming American Fork Canyon

"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"



— *all the difference* between just an ordinary cigarette and—FATIMA, the most skillful blend in cigarette history.

FORDS-34 Miles on Gallon of Gasoline with Air Friction Carburetor

And we guarantee all other cars nearly double present mileage, power and flexibility, make hills on high formerly difficult on low. Models for any car, truck, tractor, marine or stationary engine. Makes old cars better than new. See our wonderful mileage guarantees for other cars.

Ford.....34 mi.	Reo.....24 mi.	Chevro't...32 mi.
Buick 4...30 mi.	Chalm's...23 mi.	Max'l (25) 30 mi.
Buick 6...24 mi.	Olds. 6....23 mi.	Nash 6....23 mi.
Hudson...30 mi.	Paige 6....20 mi.	Lincoln 8..17 mi.
Hupp.....25 mi.	Oakind 6..24 mi.	Stdbkr.L6 23 mi.
Dodge....28 mi.	Overl'd 4..32 mi.	Cole 8.....17 mi.

If your car is not mentioned here send name and model for particulars and our guarantee on it. Agents wanted.

SENT ON 30 DAY'S FREE TRIAL

You can drive any car in heaviest traffic without shifting gears. Starts off on high in any weather without priming or heating—no jerking or choking. No more foul spark plugs or carbon in cylinders. No leaking of gas into crank case. Try it 30 days on our guarantee of money back if not entirely satisfied. No strings to our guarantee. YOU ARE THE JUDGE. Anyone who can handle a wrench can attach it. No boring of new holes or changing of operating mechanism. Write today. AIR-FRICTION CARBURETOR CO.
346 Raymond Bldg. Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies and Revues, Minstrel Opening Choruses, Darky Plays. **PLAYS** Vaudeville Acts How to Stage a Play Make-up Goods. Catalog FREE.
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 64 CHICAGO

Europe Tours TRAVEL COOK'S SERVICE $395 up

Complete Series of Spring and Summer Tours—Escorted or Independent.
Popular Tours Series—Fares ranging from $395 up. Liberal choice of routes.

Annual Summer Cruise *Around the* MEDITERRANEAN
by splendid new Cunard-Anchor Liner, TUSCANIA—July 3 to September 2.
Superb Itinerary—Moderate Fares.

THOS. COOK & SON
585 Fifth Ave. NEW YORK 245 Broadway

Do you know where your Nickles, Dimes and Quarters go?

Are you saving yearly a proportion of your income to help out in times of stress?

AT THE end of each week, month and year can you tell exactly where every penny of your income has gone? Does your weekly income mean so much money in the bank or simply an amount of money that will be spent running the house and nothing left at the end of the week? Are you laying aside each week an amount of money to take care of future emergencies and your "declining years"?

Careless personal expenditures

THIS is the age of system. The successful merchant or manufacturer prides himself on the exact way his business is run. He can tell to a fraction of a cent the cost of each article he manufactures. He knows what percent must be added for his non-productive expenses. He knows what each salesman earns him. He knows a lot more things about his business than one would believe possible.

Ask him the costs of his personal and household expenses. Can he answer? He runs his business correctly, but his home runs itself. A single man spends his money and is satisfied as long as it lasts. After he marries, things become a trifle more complex. He finds that his money does not hold out. He wants to save and lay aside money each week. Where shall he begin?

He generally does some foolish thing as cutting out cigars, or walking down to business—for a while. Take hold of this proposition in a broader way. Analyze your outlay. It may, it's true, require a radical change to put the matter right. Where does YOUR money go?

The answers to these questions will solve your problems

CAR FARE last year, how much? Rent, how much? Would it be better to pay more and less carfare. Is it better to be a suburbanite and pay more carfare? Housekeeping divides itself into such items as groceries, help, rent, gas, fuel, etc.—boarding will cost so much—which is better? John is shovelling the coal this year. Does he burn more or less? Your doctor and medicines cost so much. How much did you spend on recreation? Know what you are doing in order to know what you can do.

A Solution

SUPPOSE one could have a cash book that would not require any more work than a petty cash book! Suppose this book, without the use of any ledger or journal, divided one's expenses into eighteen different departments, the totals of which could be carried weekly or monthly to another page for comparison by weeks, months or years! What do you think? Would it help?

The Economy Expense Book does just what is outlined above. There are eighteen columns with printed headings as follows: Rent and water; light and heat; meat and grocers, or board; labor or services; interest, insurance, taxes; household furniture; clothing; physician and medicine; travelling expenses, carfare; books and magazines; theatre and amusements; cigars and tobacco; gifts, charity, etc.; stable expenses; sundry expenses, and three blank headings to be headed with items or particular importance to the person using the book.

Woolson's Economy Expense Book was designed by an expert accountant to enable his wife to keep their household accounts without waste of time. The book makes it easy to locate financial leaks and stop them. It shows at a glance just how much is being spent for dress, food, fuel, allowances, amusements, etc. The keeping of this book becomes a pleasure. It frequently prevents or settles family arguments over money matters.

No matter whether your income is $1,000 or $10,000, the Woolson Economy Expense Book is the surest way to have 100% control over every cent you earn. At a cost of about one cent per week you can buy this four year's record. Send no money. Fill out the coupon below, mail it to George B. Woolson & Co., 116-A West 32nd Street, New York, N. Y. When the book arrives pay the postman $2.50 and the postage. Examine it for yourself. If you do not wish to keep it, return it in 5 days and we will refund your money without question.

What users say of this book

"I received a copy four years ago as a gift—and liked it very much."

"I have used your Woolson's Economy Expense Book for the past four years, and it is wonderful."

"I have used one for four years and think it is the finest thing of its kind on the market."

"I have used the book as a Personal expense book for many years and find that it meets my needs very satisfactorily."

"I want to start with your book again the first of the year so don't lost any time getting it to me."

"I have used one for the past three years and do not want to be without another when this one is filled."

"Your book now comes in especially handy in making up my income tax report. I can now make out my income tax with ease and at any time be n position to prove all items by referring to the Economy Expense Book."

Use This Coupon

GEORGE B. WOOLSON & CO.,
116-A West 32nd Street,
New York, N. Y.

Send me Woolson's Economy Expense Book. I agree to pay the postman $2.50 and postage. If I do not care to keep the book, I am to return it within five days and you will refund my money without question.

N.B. If you send cash with order we will pay the Postage.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City or Town.....*State*.....